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**The Notable and Eventful Life**  
**OF**  
**GEORGE VINEY.**



22

THE SAILOR, THE SINNER, AND  
THE SAINT:

THE

*Notable and Eventful Life*

OF

GEORGE VINEY:

*Late of Manchester.*

68

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# INTRODUCTION

BY JOHN, OF MANCHESTER.

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“ When I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live; yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, live.”—Ezek. xvi. 6.

**DEAR READER:** You will here find a brief notice of the life, trials, sufferings, and the pilgrimage of a dear brother in Christ, who has now passed the swellings of Jordan, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years gathered into the paradise of his Father's house above, like a shock of corn fully ripe.

The following narrative is at once strictly true, soul-cheering, and yet a simple record of the many scenes of danger, sufferings, and trials of our departed brother—a brother whom I ever found faithful in his conversation, poor in his person, yet sweet, yea, richly sweet, in his experience of divine realities. I knew him, I think, for near twenty years, and often have we found, as face answers to face in a glass, so did his experience correspond with mine; and I have no doubt, when any heaven-taught child of God reads this simple narrative, he will be enabled to say, as I have often done, “ Well, brother George, I know that spot; I have been there myself, and can set to my seal, as well as George

Viney, that God is true, and that, though at times I believe not, yet he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself."

The following is a very brief statement of my first acquaintance with our departed brother, George Viney.—

Having been a singer in the late William Gadsby's chapel upwards of twenty years, I frequently noticed the little old man standing in the left side of the aisle, in the gallery, with an handkerchief tied round his head, intently hearing the word of God from the lips of the late William Gadsby. This was sometime about 1830. In 1834 I was married, and one of his sons was groomsman at the wedding. I think George was then living at his son's house. Soon after we removed to Salford, near to the old man's residence; and he would frequently call and take tea with us; and sometimes would relate some anecdote connected with his eventful life, which would interest us exceedingly.

Some few years after, I remember the old man saying, "John I am writing my life, but my pens are so bad, I cannot get on with it." I have frequently mended the old man's pens and set him going again, sometimes at my own house, but more frequently at his, where I often saw him. But, in the providence of God, in the year 1840, I was engaged by a barrister, as clerk, where I continued till 1845; and during these years, I had not many opportunities of seeing him; but when we met, we held sweet conversation together about covenant engagements, covenant transactions, &c. And though the old man's house was scantily furnished with food and furniture, yet, like the aged disciple, of whom I have read somewhere, with a crust of bread and a pot of water on a stool, the old woman's hands were lifted up with a "What! all this, and Jesus Christ too—all this, and Jesus Christ too!" Yes, my brethren, it was thus with our departed brother: a patched chair, and a scantily furnished table

we have drank tea frequently together, while Jesus Christ has made up the deficiency! And this is the cause of that remark in my account of his latter end, in connection with that scripture, "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven?" For some years before his death, he lived with, and was chiefly supported by his two daughters, silk-winders; who, I must say, nobly did their duty towards their aged parent to the last. I frequently visited him in his last affliction, which commenced with the year 1851; yet, still in all my visits, I did not once remember his narrative, to ask him what he had done with it, though it would rise up in my mind when absent from him. I think it was previous to my last visit to the dear old man, while living, that I said to my wife, "I wonder what has become of George's history: I have often thought I would ask him, but have always forgotten it hitherto." The next Lord's-day my wife accompanied me to George's house. While I was with the old man up stairs, we sang,

"A few more rolling suns at most," &c.

My wife asked his two daughters about the papers, they promised that I should have them; in two weeks after, the youngest daughter brought them, and gave me perfect liberty to make what use of them I pleased.

On examining them, I concluded to copy them; and on mentioning the matter to his daughters about publishing them in the *Earthen Vessel*, they immediately assented. I began the copying of them early in June, 1851; and as I wrote one paper after another, I usually took them home with me at night, and read what I had written to my wife and two boys (the other children being too young) who, I can assure you were, like myself, the more they heard of it the more they wanted to hear; for while it is written with humility indeed, yet so amazing

appears the narrative that many would be ready to say, "Surely it cannot be true!" But you would not dispute it for a moment, in any part of it, if you had known the man as well as the writer. Though it appears far to exceed any fiction, yet I firmly believe George Viney's conscience was too tender to write anything but truth.

And that the great Head of the Church may bless it, is my sincere desire.

JOHN.

*Manchester.*

The first part of these Memoirs was published in various numbers of the *Earthen Vessel*, for 1851—2; but they being found too lengthy for the columns of that periodical it was afterwards determined to issue them in the present form.

## THE LIFE OF GEORGE VINEY.

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I WAS born in London, in Brownlow Street, Drury Lane, in the year 1774. In the year 1778, me and my brother, about two years older than myself, were stolen away from our parent, a *widow woman*, our father being dead, by two women, who first enticed us away from home with cakes, and such like things, till we had crossed Westminster Bridge. They used us well for a time, till they had got us a great distance. One of them made me call her mother, and my brother called the other woman mother. They threatened us if we did anything wrong they would sell us to the gipsies, which, at this time, were to be found in numbers on the road, which put us in great fear. They used to beg with us, and when the people happened not to be in, they would steal whatever they could lay their hands upon. We usually slept in barns and deserted houses by the sea-side; I found out afterwards that they had got a travelling pass, and thus obtained relief at every place they came to; and when they came to the place they set off for, I believe they got a pass back again to London, saying they belonged to such a parish there: and we were constrained to call them mother still, through fear of being sold to the gipsies. In Portsmouth, or Gosport, in a public house the mistress said she was sure we were not their children, but we were forced to say they were our mothers.

They used to steal fowls also; and one time, I remember, they made my brother, who was six years old, throw a stone at some geese in a pond of water by the road side. One being hit by the stone, and apparently killed, the other geese came round the goose, and made such a noise, that we feared their loud squalling would arouse the farmer, and that we might be apprehended for goose stealing and taken to prison; so we made off.

When they stole fowls, having a tinder box and matches with them, we usually went into an old barn, or house by the sea-



shore, that had no inhabitants, where they would pluck the fowls, cut them in slices, after the entrails were taken out, cook them, and eat them, and then lie down to sleep on the bare floor, earth, or straw, exposed to the weather.

One Sunday forenoon, we went out of the road to a farmhouse; the people were gone to church; they, with a stick I believe, reached down a red cloak and a little beaver hat, and made off. The hat was soon put on my head, and I wore it till I came home, for mine was worn out or lost.

When we came to Portsmouth, or Gosport, I know not which, the mistress of the public house would have it we were not their children, and asked us, but we were afraid to tell the truth, for fear of the gipsies.

With daily travelling my feet were very sore, and they forced my brother to carry me; and it made him weary of his life. One day he said to me, he would plunge into the sea, and drown himself; but I cried so hard on hearing that, on which he promised me he would not, for I believe they told us that, in a few days, we should go home again. One parish we came to, to be relieved, they put us into the iron cage till morning. They, at last, brought us to a cook shop in Cross Lane, Long Acre. This was less than a quarter of a mile from our own home; here they gave us plenty to eat and drink: and my brother knowing the way home (I had on my stolen beaver hat, almost new) off we ran home, but I cannot attempt to describe the feelings of our mother on seeing us again.

It is now between sixty and seventy years since, but my Jesus, all glory to his name, passed by me, when I was in my sins, and in my blood, and said unto me live. Yes,

“ Before I ever drew my breath,  
The Lamb for me had suffer'd death.”

The next passage in my natural life was my narrow escape from death. In Bull Yard, the end of it, which leads into Broad Street, St. Giles, there was a gateway, which was at times stopped up by a cart and horses, bringing porter to the Black Dog public house, which opened some few weeks after my return; the cart stopped up the way; I was trying to go past, but by some cause or other fell, and the front horse kicked me on the head, but the stolen hat I had on when kicked by the horse was a means of breaking the force of the blow, or I must have been killed on the spot. Who can find out my Father to perfection? A woman, I think, pulled me from under the horse, believing I was dead. They carried me to a surgeon's, near the sign of the Good Woman, Broad Street, St. Giles, a shop where they sold oil. The doctor cleaned the bone, covered the flesh and skin over it, and afterwards sewed up the wound with a

number of stitches, but gave my mother no hopes of my life. After some weeks it took good ways, which pleased the doctor. I believe the owner of the horse had to pay part of the expense.

But about the time my head was nearly well, on the 5th of November, I was walking about, when a young lad struck me upon the head with what was then called *guy fawkes*, which was nigh killing me. This one blow laid me on a sick bed for a long time, but he (Christ) had said unto me, when in my sin<sup>d</sup> and blood, "live," and therefore I could not die at that time.

When about nine or ten years of age, I was very fond of bathing. I would, with one foot at the bottom, and striking out with the other, pretend to swim, though I could not. There was a pit in a field, one part of which was shallow, the other part being as deep; I ran in, but I believe no one saw me go down to the bottom; after being some time under the water, I rose up again, when somebody drew me out, thus rescuing me from a watery grave. Some time after this, my brother was killed, while fighting a man in a street in Holborn; and about fourteen days after, or thereabouts, the same man who killed my brother was killed by a man who fell from a great height, falling upon him.

In the year 1789, I was fourteen years of age, and was bound apprentice to W. Shepley, cabinet maker, Plow Court, Holborn, opposite St. Andrew's Church. My master died of a fever, nine months after I was bound; he was a kind master to me; but now I was desolate; and by order of the friend who paid my apprentice-fee, I was put into Saint Andrew's Workhouse, that I might go in that parish, it was such a good one. I was kept at school some time by the parish; I believe I had two clean shirts on every week, and great care was taken of me; I lived better than many a poor family could live. Here I stayed some months, and was sent out upon trial, for one month, to several trades, to see how I liked them. It was in this way, (in London) I eventually went to a silk-weaver in Spitalfields; they were kind to me; they gave me employment at winding pins and nursing the child; but this I did not like, this was a good business in those days; but I left them, making some idle excuse, before the month was expired. I then went to a copper-plate printer, near Smithfield, in the city. But leaving him, I went upon trial to a fisherman on the River Thames, at a place Chiswick. I returned, before my month was up, and went to a shoemaker, in King Street, Drury Lane; here I was, child like, frightened of being alone at night, although a public street; so I went back. At my return they were enraged, and came to the determination of sending me to a factory over Blackfriars Bridge, as a place of punishment, where they spin cords to make mops; I was to live there altogether. To me it appeared more like a

jail than anything I can name; the people told me how bad they were used; one was told to shew me my bed: it was all to turn my hard heart. I believe people were set to watch me, lest I should attempt to run away: there were great bars before the windows; when, on looking through this window, I saw a deep ditch, filled with soft mud, my proud spirit was bent on my escape. At dusk, when I saw an opportunity, and no one near, I came to the window, and worked myself through the bars; being determined if I got smothered in the attempt, to make one. But just as I was going to jump down, a poor man laid hold of me, which caused me great alarm; for I thought I should be punished, which I believe was common, as this place, or factory, was a kind of house of correction; I told the man if he would let me go, I would give him a good knife: I gave it to him, and he let me depart; I jumped down into the pond; got out of both it and the dirt; made for the high road, and went to my mother.

I think I was turned fifteen years of age—it was in the year 1790—he said unto me, “Live!” though I knew him not. When in my sins and in my blood at this time—when at home with my mother, a poor widow, I was not forgotten of him, though we prayed not to him! No! none of our family! So I had no prayer laid up for me; for though I had an Advocate above—a Friend before the throne of heaven—yet I knew it not.

After living some time on the old woman, God remembered me. A Mr. Southgate, the minister of St. Giles in the Fields, got me a place a second time, and I was bound apprentice to a joiner, at Cambridge Heath, Hackney. Some time after this, my master removed to St. George’s Fields, Southwark, near the *Dog and Duck*. Here I continued till the year 1794—after they had killed the King and Queen of France—when my master went off somewhere, and another master took the business. There were several apprentices beside me, so it came sad on us; and the new master wanted to lay hold of the apprentices, and turn us over, whether we would or not. When I saw him in the shop for the first time, I believe I was standing, thinking, and looking on; he came to me with a piece of wood in his hand, and laid it about me very hard: I believe I took the wood from him and threw him on the floor; and then taking a few things which were my own, I ran away home, and continued with my mother some time.

After some time I got to another place, but neglected it to go and see the army in St. James’s Park, exercising and getting ready to embark with the Duke of York for Holland, and to see the deserters come in and receive a full pardon and new clothing; the Duke met them (I think I never saw a more

noble looking man) and when he told them they were pardoned in the King's name, there was such a sweet smile on his countenance, and besides, he clothed these deserters like gentlemen; in the law was to shoot all deserters after they were found guilty by court martial. Thus I lost a deal of time, and by such gross neglect I lost my shop again, and so was at home with my mother.

After some time I found I was a weight of grief to my mother, so I went and gave myself up to my late master, and he made me a prisoner, sent for an officer, and I think they handcuffed me, and conveyed me to a justice of the peace, in Union Street, in the Borough; here my master made his complaint against me, and also said I had taken away more than my own. I was committed to the Borough jail. The next morning I was brought up for a second examination; nothing was brought against me but a runaway apprentice. I was asked, would I go back to my master, or would I go to sea, or be a soldier; I preferred going to sea, as my father and brother had done before me; so they said I must leave London in a certain number of days, I have forgot the number; so I went to the Marine Society, where they gave me an order to travel to Sheerness, and go on board the "Majestic," of seventy-four guns, lying at that port; they also gave me money, and a set time to go in, and proud enough I was when dressed in sailor's clothes. I was rated a boy in the carpenter's crew: I think this must have been in 1794. In a short time we sailed for Portsmouth, there to get ready for the channel fleet. Oh! what an astonishing mercy it was that his eyes were ever upon me to say "*live,*" when in my sins and in my blood! He loved me; yea he was determined to love. Oh Lord, help me to glorify thy great name for Christ's sake!

On board, the scene was awful; though I cannot say I thought so at that time; but my Lord would not suffer me to join with them. We had six hundred men on board. About this time, I laid me down to sleep on a large box, called a chest, belonging to one of the sailors, when I dreamed I was lying on this box, and I thought my breath left my body; and I entered into a place like a deep well, I kept descending lower and lower. I began to be alarmed; I thought all was gone to the bottom, and that I should be put there for ever. I awaked, and hastened on deck, sorely frightened, and communicated it to one; and he laughed me out of it, and it soon wore off.

A little before we sailed from Torbay, to meet the French fleet, the following circumstance took place. We had a man on board, a common sailor, whose name was Witnall. The seamen's names and the laws of the admiralty are read aloud

once a week. The captain, officers, sailors, yea, all that are in the ship who are able to attend, are all present; the captain hearing this name called, heard the answer given, "here." Afterwards when it was over, the captain sent for this young man, and enquired of him if in time past he had any relation a lieutenant in the navy? He answered, "Yes, your honour," and also told the captain what his name was, and what vessel he had been on board of. On hearing this, the captain gave Witnall money to buy a uniform with, all complete; we went on shore the day before we sailed to encounter the French fleet; on shore he got something to drink with the boatmen, there he fell asleep; they robbed him of all his money, and some of his clothes; turned him out in the morning penniless, and also guilty of a breach of trust; this led him to desert; and desertion from a man-of-war was punished with a flogging round the fleet, and few ever survived.

We leave Witnall for a little while; our fleet sailed along the French coast.

Our fleet frequently took again our ships which the French fleet had taken. At this time the French fleet fell in with the *Castor* frigate, and all the merchantmen bound to Newfoundland, and poor Witnall among the rest; and as they sent these vessels they took prizes to France, we re-took them again; and, taking the Frenchmen out, we sank them in the sea. The reason we sank our own vessels was this, we heard their ships were more in numbers, more guns, stronger powder, and more men by a great number, so we could not spare shipping, men, or time to take them back to England. Then we went in search of the French fleet. We first got sight of them on May 28, 1794, and towards night some of our ships began the engagement. Oh, then would I have given a world to be with my mother again; my conscience began to awake; my fears of death and hell increased; but this I dared not name to anybody, for if I had they would not have thought it wrong to run me through as a coward not worthy to live; and any officer would have done it had they have known. Little as I then knew of God, when I thought of him I was distracted. I think the firing ceased at about eleven or twelve o'clock for that night; the decks were now cleared of every obstruction to make room for firing the guns; the captain had nothing but the clothes he stood up in except his spying glass, speaking trumpet, &c. I was very cold; me and others got the warmest place we could to sleep in; we lay down and were soon asleep. In the morning I was amazed to find myself lying close to our captain, a man that we were not allowed to speak to except called upon for that purpose. He was stretched on the planks in his uniform; I was much frightened, and hastily got away,

leaving him to sleep. This was the bloody day; I think we got some little to eat, but I could eat nothing; nothing was allowed us to drink in spirits, as blood is hard to be stopped where rum has been drank. My station was behind the main-mast, near the pump, in case of fire to lead the water hose to the place where the fire might happen to be. The captain who lay on the deck with me was afterwards Admiral Sir Charles Cotton. This was my station; I was not allowed to come out of the place where my God had ordained me to be secure from shot; whichever side they should fight I was not allowed to stir nor help any one except commanded to do so by my officer.

On the 29th, we began about ten o'clock, as near as I can remember; the French ships were at so great a distance from us, that our shot would not get near them; but their guns being longer, and their powder stronger, they could hit us, though we could not hit them. They were stretched in a line about two miles off; each ship following the other with all their colours flying. The English formed their line in the same way, each vessel picking the opposite ship: we engaged the *Sans Pareil*, of 84 guns; we were 74 guns; her guns fired forty-two pound shot, ours thirty-two pound; they fired at us a little before we begun our fire; you might see the poor fellows write with chalk in different parts of the ship their names, as no man could tell whether he should live or die. I believe many felt like myself, and I felt like a man going to be hung. Our captain stood on the quarter-deck, a noble figure, like fortitude, near six feet high; a speaking trumpet in one hand, a spy-glass in the other; the enemy were firing, we were not firing, as we could not reach them; he spoke to the man on the upper deck, and word was conveyed below deck; these were his words as near as I can remember—"Bold Britons! every man lie down upon his face on the deck, till I can work our ship nearer the enemy, then our shot will do execution; for their guns are longer and their powder is stronger; and when ready, hear the word of command." We lay there, while he commanded them how to steer, and eventually brought us so near, that we could do great execution. Our captain walked about apparently unconcerned, while the shots were flying about him: this is my life. The captain then came to the break of the quarter deck, and said, "Arise, bold Britons! and make them know her!" At that minute, all one side of the ship fired off near at once, and continued doing so about every one or two minutes; this constant firing, I believe, lasted many hours. I found when my comrades fell my courage increased; I never saw men in such spirits in my life; they almost flew forward in their work; but, I found, that not a shot could hit

"Till the God of love saw fit."

For

"Till he bids I cannot die."

This is June the 2nd, 1843 ; that battle was fought and ended June 1st, 1794 ; who could tell, except they had seen it, that the intercession of my glorious Lord was then pleading for poor George, unworthy, God-provoking sinner, who was ripe for hell ? I say, interceding for me, and saying, " Deliver that sinner from going down into hell ! I have found a ransom for him." Ah ! " all that the Father giveth me shall come to me." There is a time to live and there is a time to die.

The gun close by me was cleared of near all its men, either killed or wounded ; this was soon after the commencement of the battle. I asked the officer might I take the place of one of them ? but he said, " No : you must stand behind the mainmast till called for." We left off firing in the evening, and glad was I, whatever others were ; but I did not say so ; each ship threw their dead overboard into the sea, and carried their wounded down below to the doctor in the cockpit ; and then we began to get some food to eat ; also some rum and water ; the sick having a little wine : and then we had to take an account of the dead and wounded, and all damages.

The 30th and 31st of May were foggy days ; we never saw the French fleet, but on the 1st of June we spied them formed in a line ; their number was more than the English, and we formed our line standing about two miles distant the one from the other. The same ship was for us that we fought on the 29th of May. We came nearer and nearer, firing all the time ; at last the mast of the *Sans Pareil* was shot away, falling overboard, when she lay like a log on the water, but her colours were flying astern : she had not struck then. Our gunner asked the captain if we might rake her ? so we sailed past the stern, and fired shot on her fore and aft, and I heard it killed ten men ; then they took down their colours. At this time the *Brunswick*, 74 guns, engaged the *La Vengeance* ; they were fastened to each other, murdering their antagonists as fast as they could ; the brains, blood and limbs were scattered about on board the *Brunswick* ; they loosed the French man of war from her, or she would have dragged the English down to the bottom of the sea with her. Having nothing to do, and looking, I saw the French running away in confusion. I felt pleased, though I said nothing ; it was then I saw the *La Vengeance* filling with water, and I think the men had their hats on their heads singing " Success to the French cannon," and in this way she sank to be seen no more, with, I think, twelve hundred immortal souls on board. We then went to take possession of the *La Sanspareil* ; when they came on board, great numbers were found dead ; we threw them overboard ; pigs were roving about at liberty, and feasting on the dead ; they also found the *Castor* frigate's people on board ; also some of the people of the merchantmen that were

taken at the same time, and glad were these poor English prisoners to be released; and gathered the living Frenchmen with the English, and brought them on board our ship. And as they came on board, Withnal who ran away from us at Portsmouth, was found among them. What must his poor heart feel, when our master-at-arms, an old man, near seventy years of age, stepped forward to receive the French prisoners and the English also, who were re-taken from the French. This old man I heard say, "Witnal, sir; Witnal, sir;" to the captain; but the captain said to him, "Master-at-arms, when I cannot do my own business, I will send for you." He then spoke to Witnal; asked him what he thought of himself? I think he said, "I am guilty, your honour." He told him to go and do his duty where he did it before; "and (said the captain) any time we can try you, and hang you also." This we knew was a great favour; for had he intended to have had him tried, he would have ordered him to have been put in irons; so he worked till he returned into Portsmouth.

We were towing our prize at our stern; she was an 84 gun ship. Here I look at Esau and Jacob God says, "the children being not yet born, neither having done good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works but of him who calleth, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." I, being

"Lost in the fall, he watched over my path,  
When satan's blind slave, I sported with death."

without hope and without God in the world.

We brought six prizes into Portsmouth and I began to think myself a bit of a warrior, though in truth I was heartily glad it was over, and hoped I should never witness the like again. The men who went on board our prize, many of them, caught the fever and died. My friends heard of our victory and were very proud when they read the list of killed and wounded, and found I was not among them. My brother-in-law having received a great sum of money which was left him, came to Portsmouth, engaged a boat to carry him on board the *Majestic*, he came on board, and as he knew the captain, Sir Charles Cotton, before I was called, he obtained leave of absence for me to go on shore for three days, with strict orders for him to see me on board at the end of that time. We went on shore; he took me to his lodging, a public house in Gosport; it was very strange how I got to come on shore, for the next day King George the Third was to review the fleet. There had not been such a sight for some years; and so many men firing off guns in full exercise and uniform; the King was to honor Admiral Lord Howe with a sword of great value. I do not re-



member to have seen any of our seamen on shore, our captain must have favored my brother-in-law when he granted his request. I think my age then was nineteen years. My brother-in-law was a very wicked man, for I found out he had a common woman living with him; he said my sister was confined; he gave me a piece of gold, and said, "Go where you like, get plenty to drink, come here to your meals, and when your money is done I will give you more." My time was spent in wickedness; and I cannot remember anything I did on shore. I now had gold to spend at pleasure; but, at the time appointed, we made ready to go on board. I then began to think I should like to go home; so I wanted him to take me with him, but this he declared he would not do, or break his word with Sir Charles Cotton. He took me on board, and, I believe, Sir Charles was on deck; he thanked him and then returned on shore. I never saw him again—he died soon afterwards.

When I was settled on board again, I heard how Witnall went on at Portsmouth: the day before King George came to review the fleet and give to Lord Howe this grand sword, the Captain called Witnall into his cabin, and requested him to give him a faithful account of his late misconduct. Witnall told Sir Charles how the woman decoyed him, pretending to know all about him and his parents too; so he took glass after glass with them, and then they enticed him away with them to their abode, where he also committed folly with them, and afterwards found himself sleeping, which he could not overcome, and when awaked to full consciousness of his state, he found himself robbed of all he possessed, and was then turned out into the street. Shame caused him to dessert, when he went to a Newfoundland merchantman, engaged himself as second mate, and was afterwards taken by the French fleet. It was said that Sir Charles wiped the tears from his eyes which forced its way outwards, and said, "Ah, Witnall, I cannot punish you; but I will make you a master's mate." This was twice as high as he intended to advance him before he ran away. "Now," said Sir Charles, "you shall go on shore and buy your clothes, and a sword, and then come on board a master's mate, next in command to a lieutenant." "Oh, your honour," said Witnall, "never trust me with money, but let an officer buy these things for me." So, I believe, Sir Charles sent an officer with Witnall, who bought his clothing, when Witnall returned on board an officer. It seems Sir Charles himself had been caught in one of these female traps when young, which caused him to have a sympathetic feeling for another.

After this we sailed for Plymouth, to make such repairs as our vessel needed. The *Brunswick*, of seventy-four guns, was sadly

shattered. I was informed that many of her port holes were driven in, and on the ceiling of the lower deck were pieces of the skulls, brains, flesh and blood of the poor sailors; this was the vessel that fought the *La Vanquiere*, that went to the bottom on the 1st of June. I had forgot to state before, that when the prisoners came on board, it was astonishing to hear some of our Welsh sailors talking to the Frenchmen, and they to our people; I think one of the French sailors came from Brittany.

But to return to Plymouth. Here we lay for many weeks. I had to go on shore at times to the dock yard; as the common girls would keep our own soldiers that were sent on shore to detect any of our people who might go out to get drunk or to run away; there was always a porter at the lodge gate, but he did not know all the people, so when any ship sent there men to work in the dock yard, they sent their marine soldiers that they might know their own men. Now, there was a public house in the dock yard, but they sold nothing but white ale, this would not make them drunk; so the men would get out if they could. We got our stuff into the boat, and I should have returned in the boat, but I was dry and wanted some ale, but tobacco above all, so I stayed behind with one or two more, till our marines went on board; also, they called our names, I believe, but cannot say certainly; we were trying to get past the porter at the lodge, I think it was ten o'clock at night, so as the dock yard men were working all night, they hung their canvass coats outside of their workshops; I went and took one down, they did the same, and we put them on our backs; I searched the pockets of my jacket, and found an old chaw of tobacco, and put it in my mouth. We now looked like riggers, went up to the gate and went through; the workmen said, good night, master riggers; we said, good night, and so parted. I do not remember what became of my companions, but I went into a public house and soon found myself drunk, so much that I could not speak plain, the ale had taken my speech from me; I lay down on the floor, and at shutting up time, I was not able to move. I could hear some say, he is but young and seemed to pity me, and so gave me a bed for the night. When the morning came, what to do I knew not; I had no money to get a boat to go on board with, and if they found out that I had stayed on shore all night without leave that was punished with flogging, and if it was known that I had stolen a rigger's coat, I could not say but they would try me as a thief; so with an aching heart, I went to the shoulder of mutton cove, a place where the boat men stood, I told one if he would put me on board the *Majestic*, I would pay him with beef and bread; he did put me on board, but I had neither beef nor bread to give him, and wickedly told the soldier, sentry on the gunway, to send that boat away; the soldier then ordered him away from the side

of the vessel, and then he was obliged to go; so, poor man, he got nothing for his trouble. Oh, God,

- “Determind to save, thus watch’d o’er my path,  
While satan’s blind slave, I sported with death.”

Here I found, they had not called over names the night before, and I had got on board in time to answer to my name when called upon in the morning, then all was right, and at night, I threw my stolen jacket overboard. Oh, I now see my Father’s watchful care over me.

About this time, our captain left our ship to be made admiral, and captain Wescott came in his stead, and Admiral Culwell, a native of Ireland, and I think, the best officer of that country I ever knew. Ships before they go abroad upon a station, in general, are paid all their wages, except six month’s pay; but we sailed, not knowing where we were going to, but sailed on till we arrived at the Line, where the sun crosses in March to bring us summer, and re-crosses the same Line in October to bring us winter. Here a great ceremony takes place on board all ships, of every nation, whether great or small:—every ship, every man or woman that have not paid tribute to Neptune, must here pay a certain quantity of rum for each ship. When our work was done, the decks were cleared, all hands were piped down below. One of the boats on the beams was then filled with water, when two of the seamen, (who had been in that position before,) one was dressed as Neptune, the god of the sea, and the other was dressed as his wife with a harpoon in her hand; the grates were put over us; the captain and admiral did not object. Now all that had crossed the line before were on deck—one of them acted as barber, to shave all who would not pay, let them be who they may; they got the lather box, but instead of soap for their chin, they use pig muck, grease, and tar mixed together; their razor was a piece of old iron hoop notched a little, the rough side being for the obstinate; the boat that was filled with water, the seat was placed so that it could be pulled from under any one sitting upon it in a minute. Directly any one was called from below a bandage was put over his eyes, and he is led by some one to the shaving shop; but before any thing is done, Neptune hails the ship with “Ship a hoy! from whence come ye?” The captain answers, “from Plymouth!” “What is her name?” “The *Majestic*.” Neptune answers “She is not in my books, she never came this way before. However, my wife and me will come on board;” and they appear to them down below, as if they came out of the sea to examine his men; and on the captain granting his request and giving Neptune and his wife a glass of rum, their business began:—the people that were to be shaved were called up, and the first that came to hand they blindfolded and led to

the boat filled with water, where they had to sit on a seat, and the more patient they were the better it was for them, if not they got the rough edge of the razor. I was the first they shaved: they asked my name and when I opened my mouth they filled it with their lather, and daubed my chin; when they had done shaving me they pulled the plank from under me and down I fell in the water. Thus, all who had not crossed the Line before, had to undergo the same treatment, except they gave so much rum. A young officer, whose turn came to be shaved, complained to the captain, but he answered, he must pay or undergo the same: so he payed and was set free.

In a few days we entered the trade wind; here the Lord hath ordained the winds to blow one way, it hath, I believe, been so since the world was made, and will last while the ordinances of heaven continue. This wind was fair leading to Barbadoes. Now ships never come from the West Indies to England this way, because the wind would be against them; some of the old sailors well knew we were near the West Indies. I had never seen, or felt, so rich a country as this appeared to me. We entered into Carile Bay in the Island of Barbadoes; it was to me a new world—the sun was intensely hot; the fruit was hanging luxuriantly upon the trees, and the harbour abounded with the small fruit of the orange and lemon tree. In this country are found what are called flying fish, because they fly in the air. The people catch and cure them, and then sell them to the crews of vessels when they come into harbour. These fish are the chief food of the dolphin, who, when he is hungry, swims on his side at the top of the water, with one eye looking out for his food. The flying fish cannot fly far, because their wings soon fail for lack of moisture, when they are compelled to dip down again into the sea for that moisture; the dolphin knows the spot where they will drop, by constant watching, and thus are prepared to swallow them. The dolphin, when dying, changes into many different hues, that astonishes every beholder; I saw one die.

From Barbadoes we sailed to Martinique; there we came to anchor, waiting orders. I believe, this Island had belonged to the French, but is now in possession of the English. When we came to anchor and all was straitened up again, our people met on the main deck, and looked up to the quarter deck. The officers knew the men wanted to ask a question. Our captain, who was a proud wicked man, stood on the quarter deck; and when he saw a few men wishing to ask for their rights, the captain cried out aloud, a mutiny; which was charging men with a crime punished with death, though they had not asked one question, or spoken one word. The captain went to the admiral, to acquaint him with what he termed mutiny; the admiral came to the front of the quarter deck, and asked the men if they wished to speak to

him? "Yes, your honour," was the reply. I think he said to the captain, "I wish you to return to your cabin, there is no such a thing as mutiny." This admiral was upwards of sixty years of age; he told the men to get a seat for him; I think they got a large box filled with grape shot, and some put a clean jacket or top coat on the box, for the admiral to sit upon; he came down and sat on the box, and said, "Now, my men, speak plain; no man shall take advantage of you." So they said it was their right to have their pay before they sailed. The admiral said, "I am a servant as well as you; my orders were sealed up, to be opened in a certain latitude and longitude; and when I opened those orders, I found I was bound to the West Indies, to relieve the *Bain*, of ninety-eight guns; she had been there on a three years station; and we are going to relieve her; she is now lying off the Island of Gaudaloupe. I will try, and get you your pay as soon as I can." He spoke like a father, and then returned to the quarter deck, and called again all hands, repeating what he had said before; said she was before the batteries: would we go and relieve her, and take her place. They pulled off their hats, and gave him three cheers, and the admiral ordered every man to splice the main brace: which was, that every man should receive a glass of grog. Here was a flood of pride in our captain against poor men asking for their rights—what envy was that which would have cost us our lives! But that God who bindeth the floods from overflowing, and the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light, and saith to all proud waves, hitherto shalt thou go and no further; and, here shall thy proud waves be stayed, appeared for us. Each man got a noggin of rum.

With the drum and fife ready, the boatswain's mate cried out, "hands up anchor!" The music struck up, and, oh with what a spirit did they labour to heave up the anchor, to go against Fort Bastor, in Gaudaloupe, were the *Bain* was.

When we came to take her place, how glad were her men, they pulled off their hats and gave us three cheers; and we took her place against the battery, and after the officers had delivered their orders, she sailed for England. I believe when she had been in harbour at Plymouth a very little time, she caught fire and was burned down to the water's edge, so that was the end of the *Bain* of ninety-eight guns. Whether we were landing troops or no I cannot tell, but we were very busy; the man of war goes in as close as possible, and commences firing at the battery, and the battery returns the fire; the troops are at the opposite side in boats; during the great smoke, they contrive to row on shore, and then cut their way, while the man of war waits to see the result.

I think from there we sailed for the Cannash, in the Island of St. Lucy. We entered in like as if we had entered by a large

gateway ; when inside, we were surrounded by high mountains on which the clouds rested at certain times. On these mountains they had long guns placed, and they fired down upon us ; but we could not fix our guns to fire half so high. They kept on firing at us ; so we were forced to come away again as we went. I believe the English had taken the Island, and kept it some time ; but the French had retaken it from the English. There I heard of a circumstance that took place when the English were retreating to their ships. The French soldiers came down upon the inhabitants when the soldiers were retreating ; a little child of a soldier's was asleep, when one of the soldiers ran it through with his bayonet ; the father took his other child under his arm, told his wife to follow him, while he, with hundreds more, went into the sea, and were timely saved by the ship's boats rescuing them from a watery grave.

We sailed from thence to Gaudaloupe and from that to Dominauque. This Island appeared not to have one house upon it, or one inhabitant in it. When we came into this harbour we could see nothing on the outside, nor could any one see us ; it was like being in a long bason partly filled with water and the sides of the bason around us. Here was room for many ships, and our people bathed for their health. The bottom of this water abounded with what is called sea eggs ; when they are rolled up they are about the size of a large orange, all full of prickles ; and coming under the sailors feet their spike-like edges run in and brake off in their feet. Few bathed without meeting with these obstructions. I think they run in at about half-an-inch, giving considerable pain ; so much so, that they could scarcely walk for some time afterwards ; but some of our people who had been there before, and in a similar condition, went to our cook and got some fat beef and pork that was cooked, and before the fire rubbed well their feet and all the prickles came out. About this time the yellow fever broke out among our people, and a great number died for want of good air ; for there was but one open spot where the sea breeze could get to us—the land breezes not being so healthy as the sea. The wind that came off the land came loaded with poison from the mangernell tree, which grew in abundance in that region.

Now death stared me in the face ; slavish fear, the fear of death, the fear of hell, made conscience awaken in me, so that I could take pleasure in nothing, through fear that I should be the next victim. I now will say,

“ O, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be ;  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee.”

From this time, I purposed running away, lest I should die of the yellow fever ; not knowing then, that

“ 'Till he bids I cannot die.”

Truly,

“ Jesus sought me when a stranger.”

and kept me too. The rainy season was coming on which is called, “the hurricane month;” for the most tremendous winds blow at this time, attended with heavy rain.

At this season the shipping, if possible, are taken into some secure harbour, for the wind blows so strongly as to uproot large trees, and by its violence to carry them through the air ; yea, it will also blow large ships out of the water and overturn them in the sea. We weighed anchor and sailed for Martinique, I think we were to winter there in the harbour of — ; this harbour is one of great beauty, it was one straight line or street, but before we came to sail and change the air our people died fast, but in a few days, after being at sea, our crew were more healthy than they had been for some time. We at length came to anchor ; when many died of fever they are sewed up in their hammock, a thirty-two pound shot sewed up with them at their feet, and with very little, sometimes no ceremony, they put them on a grating, hoist it up when the dead fall off into the sea ; the grating is then washed and afterwards fit for use. We came to anchor in Saint Peairs, this was a French Island which had been taken by the English ; the fashions on shore were all French ; and I will tell you one fashion : I saw a French gentleman on horse back, and behind him was a young black woman, I believe pregnant, she had hold of the horse's tail, and let the horse go wheresoever it would she must keep her hold ; all that she had on at the time was a white shift ; I think, if I had been by him with a sword in my hand, I should have cut him down, for when I saw him in his pride towards a fellow creature, her riding after such a wretch, as I then called him, my blood stirred within me to revenge the poor creature. One day going on shore to the dock yard which is in Fort Royal Bay, in the same Island, being much afflicted with the head ache through the intense heat of the sun, a black man told me to go to some very large high trees, pointing to them, saying, take some of those leaves and place them against your temples ; though I put no confidence in what the man said at the time, but being near them I tried the experiment, and I think in two minutes the pain was gone, and my head felt as well as ever, though I dreaded it bringing on a fever. “ His ways are past finding out.” While on shore, who should I meet with but a fellow apprentice who had run away a little after me, I believe our joy was great, but we parted to see each other no more this side the grave. While we were lying here one of our master's mates was

taken with a complaint the doctor could not reach either by skill or medicine, it was thought he would die; we had on board another master's mate, who was a native of the West Indies; he said, when the poor black women come alongside in their canoes, (little boats cut out of solid wood) to sell fruit, he would make love to them let them be ever so ugly, make much of them, enquire if they have any mother, and if she is very old—if so, tell her to send her parent on board. One woman did so, the old black women are good doctors, they cure disorders of that climate with herbs; the young woman being so well treated worked upon her mother to do what she could: a remedy was soon found out, and the young man was restored to health again, and I believe rewarded them well; for he seemed past the skill of any white doctor. Here I was informed of a strange thing which took place some time before we came. The captain of a frigate, wanted to find out how near he could bring his vessel to shore with safety. He knew there was a man on board another man of war who understood this harbour, so Captain Falkner (I believe that was his name,) borrowed the man to do this work for him. Now, the captain should have left all to this man—the man promised his own captain he would bring him safe—when they entered upon their business of sounding the harbour with lead and line, the captain interfered in the man's business, when the man said he would do no more, which enraged the captain so much that he drew his sword and ran it through the man, who died almost immediately. The captain was warned for a court martial; now he knew his life was at stake; so that while dread and fear was upon him, he made a desperate attempt to take the French Fort; he got all ready for landing, he disguised everything to make his Frigate appear like a French Frigate; and when all things were ready, knowing how to steer, hoisted French colors, and set a great press of sail, made his way to the battery, which was so strong it appeared impossible to take it; but he ran his vessel close, while the French never suspected anything but good news from a far country, their native land, Falkner's men, and I believe Falkner at their head, entered the Fort, sword in hand soon by the port holes and made prisoners of all that were there; night being at hand they secured everything: but there was another fort upon a hill overlooking this fort, which could have shattered it to pieces in a short time, they marched there and took possession of that fort. Also, soon after, the English took possession of Martinique—but I never heard that Falkner was brought to trial for the murder.

I still belonged to the carpenter's crew. The admiral had a house on shore he lived in while the hurricane months lasted, and our ship was getting ready to be laid up for the season, our people still continuing to die of the fever. I was one day getting



ready some boiling pitch, when I accidentally let fall into the liquid a piece of iron called the loggeshead, it immediately flew over my breast and face; in hot countries we only wear a shirt and frock over it by days; they bore me down to the doctor, but a woman who lived a canoe life came to me, and asked me if I believed in charms? I said yes; though I did not know her meaning at the time, she then muttered something and blew upon my breast, which was far the worst part, for by this time my face had been dressed, I believe the fire went out of it then, for it soon got well. In one or two days in this country, a little cut through the heat will stink by night.

“ Oh, Lord of hosts, thy wondrous ways  
Are known and sung by saints above;  
While saints on earth their honors pay  
To thy unchanging love.”

I was down in the carpenter's room, and he was saying how fast the people were dying. My soul took the alarm, and fear got hold upon me. I said to my master, the carpenter, if I could get on shore, I would run away. He answered, if he thought I would, he would tell the officers of me; but he did not that I know of. About this time some of the carpenter's crew had to go on shore to work at the Admiral's house: I and one Joseph Flood were sent on shore. Joseph went on to work, I stayed behind. I cannot remember what I said to Joseph, but we parted, never to see each other again. Now, I knew little or nothing about the work of a sailor, being in the carpenter's crew all my time. Now I lost all my wages, all my clothes, and was a deserter also; and if caught might be flogged round the fleet, which would have been certain death to me, as wounds in this country will not heal at all. But this I did through fear of dying by the fever. I had no place, ship, or friend to go to. I think I lay in an old boat the first night, pondering on what I should do, when some people from a London ship came on shore, and I think this ship wanted hands; for in this country poor sailors die very fast. I asked them did they want any hands? they said, “Yes:” so I went on board. If they had said no, I cannot say what I must have done; for I was now a deserter, and without an hiding-place; I was liable to be taken up; my height was taken, also the mark on the left side of my head. I believe search was made for me, but we sailed, being bound for Port Au Prince, in this land of St. Domingo. Some ports, such as ———, and Port Au Prince, belonged to the English; and all the inland ports belonged to brigands, banditti, or thieves, who were sworn enemies to the English, and would murder every prisoner they took. At the edge of dark we entered a very long harbour, steering our course with the land on our left side; and as we were sailing by the light of the night, the cry was heard, “Sail,

oh!" We had a few guns on board, but not hands enough to fight. Our captain made sure it must be a French man-of-war, or privateer. The captain told the sailors to take good aim; and when they had fired, a man-of-war immediately up with her ports on the side next to us. I never was so frightened in my life. If they had fired, it would have sent us down to the bottom in ten minutes; for as she came nearer to us, she appeared like a large castle, for we appeared a dwarf to her. Her officer hailed us, saying, "Ship a hoy! from whence come ye—and whither are ye going?" We hove to, expecting every minute being sent to the bottom. Our captain took the speaking trumpet, and told the ship's name, from London, laden with king's stores for Port AuPrince. Then he ordered us to come to anchor close to him, and to send our boat on board. We did so; and when our people went on board, they were asked their reason for firing upon them. The captain answered, he had heard that if he met any vessel sailing here it must be French, so he was determined to have the first shot. The captain of the man-of-war—the *Regulus*, of 44 guns—scoolded him, and said he had a great mind to press all his hands, and so they were permitted to return on board again. We got ready to take out our cargo; but on arriving at our destination I left this ship. I believe I went on board a small vessel whose business it was to sail round the harbour, to watch if the enemy came too near. If they did we were to fire upon them. I remember I went ashore here. Now, the inhabitants of this island, who pretended to be on our side, were ready to do us injury if they could. I got drunk, and fell asleep where they passed and re-passed; yet I lay me down, and rose up again, and no man was permitted to hurt me.

When speaking of the angels of God, it is said, are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation? though in nature they differ nothing from a servant of the devil. Look at Gal. iv. 1. Now I say, that the heir differeth nothing from a servant, as long as he is a child, though he be lord of all; for God has determined to give them the kingdom. Look at Saul, with letters of murder in his pocket. I know now my glorious Lord had chosen me from amongst the chief (great) men. I was taken, they were left. A circumstance took place about this time. I think this is one of the hottest places in the West Indies; and here few English can live, being so foolish and careless as to go with their heads uncovered, when the sun smites them with death. Many have been thus killed, but he had said of me, though I knew it not then, "Deliver him from going to the pit, I have found a ransom." A Captain Gardner, master of a schooner like or equal to our's, who was very kind to his men, where we lay came into port. Most

of his men were sorely afflicted with complaints for want of vegetables; pork, biscuit and salt beef was all they had left on board which they had made into different messes, pies, pork, &c. Gardner, the captain, got acquainted with a black man, one of our enemies; he took him for a friend, and formed an intimacy with him; the captain promised to give this black man salt beef and salt pork, and he was to give him yams, a substitute for potatoes, some of them are in shape like a man's leg and very good; also bananas, and plantings, and okery. The day was appointed for the captain to go to this man; I was on shore at a spring near the battery, it was a part of the mountain where the salt water came in so far, while half-a-yard further on was a good fresh water spring—here I was employed getting water for our vessel. When captain Gardner and thirteen of his men armed came up, he told me his conditions and his confidence in the man. I told him he was betrayed if he went up the mountain, but they only laughed at me. It seems a great sum of money had been offered for the captain's head, and I believe a reward had been offered for mine, and for all they could see by their glass, it appears to me this man betrayed them for the reward, I think it was one-hundred dollars or more; I was busy getting water when I heard a musket fired, I then believed all was over—I afterwards heard the following account by one of Gardner's men who had made his escape in the following manner: they laid hold of captain Gardner and said, "Boneprize captain Gardner!" then tied him to a tree, shot him, and cut off his head, and put it in a pail; by this time one young man fell on purpose unnoticed into a thicket of bushes with his musket—they murdered I think twelve men and the captain; they then stripped them of what they chose; they seemed as if they went off with the captain's head long before they stripped the dead. When the young man rose out of the bush, which was full of prickles, like the spindles in a factory, he looked about him and saw one of these men—he fired at the man, though he had but one charge—he brought the man down, he ran and knocked him on the head, and took his powder and bullet from him; he then saw another, but he ran away. There was a circular path which led down to the port, this way he appeared to have known before—but as he came along this path who should he see but the French General, on an Arabian horse of great value: he fired at him; the general fell; he mounted the horse, and came to the fort. When he came down to the fort, they seem to have had no pity for the young man, but was for taking the horse from him, and confining him on purpose to get the horse away. It was so hot they could hardly live in the open air, and they were going to put him in a dungeon where he could not have lived one hour.

It happened that a man from the Sovereign man of war, 44 guns, was at the fort on business, and heard all about it, and how they intended to kill the young man, and rob him of all; he immediately went and told what had happened to captain Gardner, and his men up the mountain, and about the gallant behaviour of the man, and how the officers of the fort had ill-used him on purpose to get his horse; on hearing which, the captain of the Sovereign went to the fort with some men, and demanded the young man, to their astonishment. I believe they had confined the man some little time. The captain threatened he would write to the Admiralty about their behaviour, if they did not deliver him up to him, and restore all they had taken from him. They brought the young man; he told the captain of their wicked works before their faces, the captain heard his sorrowful tale about the murder of captain Gardner and his shipmates, and then said, "if you will come on board a French man of war," (for he was an American,) "I will make you a midshipman." The young man was seventeen years old. He answered the captain, "if you will give me men to go up on the mountain and bring down my captain's body and the bodies of my shipmates, to help me to bury them on the beach, I will go with you and be an Englishman as long as I live." I believe the captain gave him a company of Marines, and they brought the bodies down, and buried their bodies near the water's edge; and he went on board according to promise. This was in the year 1795 or 6; there was sent out a Scotch regiment to this Island of twelve hundred strong, and from what I could learn, there was not more than forty left alive, all had died in sickness, none by the sword. Lord, what a weary land is this, it can afford us no delight at all.

This with other dangers, shook my vain confidence; I thought I would, if I could, get to America. I think I got on board an American, and she was going into one of our enemy's ports, in the same place, not many miles from hence. Now the Americans were at peace with them. Well, I thought all was well, and that I should get safely to America, but did not know what was laid before me. I was busy on board, when some of the black officers came on board from Petty Cove, which was the name of the place where our vessel lay; this, I believe, was one of the most sickly places in all the island; the whole harbour seemed all hung round with oranges and other fruit; this was the smell which made it the stage of death; several vessels, all their hands dead, only a black man from the shore to pump the water out and keep them above water, till men were sent from America to take them home. The black officers came on board. I was busy, and a stout man with a very great nose looked at me, and said to me, "Starbon English;" I said,

"Starbon American," he said "Puter," which was in English, "You are a good Englishman." I said, "I was a good American," then he called me ill names, with great threatenings. Our captain seemed to understand what he said, and watch his movement, and what his meaning was when the man was gone on shore. The captain told me he knew I was an Englishman, and threatened me what he would do; he said, he believed they would come on, bind and take me on shore, and cut off my head with the guillotine, the same as in France. I was alarmed for my safety. How sweet is liberty! but death staring me in the face, I knew not what to do. The captain told me there was a schooner with two masts bound to America, and when she got up her anchor she would come near to us, and he would put me on board her. I believe I was delivered this way, [it is now above forty years ago since this took place,] one side of the vessel lay next the shore, the boat was brought round to the other side, so that no one from the port could see what was on the other side, and as the other vessel which was going to America came up to us, their boat went on the opposite side, and so I got on board. I remember, now what the Lord my God had said concerning me, "No eye pitied thee to do any of those things for thee, thou wast cast out in the open field, to the loathing of thy person." In the day thou was born, my God says, "No eye pitied thee, to do this thing for thee," yet all glory to his great name, he pitied me, he had compassion, and put it in the heart of this man to help and contrive my deliverance; yes, it was he that brought one of his unworthy sons from far; yes, oh yes, preserved in Christ Jesus and called. Jude 1st verse, it reads thus, "Sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called." Once more at liberty under his care who feeds the young lions, when they cry. We were bound for Charlestown in America. We came in to the Gulph of Florida, where the water is always warm; no bottom is ever found here, I was walking on deck, so ignorant was I, although at times, I thought I had a deal of sense, I saw something flying in the air, and presently fall upon the deck, I went to lay hold of it, when it bit my finger very hard, such an ill-fashioned thing I had never seen in all my life: the captain being at hand, I went to him, knowing not what to think of it, I asked the captain with much sincerity, saying, "Sir, is not this the devil?" "No, George," said he, it is what you in London call a blind bat; I was frightened at this little thing. Nothing worthy of notice occurred on our passage. We arrived safe at Charlestown, our passage was very short, our wages were very little. At this time, there was a great many French privateers sailing out of Charlestown and bringing in prizes, English merchantmen; I saw the sailors when

paid their prize money, go with a hat near full of gold and silver to the billiard table, lose all in a day; this is the fruit of plunder.

"Like brutes they live,  
Like brutes they die,  
Like grass they flourish till thy breath,  
Blast them in eternal death."

My stay here was very short, I lodged at the Queen's the Constable, I think in Queen Street. They keep a boarding house. My money being all gone, they got me on board a schooner bound for New York. Here the captain used me very bad. One thing he made me do was, when it was a rough sea, he would tell me to go up to the top gallant mast truck, and waive the signal halyards as high as I could go. It was as small as the upper end of a scaffolding pole, such as bricklayers use to build with, it seemed as high as the steeple of the old church. When I had gone up as far as I could, by the rope ladder, then at this height, I had to climb ten or twelve feet up this small pole, with a rope in my hand, and put it through a small hole, and bring the end down with me. At such times the vessel would rock like a cradle. Now our wicked captain could have lowered this mast to reef it but he would not. Here now see a father's care, who had said, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom for him." Oh, yes, "Jesus sought me when a stranger, rambling from the fold of God." At last I came to New York, a stranger; I do not know that I had a sixpence in my pocket, or anything I could sell. I told the captain I would go on shore, and would thank him to pay me. I believe he said I was worth nothing more than my meat, and he would not give me anything, which made me burst out into a flood of tears. All glory to our God, he bindeth up the flood from overflowing. I went on shore, and some one that saw my grief asked me the reason of it. I told them how the captain had ill-used me, that I was a stranger, and without money, and without friends, and the captain would not pay me my wages: they told me to go up the same street, and I should see an attorney's office, they bade me go in there and lay down my case. I did so: a good man he was, he wrote me a paper, saying, give him that, and if he does not give you your wages, come to me again, and I will make him. I then returned on board, and gave the captain the note; he read it, and I think he said, "What you have been there have you?" "Yes, sir, and if I get not my wages, I am to go back to him, and he has promised to get them for me." But he paid me, and I left him, not knowing where to go. I believe it was in the spring of the year. I had very little money, and very few articles of clothing. I found a boarding-house: I looked upon myself as desolate,

for I could not go on board as a sailor, but as an ordrey (ordinary) sailor as they are called. I was afraid I should not get a ship, but as is the rule in America, I went to get an American protection, but before I could get it, I was obliged to get a person to go with me, to say, whether they did or not, they rocked me in a cradle, and I swore, by an oath, I was born in New York, I believe naming the street, so I got my protection. Now, for some days I walked about, plenty of ships wanting hands, but I saw and felt I was not a seaman; I was brought low, I would have taken any place. Oh, I can say, "His love to me suffered none to hurt me, though I knew him not." At length I spied a ship called the "Small American," of New York, she was bound to Newry, in Ireland, loaded with flax seed and staves; her merchant's name was Sinclair, the captain's name was John Palmer, a very wicked man. I think the common wages were thirty-eight dollars per month for a seaman. I went down to the ship with a palpitating heart, knowing the little ability I had. But I did not pray, though one had prayed for me, "I pray not for the world, but for them thou hast given me out of the world, thine they were, and thou gavest them me." I saw the captain, he asked me what I could do? I told him a many things, and I think fear made me say more than I could do; she was, I believe, to sail the next day. I got money and bought a few things, but, before I could get the money, I must get a bondsman to be bound for me; this was got, but it is so long since, I cannot tell how, but my God did provide; but the sailors on board this vessel were so proud, that if I had been a beggar boy they could not look worse upon me than they did.

We had ten passengers on board bound for Ireland. Things went on pretty well for nine days and nights: on the tenth day, we had every omen of a storm; our second mate told the captain to shorten sail, and get ready for a long storm of wind. It was done, and I did middling among the rest. By the time we got ready, it blew "great guns," as sailors say; it blew as if it would blow us out of the water. I believe every face was pale: it was in the month of March, when the sun crosses the line towards England, bringing in summer. This gale is called the equinoctial gale: I think I never knew it to blow harder. Oh, how my soul was bowed down. She was tossed up to heaven, and then came down, as it were, to the bottom of the deep. Look at Psalm cvii.—"They that go down into the sea in ships. that do business in great (deep) waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth the waves thereof." The sea was washing over us; we that were on deck were lashed—which is being tied with a rope, to keep us from being washed

overboard into the sea.—“They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths of the sea: their soul is melted because of trouble; they reel to and fro like a drunken man, and are at their wits end.” This truly was our condition: oh, what a night we spent! The next day was the same; the sea running mountains high. I think the second day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, a long sea rolled sea after sea. We had then little hope of our lives. It was my turn at the pump, with the second mate, and a blackman: we were lashed to the pump, the sea oftentimes covering us, for, if we had not been tied fast, we should have been washed overboard.

About this time, a great sea came against our side, with that violence, that it turned the ship to lay on her side, with part of her bottom out of the water, carrying away all it could carry, into the sea. Us three that were lashed to the pump, were under water some time, I cannot say how long. I remember thinking it was all over with me; I was saying the Lord's prayer, and must have opened my mouth, had I continued any longer under water, and have died.

“Yet am I alive till now:  
Who could hold me up but thou?”

“This is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in my eyes.”

At this time I heard a sound as if the ship was breaking all to pieces; and the ship came upon her bottom, what we call **righting** again. Me and my companions were washed up the main rigging on the inside, as far as we could go; the ropes stopped us, or we must have gone into the sea. When she was on her side, the waves would have taken us away with the flood, but we got near the mizen top, and were secured by this. When I looked about, I saw my two companions, the bowsprit carried away, our fore mast near to the deck, mizen mast in like manner; our tiller, by which we steered, gone; all the provisions which we carried on deck, and fresh water, — which Americans carry a deal on deck, that they may have more room for landing below, — all this, with our boats too, were carried into the sea. We tried if the vessel, in any part of her frame, had given way; we found she had not: this was good news. We then began to clear the wreck; lest the broken masts, which then hung by the ropes which were fastened to the deck, should do us injury. Such a sight I never saw; there was a man drowning alongside: there was no stick left on her decks but the mizen mast and its rigging; the main top-mast, and the top gallant-mast were all gone; but my God has declared in his word, “the Lord is with all them that withhold my soul;” so the main mast God had appointed to us for a refuge. Lions were a refuge for Daniel; fire for the three Hebrews; whoever,



and whatever helps us, it is the Lord that doeth it; here were we a complete wreck, like a log upon the water; but the men were drowning by the side of the ship, and we had not a rope to throw to them to catch hold of. The first we saw up the waves, which were running mountains high, was the brother to the second mate that was saved with me. This young man asked his brother, calling him by his name, "Cochin! will she live?"—(that was, will the ship swim, and not sink).—He answered, "She will live." How it was, I cannot tell; but he seemed to put his hands together and go down, and we saw him no more. Whether he misunderstood what was said or no, I cannot tell. Next was Thomas Carroll, his long, black hair floating behind him. He enquired,—"Is the ship sound?" Mr. Cochin said the ship was safe and sound—"Tom, catch hold of the gunnel;" and he did so. Our ship rolled badly, for want of sail to steady her; so Cochin lay down, for we could hardly stand up; and I lay down on his legs to keep him from falling overboard, and I believe some one leaned on my legs; so a great sea came, and washed poor Tom Carroll almost into Cochin's hands; and he laid firm hold, for fear the same sea, when going away, would take him back with it. This was one of our best seamen.

Well, we were glad poor Tom was safe. We now counted our hands: (there were ten when the ship upset) three, that is, besides myself, and one taken out of the sea, four; so we concluded six were lost. We had, I think, ten passengers in the cabin, and the captain and chief mate, whose name was Howe. When we had cleared all away, we opened the hatchway to get some cordage and some spars to make jury masts, to set sail; so we opened it, and one went in and put his hand upon a man, whose name was M'Alister; this is the one that we thought was lost; here we found him coiled away in the middle of a coil of ropes. To see him in such a form, and to find one as if risen from the dead, caused a smile. When talking over their sorrows, they said, some of them, "Poor Frenchman! George, I wish it had been you instead of him!" I dare not speak a word, for I knew I was the worst sailor on board, for I never began to learn till I left the *Majestic* man-of-war.

Well, we erected a jury-mast, made sails out of some that were below, and then set sail for —, one of the western islands. When they took an observation of the sun, they found our ship in latitude —, and longitude —; and found we were eleven hundred miles from the nearest land, which was Pial, (Fiall), and belonged to the Portugese. Now we hoisted a deal of our flax seed, and cast it into the sea to lighten our ship; so she sailed faster, and our passage was very short; but we were very short of fresh water, and we were put on allow-

ance, and that was very small. The passengers had laid in water in New York, a cask apiece. My thirst was so great, and my allowance so small, I looked into the sea; but my arm was too short to reach it. Still looking at plenty of water in the sea, I thought I would have a good drink; so I got a rope and let down the bucket: now I pulled up the bucket on deck: I put my mouth to the water, but it was so horrible that I had to spit it out again. Some of the passengers standing by, I asked them to give me a drop of water. They promised me, that if I would dance for them, they would give me a drink. I did my best, but instead of water, they gave me brandy, which increased my thirst, so that I was almost mad.

Oh how good that was to me then! To the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet: but we remembered these passengers after some time for keeping back water from us, I think in twelve days after we arrived in a place called Píal (Fial) near Pico, one of the western islands inhabited by the Portuguese; There was a monument, the bottom end looked to be sixty or seventy yards round, but smaller towards the top, which reached towards the clouds; in thick weather the top could not be seen. Here we could get good wine at three-pence per quart. If you ask for something to drink they give you small drink, which is wine. They are a lazy people. It is not far from Lisbon in Spain. Oranges and lemons are imported to England from here. I believe they often have to go from one island to another in boats. The manner of taking in passengers is as follows—the boat is at a distance from the shore; the man, when standing by the boat, is up to his middle in the water; he takes the passenger on his back, and thus carries him to the boat. In this place we got the bowsprit and mizen-mast repaired; we also took in water. I remember when coming into this place there was a Portuguese vessel coming in; the men looked most dreadful—I thought they were spirits, but my alarm was false. I went on shore on a bank which was surrounded by the salt sea, the water was as good as ever I tasted—it sprung out of the rock near a little chapel, and there stood by it a large crucifix. Here was the works of God! but “the world by wisdom knew not God.”

We got ready for sea, and one of the passengers which would not give us any water took on board four quarter casks of good wine to carry to Ireland. The sailors that stowed it below laid it against the bulk head of the steerage where the sailors live and sleep, so we had only to take away the bulk head to get at the wine, which we did by boring a hole in one cask at a time; and as we emptied one cask after another, we filled each cask with salt water in its stead. I think we were a fortnight or three weeks on our passage: but before we had reached Ireland

we had emptied every cask of the wine and filled all with water. When we came to the coast of Ireland we got on the Wickliffe banks; we thought we should never get off. On this ridge of rocks I believe numbers of vessels have been lost, and, if I mistake not, the French fleet when they came to take Ireland during the Irish rebellion, whilst attempting to land their troops, were driven on these rocks and were lost. Here our God helped us from that grave in which a hundred vessels better furnished than we were had been lost: now we were once more delivered, and near Newry harbour.

We anchored, I think, about five miles from Waring point, which is as near to Newry as large ships can go. We struck upon another rock which is called the Sheep Rock. On one side of us was Carlingford, on the other side was moving mountains. Here we lay some days and nights till it came in a high tide and the wind fair, so with both striking upon the rocks and being wrecked we had received great damage. We went into Waring Point dock, and for a season were safe. So it is poor sailors must brave the ocean whatsoever winds do blow. It is strange to think that

"A harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long."

"You who thus his mercy prove  
Triumph in redeeming love."

We here got a good market for our flax seed: it was selling for ten guineas a cask, which was a great price. When at sea I believe we cast overboard one hundred casks to lighten our ship when we were wrecked—this was a great loss. Here we lay some time. The excise officer came on board. At last the four casks of wine were hoisted upon deck, and the bungs drawn to try them; but what was the astonishment of the owner when he found salt water instead of wine! The excise-men laughed the man to scorn, who owned he had done wrong in denying poor thirsty sailors a little water in time of need, when labouring to save their lives. The man did not know who to blame (I think his name was Myers). I was one of the foremost, and it kept some of us part drunk on the passage.

Here we underwent a complete repair. We remained some months in this dock. The dock was not more than ten yards off a great stall: a street was formed by the dock, and a stall about ten or twelve yards; the name of the master of this stall was Tombo. Our cargo being out, I was playing and fell upon my head on the bottom of the ship. It was a great height to fall. Some who saw me fall cried out, "Poor Rodney is dead!" I heard them, and cried out wickedly, "You lie; I am not dead." So some came down and lifted me up: they sent for a

doctor, and he bled me, and in a few days I recovered and was able for my work.

I went by the name of Admiral Rodney; I got that name by singing a song called *Bold Admiral Rodney*. These were troublesome times in Ireland—a little offence would send a man to Dublin; and if they could convict you of rebellion they would hang you. A rebellious people were going about doing great depredations, they called them "Whiteboys." This was not long after the Irish rebellion. All places, like Warrenspoint, without troops were greatly alarmed. I remember a native of this place told a young woman that they (the Whiteboys) were coming, which we knew was a lie: this he did with a wicked design, but she escaped his plans.

I had not long recovered from my fall but I planned wickedness: but wickedness was intended—"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation? God hath given his angels charge over us, that in their hands they should hold us up, lest at any time we dash our foot against a stone."—I, having now much time to spare, went to get drink. There was a Mr. Mullin kept a public house; he, I believe, was a nailor by trade. I had just been in there for some whiskey: I did not get drunk, because I dare not by day, as I should then be unfit for duty. I had left my shoes and stockings on board, for I could walk on board any time while she lay in the dock. I was dressed in a red shirt, a pair of trowsers, a handkerchief on my neck, my hair all loose, and no hat on; the wind blowing made my long hair fly about, so I looked more like a madman than anything else: I think I was running, and there was a corpse before me. People in this country are very superstitious. I did not see the corpse; I believe a gentleman seeing me so wild, said, "That is a solemn sight before you, young man." I understood what he said, but turned it off with a joke by saying, "that will never be my case;" and then, like something wild, I ran away to a house in Rolt-river Street, kept by one Barney Savoy, a sawyer. I did not know then that I was watched by this gentleman's servant, my going there was to a young girl, which at this time I was courting. I do not know that she liked me, but I thought she would make a good wife; and while I was talking to her a knock came to the door, which alarmed the inmates very much. The mistress of the house went to the door, and a livery servant asked if a young sailor dressed so and so did not come in there about such a time? She answered yes, "Then," he said, "Lord Donegal stood a little down the street waiting to speak to him." They began to be alarmed lest I had done anything wrong; and I began to be afraid when I heard the name of Lord Donegal. I had no hat on, so I could pull none off. It

had sobered me. When I came to him he said, "Sailor, do you think you shall never die? as you said it would never be your case." For I forgot to say that I had said that will never be my case either to have a great coat or buttons. So I answered him, "Sir, my meaning was that I should never be buried on shore. The great coat, in seafaring language, is a coffin, the buttons are nails. But I shall be thrown overboard like another dog," He seemed much pleased, and I ran away again.

Here my God had laid in store for me a friend against a time of need, for some short time after this a circumstance took place, when, if he had not been my friend, I think I should have been hanged. His lordship's inn was only about twelve steps from our ship, the dock on one side, the inn on the other; his lordship would have me to sing him a song called *Bold Admiral Rodney*. I believe from this circumstance they called me Admiral Rodney, and I answered to it as well as any name. The public road to Newry large town was at the end of this inn, turning to the right hand: every carriage coming to the inn had to turn round quite short for fear of the dock—the street was very narrow. It was a time of great rebellion in Ireland; the people that were rebellious at this time were called Whiteboys. The justice of the peace there was a very little man—his name, I think, was Clark: he had a very fine woman for his wife: he was greatly feared: he was a great churchman. Now there was some merry-making day; I had got drunk and had disfigured my face; I think I had an old sword in my hand swaggering away, when suddenly Lord Donegal's carriage came round the corner, with Lord D. in the carriage, the horses took fright through me, and would have plunged themselves, carriage and all, into the sea had not the coachman kept tight reins till some one came out of the inn to his assistance and caught hold of the horses, for the inn was not more than twenty yards distance. Now I was so drunk that I could not remember anything about it till I was told that Lord Donegal cried out, "Who is it dare stop me at noon-day?" They laid hold of me, took me prisoner to the inn, stripped the covering from my face, and his lordship sent to know who it was? they told him it was Admiral Rodney. His lordship smiled and said, "That man never intended me any evil; but if it had not been him, they should have gone to Dublin to take their trial, which would likely have cost them their lives." He gave orders that I should go to Mrs. Lase's house, where my lord's servants were boarded, and get plenty to eat and drink, which I did while my lord stopped at that point.

I was what the world calls a jocular being: I went to a recruiting sergeant, who kept a public house called the *Royal*

*Oak*, at Warrenspoint. I asked him to enlist me. He said, "No; if I enlist you, and you get on board and go upon the mast, I can never get you back alive; for there you can run and climb like a monkey. Then, Rodney, I shall lose my money. But if you want the loan of a guinea, I can lend you one. So he would not enlist me.

Our ship was now nearly ready for sea. While at the Point, I think I had stayed on shore so long as to forfeit my wages; and when all was wrecked and lost with our men on our passage coming, my arm was badly hurt by Captain Palmer beating it with the head of a spike gimblet, for he hated me. An attorney and his wife were going, passengers with us, to New York; the captain, fearing I should take the law upon him when I came to New York, got this gentleman to draw up a bond of agreement—the captain to forgive my leaving the ship, (through his ill-usage), and I was to forgive him, and not go to law with him when we got back to America; and he told me I should have a good place going back; so he made me steward of the cabin.

Now, at this time, there was a ship, or brig, bound for New York, where we were also bound; they sailed before us; the captain's name was Suter—I think a native of Warrenspoint. This people and our people agreed to meet each other in a certain place in New York, and have some sport together, when we arrived; but this sport never took place, as she never did arrive—I believe she sunk, with all her passengers, at sea; for we never heard of her more. We hired some hands; one I can remember, a fine young man; before we went away, some of us went to a little place called Milltown; we took a black man with us—Jack was his name; we gave him something to drink, and sent him to some of the houses for some trifling thing. The people, the greater part, never saw a black man before in their lives: Jack did not know this. I believe he went asking for a light for his pipe: knocking at one door, the people shrieked out, "the devil! the devil!" and left the house with great alarm, so we were obliged to leave, to get off safe.

In a few days we sailed for New York, talking on our topic, pretty girls, and our wicked, ungodly deeds; and he that had done the most wickedness was counted the finest fellow.

I was now the captain's steward; I lived well; the captain seemed to be very fond of me, but it was only for a time, as will be seen presently. We had a great many passengers on board. One young woman I was very fond of, because I had tried and found her honest, and very faithful. Nothing particular happened for some time. I will here say, "O, what wondrous love, in that, while we were yet sinners, Jesus Christ died for the ungodly." Yes, for poor, backsliding George, too.

The first thing that happened on our voyage was, the captain got

drunk, and, forgetting the writings that were drawn up between us, he began quarrelling about such and such things; and then blows followed. He beat and kicked me like a dog; till the attorney, who had drawn up the agreement on board between us, came forth, and said how shameful his behaviour was, and told him he (the captain) had broken the bond. He (the captain) was so savage that he said "if you say much, I will heave you overboard," so enraged was he. He left off his cruel behaviour towards me; but he had given me some powerful blows. I never spoke any bad words to him; so he had nothing against me. This took place in the night. In the morning the attorney told the captain it would be a bad job for him; and he was witness against him. After this the captain was much afraid of the law; and would, apparently, have done anything for me, for fear I should go to law with him. By this time we and the passengers were brought to an allowance of water.

About this time we came into the same latitude and longitude where we were wrecked before. Here we had another gale of wind. The young man we shipped in Ireland, and Tom Carrol (the only man that was saved), were overboard with the wreck. The top-mast and main top-mast broke. The young man was thrown overboard, and was lost. Tom hung by a loose rope—the captain telling him there never would he any luck where he was—he was such a rogue. The captain encouraged him to try to save himself by getting into the rigging, which he did, and so came down on deck and was safe. In a few days we made the land of America; and at last came into the dock out of which we sailed: called, after our merchant's name, "Sinclair's Dock," Cherry Street, New York. Here we were very busy. Some of the girls did not turn out well on shore; and, as my sweetheart was on board with us, I began to be afraid of this young woman, lest some of the other girls should entice her to turn out on the town, as well as themselves, for she had no home to go to.

Now the merchant had heard that the lawyer had drawn up an agreement between me and the captain before we left Ireland—which was, that he would forgive me, and not ill-use me any more; and I was to forgive him, and not take lawful proceedings against him: but he had broken the bond, by ill-using me. He heard that the lawyer was about getting me to go to law with the captain, which, I believe, would have revenged the captain. Now the captain and merchant came to me, for me to make the matter up. I would not go to law with him, if he would take this young woman to his house as a servant, till she could hear from her friends, or help herself. The girl did not know, I believe, what I was about; for she seemed to fear God: she belonged to the Presbyterians.

I believe they were all gone on shore, but she and me. They had promised to send a cart for some things; and that Nanny Cragg (which was the young woman's name) should go up in the cart. She wanted to go on shore, and I would not let her go. This grieved her much—that I should keep her on board till the cart came; so I told her, when the cart came, if she did not like to go where I had got a place, at the captain's, for her, she might go on shore, but I wished her well. On talking to her she burst into tears, and consented to do what I wished her. The cart came and took her away, with the goods, to the captain's. She seemed to like it well; and had liberty to go to chapel on the Sabbath-day.

Next time I saw her, she asked me to shew her the Presbyterian chapel: I think it was the next Sabbath-day. I had had a little drink—not much. She asked me to go into the chapel with her. In part I consented; but, when the door was open, the pulpit was right before it, and I thought the minister knew what a wretch I was, so I turned back, and said I would meet her as she came out, to show her home. This I did. I cannot tell what became of her at last, for I was soon off to sea again.

I often look back, and see the footsteps of my God in the deep—following and guiding me there, though I knew it not. The captain breaking his bond and beating me was the way my God took, in answering her prayers for protection on a foreign shore. Here the captain was brought low, for fear of the law; and my God put it in my heart to make this bargain for her safety and food. All glory be to his great name! I loved her; but she was not to be my wife.

About this time I heard of a circumstance that took place in New York. I think, in the American war, a merchant became banker, and gave more per cent. for money than any other; so he got a great deal in his keeping. I think he paid the interest for some years, and he soon got a great name.

Now there was open war between America and England; at this time a widow woman had lodged her all in the hands of this banker, and lived upon the interest. She dreamed one night she was walking down by the shipping, and she saw them very busy loading a ship with small barrels, and they seemed to be very heavy. She thought she enquired what they were loaded with, and they told her money. She then enquired who the owner was? They told her the banker. Where was he going? To London? When will he sail? To-morrow. When she awoke, and began to think of her dreaming, she made haste to town, for she lived in the country: when she came to town, she hastened to the shipping; not telling any one, she looked round, and found the very ship, very heavy loaded: she went back to town, bought a pistol and loaded it, and went to



the banker's house and knocked at the door. The servant let her in. She said "I want to see your master," calling him by his name; the man said the master was not in. She, I believe, shut the front door, pulled out her pistol and told the man if he did not lead her to his master she would shoot him: the man being frightened, opened a door and said, "here he is." She entered, he was there: she locked the door, and, approaching him, told him all about it; she told him she had seen the ship he was going to sail to London in, and that he was to sail to-morrow morning, that she had not spoken to any one about it, and if he would give her her own money she would not speak about it for so many days, and if he would not give it to her she would blow his brains out without going out of the room. He gave her the money, and she kept her promise for the time, which was three days, and then made it known to the authorities of the town. They sent a fast sailing pilot boat as a flag of truce to London; she reached London in thirteen days, but the ship had not come in: orders were immediately given that on the vessel's arrival she must be seized and be returned safe, with all their money to the Americans, though at that time their enemies. Three days after she came in, she was taken and returned to the place from whence she came: it appears the banker made his escape and got clear off. But to return, winter coming on very cold, and having but little or no friends or money; I went to seek for a ship. I found a brig bound for Ireland, some part which I cannot now remember, I got my bondsman and then got some money, and after I had got what I wanted, sailed on Christmas-day. It was blowing very hard, but the wind was fair for sailing. The Captain was a very wicked man, his name was Graham; he was I think fond of his drink; he was more like a mad man at times than anything else, although it blowed a gale from leaving New York for twenty-one days, with rain or sleet, we had not a dry shirt on all that time for one hour, for when we pulled off one shirt we were obliged to put on another before it was dry. When we should have rested, he would have us make more sail, or make less sail when it could do no good, till we were benumbed with cold, then he would come on deck, and say, "all hands splice the main brace," that was every man a glass of rum and water. He was a vile man for the most horrible swearing, but when his passion was over he would smile and give us a glass of grog. When the mate had reckoned how many miles we had to go, and the Captain had reckoned, for they both reckoned for themselves, and each keeping a separate book, they both said we should see land towards evening, this was the 21st day, which was a very quick passage in those days—sometimes it was forty, fifty, sixty, and seventy days; the weather was very

thick with fog, so we could not see far, being right in the depth of winter, twenty-one days after Christmas-day. What with wet clothing and winter on the coast of Ireland, we were almost benumbed; the water had changed its colour, the land birds flying about, so the Captain ordered the lead to be hove, that is a large piece of lead about 14lb. weight, having a strong line fastened to the end, the lead has clean white tallow at the bottom; a man stands in the chains, and while the ship is going, he throws the lead as far as he can forward, and by the time the ship has gone ten yards the lead reaches the bottom, the line is marked with different coloured rags, each for so many fathoms, each fathom is two yards, according to the depth of the sea this man cries out by the dip, nine, ten, or so on, fathoms. I think we were in about twenty fathoms of water; if it had been clear weather we should not have come so near land, for we were in Bantery Bay, a dangerous place for rocks. If my God had not been on our side now, we might have been dashed to pieces, and now may poor George say, the deep would have swallowed us up quickly. Oh Lord, let me see thy hand, and adore thy grace for Christ's sake. Cold and benumbed as I was, I must go up then to the top, when my hands were so cold, I could hardly lay hold of the ropes to help me up; here death was staring us in the face; I could see better than on the decks. I asked them what was the depth of the water, they told me. I looked quite near, and could see the water like soap suds, and hear it dash against the rocks: they told me again the depth of the water, which was very shallow, so I said "let go the anchor:" they did so, but it cleared a little, and we were near the rocks. The people who live here are what are called wreckers; who, when vessels like ours were in danger, would try to destroy, instead of helping them. These men, who live like others by the same means, when a vessel is wrecked seldom strive to save the poor sailors' lives, lest they should tell what has been plundered from the vessel. In a little time a boat came alongside from these Irish robbers: this man said we had come to anchor too near the rocks; and, if the captain would give him a barrel of beef or pork, he would put us in a safe place. I believe our captain agreed with this man to do so on the following day; but, in the night, they cut our cable that was fast to our anchor: so we were carried on the rocks where we lay; and, for ought I know, she never came off again.

Here our captain raged and swore, and said, if you offer to go on shore till I go, I will shoot you dead. I did not hear him say anything of the kind to any other sailor; it made me think I was something: the captain could not do without me, yet I did not like to stay on board, seeing the vessel upon the

rocks ; I had no wages now, I began to plan how I should get on shore. The captain was busy in the front of the vessel, I spied a boat coming under the stern, that is, under the cabin windows, I think there were two men in the boat, I beckoned to the men, they came, and we agreed how I should pay them : they heard the captain swearing that no man should come on board, without he gave orders, and that no man should go on shore, me in particular ; but they took my chest, and then I dropped into the boat and lay down at the bottom, and they rowed me on shore, and took me to a man's house, it seemed they could not talk English, and I could not talk Irish. This is the place I believe, where the French were to land their troops to assist the Irish in taking Ireland out of the hand of the English in the time of Buonaparte, and here our God dashed all their ships to pieces loaded with French soldiers, and except a very few all found a watery grave, and those who did land were taken prisoners. Here is poor George in the midst of a people who lived by plunder, but my God had said concerning me, "I said unto thee, when thou wast cast out into the open field, yea, when in thy sins, and in thy blood, live;" others no more guilty than I, have found a watery grave, and a awful hell.

The old woman of the house began to talk a little English. There was a young woman I thought I would court on purpose to gain favour if possible, but I could not talk to her, nor her to me. I was forty Irish miles from Cork ; the old woman would come and talk to me in English when there were none but our two selves about, she said all the family were Catholics, but she was a Protestant, but if her sons knew she was, they would take away her life : and she wished me to go for she thought they had some evil against me, she knew I could not carry my chest, with me, whether she talked thus to get my chest, I cannot tell, but I found it best to get on the way, which was about fifty miles. So I took all the things I intended to carry, put them in a shirt, made a knapsack of them, and soldier-like put it on my back leaving all my other things behind for the old woman, the chest also. I cannot remember how far I had travelled, when two of my shipmates came up to me, they had a little bundle in their hands, I think if they had anything it would be very little : I did believe they would rob me if they could, they were both Irish, so I must carry my own bundle ; I dare not trust it with them. I think I told them if they did right, they should share with me, while I had any thing left ; so they appeared to be more content. We travelled together till we came to Cork, and was directed for lodgings to a man's house, whose employment was carrying a sedan chair. His wife was one of those woman that seemed very kind, but a wicked woman at heart. I wanted to sell two fine shirts, I cannot rightly tell

at what price, but I think at five shillings each; she told me she would get him a customer to buy my shirts, but I found none coming to buy; but I think the third day she came to me with a demure countenance as if she was sorry, saying, some one had told the press-gang of us, and they would come and take us. Now I believe she or some other of her gang had informed of us, to get money to buy my shirts; the informer I think had forty shillings for each man, I told my fellow sailors we were sold, and there was only one way for us to do, and that was, for us to go and give ourselves up; now you are both natives of Ireland, and each of you have got American protectives, give them to me, for if you let the officer of the press gang have them in his hand, he will not give them you back again, speak nothing, let me speak all: so we agreed, I think I took a few things with me, I walked first and each came after me, one in a line. In the large city of Cork I think without money, without friends, among a deceitful people which I have ever found them to be here. I would say a handkerchief would hold all I had which over my shoulder I threw. We came in this state to the public house where the rendezvous of the press gang was kept; a female that seemed to have plenty of trade looked down upon us apparently with disdain, said to us, "oh, you have come, the officer and his men were coming for you." I answered we have come ourselves, if he can do anything with us now we have come. She answered quite insolent, "I am sure he will do something with you." I said I do not believe he will." She meant he would send us on board a man of war; she said I was very saucy, I said he could not take us on board for we were Americans; she answered quite insolent, I am sure he will do something with you; and when the officer came in, she told him how saucy I had been to talk to her. I suppose he told her how he would serve me, but poor George was under that God, that has said, "the wrath of man shall praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain." So I said we belonged to an American brig, that was wrecked in Shurkey harbour, we were Yankees. So he said he was coming for us, I said, when I heard we were informed of, we came to spoil them of their reward; he asked us if we had protections, and desired us to let him look at them, I said, I should not trust them with any one, till I came to Admiral King's men at Cove, should they be torn what should we do; so he said, was we afraid to trust him, I said I have got them and will not deliver them up, but to the Admiral himself. I think he threatened us, and said, we should not have any thing to eat or drink till we came to Cove, where the Admiral lived: it was about two or three o'clock when we arrived, and a deserter with us. We were hungry and dry, but we must have nothing.

We walked from the boat into the yard which leads to where the Admiral's house stood. It was a noble house, and at the outside were two large pillars, which supported a fine covering, between these two pillars stood the Admiral: he appeared to me to be quite forward in drink, he looked angry enough to have kicked us out of the yard, and stared as if we were not fit to be looked at, and cried out, "What have you brought me here?" He received an answer: then I drew up to try my fortune, and made the best bow I think I ever made in my life; I had my papers in my hand: he asked me where I belonged. I told him "New York, in America;" and "where do you belong to, my shipmates?" I answered for them, and then I presented our protection papers: he then got into a passion, and said, "These fellows will not do, we have plenty, ah, too many, in the fleet, knowing the King's broad R out of the biscuit, away with such rubbish, I could smell them as they came up the Palace-yard. Mind, sir," (speaking to the officer,) "you do not bring such again, or never see my face any more." During this time, both the officers stood like dumb men, trembling at a distance; and, I believe, during the time of the Admiral's scolding, the deserter made his escape. Well, we were once more at sweet liberty, but not any money among us: we were both hungry and dry, yea, weary and cold too, knowing no one, and not knowing where to go. We marched, weary enough, one after another, across the beach; after a little, the press gang of this place came up to us, and asked after the manner, which is common among sailors, "shipmates, do you want a ship?" I said, "Yes, we do want a ship," Then said the man, "I will find you a good one," meaning the guard-ship, belonging to the Admiral, and was about to take us prisoners again, when the officers who took us to the Admiral's came up, and told them all about what the Admiral had said, and how he threatened them if ever he brought such rubbish to him again: when they came up, they called this last officer McGloathing. I was at my wit's end, not knowing what to do, when it came into my mind like a gun-shot what to do: he said, "oh, you will not do for us, so you may go your way." I went close to him, and said, "Is your name McGloathing?" he said "Yes, that is my name." "You are master of the press-gang in this place?" He answered, "Yes," for by this time the other officers had gone away that had taken us captive; I said, "Then, sir, you are the person the Admiral said would find us food and lodging." I think he said, "What me?" "Yes," repeating what I had said before; and I also said, "If you will not believe me, I will go with you to the Admiral's." He knew he dare not go, if he had had offered fifty pounds to go, for such men are not allowed to enter the

Admiral's presence except sent for; this I knew. I believe he kept chattering about the Admiral sending men to him to be fed and provided for; well, he took us to a large public-house, and told the mistress George's falsehood, and said "the Admiral would pay her," so we got plenty to eat and drink, and walked about like gentlemen, until we got ships to go off. Now, it is their place to bring sailors like us to our own place, and find us both food and lodging till they do so; but mine was a witty falsehood, and in those days I was counted clever (in satan's service,) in that kind of work.

"Oh tell, oh tell it, round to sinners tell,  
That I, that I am, out of hell."

And now he hath made it manifest to my soul, that my sins and my iniquities he will remember no more for ever: "Oh, Lord, help me to praise thy great and glorious name." Well, I never got my clothes, so I had, I believe, lost my shirt, handkerchief, stockings, knife, tobacco-box, and comb, and this I think was then all my store: I do not remember, that though I had neither house, home, friend, nor money, that I had any desire to go home to London, neither did I send a letter. I soon got a ship to go to the West Indies, and parted with my two companions, never to meet them again. Here you see he, (that is God,)

"Lead my path just wandering round,  
The right way to Canaan's ground."

We sailed, and had a prosperous passage: I had nothing to do with Mr. Neptune this time, and I could look on, or help to shave, or fill the mouth with lather. I was wise enough for it. We at last came into Barbadoes. Here poor George was put to the test again; we had come to anchor, and got things to right about the decks, when a man-of-war's boat came along side to press our hands, the officer came on board, I was on deck; the officer told me to get ready for the boat, I told him I was an American: I believe he asked me how I came on board an English vessel? I told him I was shipwrecked, had travelled up to Cork, pressed, and taken before Admiral King (or Kingsman), and he would have nothing to do with us, that I had come out in this ship till I could get on board one of my own country ships. He would not believe me, but asked for my protection, he wished me to give it into his hands, but I refused him, and gave it to our captain to give to him, at which he was quite enraged with passion, and said he had a good mind to take me on board and flog me, though he could not keep me; I dare not speak, so he took all he could, and went away. In a few days we sailed into St. Pierre, in the island of Martinique, the place where I left my first ship, and can say,

"I have been upheld till now,  
Who could hold me up but thou?"

I did not see my old ship, neither did I see any one that I knew: we had taken our potatoes in hampers, and hams, which sell very high in that country. Our captain found the tender there for receiving press men, and I think she was pressing for the *Majestic*, my old ship; so if I were taken and kept by them, I should have been found out, and then flogged to death. But oh, I knew not then that I was sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and must be afterwards called.

"What a blessed thing,  
Before I ever drew my breath,  
The Lamb for me had suffered death."

When we had anchored, and got all things ready for discharging our cargo, our captain sent, as a present to the officers of the pressing tender, a hamper of potatoes and a ham; this was to keep them from pressing our sailors; but about twelve o'clock at night, I believe the officers came, having got drunk on board when we were all asleep under an awning, a long sheet fixed up like a ceiling of a room, to keep the dew from us. We should have expected this, if they had not received our captain's present, but on the other hand, we lay down with confidence, not expecting any such thing; they awoke us up, and without ceremony drove us like dogs into the boat, and took us on to the press tender, where we slept till morning. About 9 or 10 o'clock, the officer came on board to see who was fit for service, I think to us at first, and asked us what ship; we told him, for the ship was quite near to the press tender. This officer called the officer that passed us, and said "What! did you first receive a present from the captain, and afterwards go and press his hands? a most scandalous thing. I hope you will never do the like again." In great passion he laid hold of the speaking trumpet, and called to our ship by name, saying "Send your boat on board and take your men away." Our boat came, and once more I was at sweet liberty on board our own vessel. If he had not received that gift, he would have kept all of us. Thanks be to that God who delivered me from death! I see and feel now. Near fifty years ago I thought they would soon have another pull at me; so, in a few days, I was on shore, and thought I would try my luck again, as I then called it: so I went on board a Mugan schooner, bound for the island of Tobago. The second day a French privateer chased us. We set all sail to get away from her. The captain first tried one and then the other, to see who could steer best; for our safety greatly depended upon the steering of the vessel. Now the captain chose me to steer; and, therefore, I was many

an hour kept there, though I was weary and weary again: yet still I must steer. I think she chased two days and two nights; but the third night we lost sight of her.

I had left nearly all I had, on board the ship I had left. I believe we had a man of God on board: he was a black man. I think I was the wickedest on board, except the captain: I cannot tell which of us two was vilest; but I think it was me. This black Christian would often speak to me. One day, before we came in sight of the island of Tobago, as we were sitting on the deck getting our dinner, he told me he was in trouble about the loss of our vessel. He had dreamed that it blew hard and the vessel entered into an open bay or harbour full of rocks; and that she ran among the rocks and was jammed fast between two of them; that the boat was hoisted out of the vessel to save us from perishing, but, directly she lay upon the water, she mounted upon a wave, and then came down upon the rock and was dashed to pieces, so we had no boat; that it was dark as pitch, only as the white and the angry surf made a noise almost like thunder. He also dreamed he was directed to go forward to loose the bowsprit-yard, and let himself down in the water, and it took him up to the chin. Another black dreamed he saw our vessel on the rocks, with her stern locked and her head very low, and water running out of her hatchway. This was our conversation at dinner, as we sat on the deck.

Two days after this conversation, I think about twelve o'clock, I took the helm to steer. We changed every two hours. I was, for some time, what is called very weary: at other times I thought of dying; and such thoughts made me sad. Under those feelings I dare not sing a song, so I began to sing the 19th Psalm, beginning at the second verse—

" Before thou brought the mountains forth,  
Or earth or world did frame,  
Thou always was the mighty God,  
And ever art the same.

" Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,  
Of which he first was made;  
And when thou speakest the word 'return,'  
'Tis instantly obey'd.

" A thousand years are in thy sight  
But like a day that's past,  
Or like a watch in dead of night,  
Whose hours pass on in waste.

" Thou takes us off as with a flood,  
We vanish too like dreams;  
In the morning fresh and fair,  
But pass away like streams."



Thus was I singing while the sea was running very high. Something felt very solemn on my mind, I dared not to sing a song, though I believe I was not thinking about the black men's dreams. This makes me think with a thankful heart,

“ O Lord of hosts, thy wondrous ways  
Are known and sung by saints above,  
While saints on earth their homage pay  
To thy, to thy unchanging love.”

At half-past twelve o'clock I put my helm near the side, when I beheld tremendous rocks and the waves dashing against them with a great and most terrific noise that struck my soul with trembling. I cried out loud, “Put her about, or we are all lost; here are the rocks and breakers.” So I put my helm down to put her about; she had great way on her, she was going very fast. As her head was turning her bow caught hold of the rock, and forced her into a creek that held her so tight that she could not move to the right hand or to the left; nor could we go either one foot forward or backward; neither could we sink, for the God of love had fixed our earthly house upon a rock. And here my God in the midst of storm, and tempest, and death too, became our hiding place, though at that time I knew him not. But just as they dreamed, so it came to pass. Directly the vessel was fast upon the rock all the men who were asleep below came on deck; death stared us in the face. The only remaining hope we had to save our lives was in the boat, which we hoisted out of the vessel into the sea: she mounted upon a wave and came down upon a rock, which broke her with a large hole in her bottom, and I believe she sank full of water. So our hope of being saved this way was lost.

Here we looked at each other almost in despair. The black man speaking to me, said, “George, come here; remember my dream.” So we both went forward, and he loosed the rope he dreamed of, and asked me to stand there till he lowered himself down into the sea water by the rope. Dark as it was, his confidence in God was so great that he cried out, “Here is bottom, and the water reaches very near up to my chin.” I asked him to try if he could find land; so he bid me talk to him, and he went straight forward I think about twelve yards.

“God speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not; in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, then he openeth their ears and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man, he keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by death, the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. Job, xxxiii.” George went forward, and said “here is land.” He then came back to receive me, so we both reached the shore;

wet as we were, there was (with us) no consideration how we should dry our clothes, for a grave thought arose if this should be an uninhabited island, and as we had no boat to make our escape, so we returned on board. The captain had been drunk the night before; and asleep, and also gave us a wrong course to steer, when the captain came upon deck, he said to me "George, I will have you tried by court martial, for singing songs when the vessel went on the rocks." I said "You lie, you old Mugan (for he was born in Bermuda), you lie; for I was singing a psalm." He called his son, and said "bring me a bottle of rum, to comfort my poor heart." So he drank heartily, and laid himself down in one of the sails to sleep, not minding the state of the ship. I believe he never gave one drop of rum to any of the men this day. I was informed that he cursed the sun for shining in his face, and hindering him from going to sleep, and in that state we left him. I believe the super-cargo that owned the lading of the vessel came on shore, with all the men but the captain and his son. Now I lifted up the head and voice in blest anticipation; and cried aloud, and gave to God the praise of my salvation.

Day-light returned, and we were glad to discover a large land. The super-cargo went, with some of the men, to find out, if possible, whether the island we were upon was inhabited, and what the name of it was. He soon fell in with some blacks, going to their labour. They said it was the island of Genardee; and the place where we were wrecked, Saint George's Bay. When we heard this we were glad: so we went to work to save the cargo and the sails. We did this; and the cargo of Indian meal was sold, but the vessel we could not save, for I believe no man could find out the way. If we had gone in the boat we must have been lost; and, to save us, our God broke the boat on the rocks. If it had been in my power, I should have been one to go. Look at Acts xxvii. 30.—"And as the shipmen (or sailors) were about to flee out of the ship, when they had let down the boat into the sea, under colour, as they would have cast anchors out of the foreship, Paul said unto the centurion and to the soldiers, except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved. Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall." That is, let the boat go out to sea without care. So you see there is not a boat lost, but only because it is the will of God; for

" Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit."

I left our vessel, after trying all we could do to get her off the rocks, but all to no purpose. I went into the carnash—so called—it being the common harbour for shipping. Here got on

board a privateer, and I never saw or heard of any of my ship-mates.

One fine moon-light night, two or three of us sat down on the ground to drink rum, and sing songs: a clever young man joined our company to drink and sing with us. Our rum being drunk, we sent a black boy for a bottle of good old rum, but the lad kept half the money, and brought new rum. We being drunk, did not know the difference. The young man alluded to did not like it, but drank a little of it, and we finished the remainder, and then retired to rest on some sails, in a kind of shed.

Shortly after we had laid down to rest, this young man cried out, "My liver is burning out!" and in two hours, in this awful state, he died. This sorrowful circumstance for the moment greatly alarmed me, but I took no warning, but went on in my wickedness. I do not remember that anything was done to the lad, or anything said to him. Here the Word of God was solemnly fulfilled, "Two shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken, and the other left," for the glory of God's grace. But my God "passed by me when in my sins and in my blood, and said unto me, Live."

Going on shore after this, with two or three more of us, as wicked as men could be without breaking the laws of the land, one of our company—I think his name was Boust, or Best—had taken a bayonet with him under his jacket. Now the island we were upon, seemed to be guarded by foreign soldiers in the English service. These soldiers patrolled the town; and all soldiers taken by them after 10 o'clock at night, were conveyed to the guard-house, and it cost them two or three dollars next morning to be liberated. This man Boust, said, if any of them laid hold of him, he would leave his bayonet in him. We heard them coming, and being fresh in drink, each tried to make the best of his way to the vessel. I ran down an entry, at the bottom of which I was stopped by a very deep place, the bottom of which brought me out to the sea. So having on neither shoes or stockings, I made a desperate jump. I think it was near twenty feet. I was very little hurt, so I got on board safe some time before the others. Boust told us that one man did lay hold of him, and he ran his bayonet into the man, and then ran away, leaving his bayonet sticking into him.

We did not go on shore again for some time, nor did I ever hear whether the soldier lived or died—Boust was a savage fellow, nor did he bring the bayonet on board with him. I afterwards looked at the place where I jumped down, and there was a great deal of broken glass cast about the place where I alighted.

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be."

I still went on unthoughtful. One night I dreamed I was on the water in a boat, and fell into the sea, sunk to the bottom, and looking at the bottom, I think it appeared to be sand and clay. The next day afternoon, we went on shore, where we all got filled with drink; the boat came alongside the vessel: I was the last to leave the boat. As I put my hands against the ship, it pushed the boat off, and I fell overboard. My eyes being open when I was sinking, I could not shut them. When I came to the bottom, I found it was just what I had dreamed; I also remembered that I was directed in my dream to try to swim like a dog, and this brought me up to the top of the water; and with much struggling, I got into the boat, not letting any man know I had been overboard, lest they should make me their sport.

I got on board with great care; feeling glad, but did not acknowledge my God; but all glory to him, he had said, "live."

Here I got acquainted with a person from Liverpool, who had been on board a man-of-war. I think we kept company only a part of two days. We could not agree; so we parted.

I went to take a walk one day, to see what was called the "Enchanted Cave;" there were two of us. It lay on the top of a high rock. At the bottom of this rock was the sea. The top of it was even with the high part of the land. I looked on the sea, and saw a vessel sailing; I turned round to speak to my companion—which was but a few minutes—on looking again the vessel was no more to be seen. In this country there are winds suddenly arise, called white squalls, which turn over large ships by their violence. The Cave, I think, was not two yards off the edge of this tremendous precipice, for it was frightful to look down to the bottom, which was the sea. A few yards from this rock, brought us to the mouth of the Cave. There was a doorway within a door, with a descent, into which we entered. No sooner were we within, but we appeared to hear a noise like armies marching, and the clash of their arms, as plain as we ever heard them when they were in our sight; also their marching steps regular, but very low. We stepped out in one good step, and looked on the top, but there was nothing to be seen. This we did more than once; I think we were afraid to stop any longer, so we came away, and had no desire to go again.

A few days after this, me, and two or three more in number, went on shore to drink half-a-dozen bottles of London porter. When we had finished the first bottle, we were all drunk: my companions laid their heads upon the table, and fell asleep. Though I was drunk, I was sensible; and went out, and with a little exercise, exertion, and so on, found myself nearly sober; so I sat down, thinking of many things. I told the black slave we had as watchman, to say, if any white

man come and say, "Buckver (which is white man) here?" our black lad was to say, "Buckver no here." A white soldier came and asked, "Is Buckver here?" The lad said, "Buckver no here." The soldier grew cross with the lad, and forced himself into the room where me and my two shipmates were. They were both asleep; I only awake. He had his bayonet by his side; he had just been relieved off guard. Now, sailors and soldiers seldom agree together, because soldiers are the men sent after sailors when they run away from a man-of-war; and I think soldiers are not fond of sailors, because they give them so much trouble. I could not tell but he had come as a constable to apprehend me. A guilty conscience wants no accuser; the sight of the soldier made me start. He enquired whether there was any white man in the house. I think I said, "Do you want any of us?" He answered, "Yes: I want you." I said, "Have you anything against me?" He said, "No." "Then (said I) throw your bayonet under the settle; then we can talk together." He did so. He came and sat by me, and told me his tale of woe. He said he had a wife and children in London; also how he came to enlist for a soldier: I think through great distress; but he never thought of going abroad. He said he was sent out with this regiment, which was a transport regiment, and was not to return any more to England. "So, (said the poor soldier,) I am not to return to my poor family any more for ever." The regiment had been transported for some misdemeanour. Then he began to tell me a dream he had had, which was as follows, as near as I can tell. He dreamed that at such a grog shop which he was in his dream, and knew, "he would find a man who would send him home to his family in London: his name is George Vinney, a native of London; and I think the family lived near the place I was born." Now, the fleet of merchantmen were loaded in the bay, and ready to sail for London in about four hours. A great number of them wanted hands, to work the ships home; for some were dead, some pressed, and some had run away. But to return. The poor soldier said,—trembling while he said it,—“Now I am in your hands; if you give me up to my regiment, I must be shot.” This he said trembling. I was so overcome, I could not tell how these things could be; for no man in that country knew my name, for I had run away from a man-of-war, and went by the name of George Powell, which was my mother's maiden name. My shipmates were all this time fast asleep, as was also our black lad, and the people of the house too. None came near. I think I took one of my shipmate's hats, he stripped off his soldier's dress, when I dressed him like a sailor. I tied up his clothes, hat, &c., in a bundle. The sea was not twenty yards from the back door. I ran there, and fixing a large stone to the bundle, I went into the sea nearly

up to my chin, let the coming waves reach me, and when it began to recede, threw the bundle of clothes into the sea, and they were carried by the out-going wave a long way off. All wet, I returned to the soldier, filled with fear lest he should be taken before he could get on board one of the ships which were then ready to sail. The sun soon dried my clothes, and I went to a merchant and passed him as a sailor. He was to have the wages then going for a seaman, which was for the voyage, long or short, forty-five guineas, and forty-five gallons of rum. So he went on board, and a few hours after, the whole fleet sailed for England, and I never saw or heard of him again. I returned, and my shipmates waked up, and we all got something to drink, and then returned on board again. I think some one must have discovered part, or the whole of my transaction, as another came, wanting me to get him off also. I found it was high time for me to be off, lest they caught me, and put me in the poor soldier's place for life; so from that time I stayed on board the privateer till she sailed. I never told my shipmates what I had done.

Being all ready for sea, we sailed for the Spanish main; for at that time we were at war with the Spaniards, French and Danes. Our vessel was a small schooner; she was not fit for war. We had plenty of great guns, muskets and cutlasses; and plenty of men also for our little barque. One day we spied a large brig, which looked like a large castle to us. The captain consulted us, to know if we were ready and willing to fight her, if she was an enemy. We answered, "Yes." So I think he gave every man a glass of rum. We made sail, and came up with her. She seemed to carry a deal more guns than we did. We expected every moment she would fire into us, but she did not. Our captain hailed her, and commanded her to shorten sail, and stand still. He said, "From whence come you—and whither are you bound?" They answered, "From America." We sent our boat on board, every man armed with cutlass and pistols. We came alongside, and were filled with fear to see her guns sticking out; but when we came on board, we were glad to find her guns were all quakers—that is, they were made of wood: so nice were they, we could not tell what they were till we came on board. We made sure she was a prize. We plundered a little; I got a nankeen jacket with gold buttons, and took it on board and put it in my chest. After searching the ship's papers, we could not make a prize of her, so we let her go. The next day I went to look at the stolen jacket, but it was gone: some one had robbed my chest. At that time I knew not the force of that commandment—"Thou shalt not steal." I felt much enraged at my loss, not thinking of the owner.

Now, being disappointed, we came to the Spanish main. We hoisted Spanish colours, on purpose to deceive. We had not

cruised long about, when we spied a small ship coming towards us; she was a Spaniard, loaded with mules, some sugar, and some dried fish. We suspected that they had money on board, but we found none. We took all the men on board our privateer, then our captain sent an officer, and me and one of the Spaniards, on board, to carry her into Tetolar Bay: the Spaniard was to prove her to be a prize. We left our privateer, and expected to get to this place in two days, but the wind changing, and blowing very hard, we could not go to the place we wanted. We strove all we could to reach this place,—but all in vain,—for two or three days. We had not above three days provisions on board, so that our meat, bread and water were nearly out, and we were not five miles nearer to the land than when we started for it three days previous, while night and day it was blowing a gale of wind, and we in an open boat. The hay for the mules was nearly gone; our compass was out of order, and was of no use to us.

Now, finding we could not get to the island of Tetolar, we steered for the island of Jamaica. Our officer had taken notice in time past, that the seven stars which are seen in the clouds, lies over Jamaica; so at night we sailed, keeping these seven stars right a-head. About the fourth or fifth day, our bread, water and salt meat was very low, nearly out; no land in sight, no food but salt fish and sugar; nothing for the mules. They did everything to make us understand their distress but speak. O, how black everything looked! the boat was Spanish rigged, so we did not know how to heave her to—that is, fix her sails; so that under our management she could not sail, and at the same time kept the sea out of her.

It was my turn to steer our vessel; they all went to sleep dry and weary. When I took the helm to steer, she was going through the water at the rate of about eight miles an hour; we called it eight knots—one knot for a mile. I had to steer two hours; and this must be guessed, as I think we had not a watch on board to tell the time. The wind was fair for Jamaica; it blew right on my back. Being weary, like the rest, I fell asleep also. How long I slept, I cannot tell; but if the Lord had not been on our side, we might all have been lost; for we could not find out how to heave her to. The vessel turned round, and all the sails were thrown aback. I was awakened by the wind blowing in my face, instead of blowing at my back. I found she was lying too as nice as I could wish. I then began to contrive a lie; so I waked them up, and said I had been contriving and scanning, and so hit upon it at last. They were very glad, for now we could get rest from steering, but before we were at it night and day, but now we could tie the helm with a string. The same day, in the forenoon, we spied a large ship making for us,

neither did we offer to run from her, for we must soon have died of want. She proved to be an English frigate; she came close to us and hailed us. Her officer told us to heave the vessel to, and this we had just learned. So we hove our sails aback, and they sent their boat for our officer, and he went on board. He told the captain of the man-of-war how we had lived, and what we had suffered, for I think this was the tenth day of our sufferings. How we had survived till this time I cannot tell; as fish, sugar and a tortoise was all we had that we could eat. The captain of the man-of-war gave us, I think, an old compass, and told us what course to steer, and what distance we were from Jamaica. They gave us the prize for ourselves, upon the promise that we would sell her, and go on board their frigate, which our officer promised we would. So they sent us a week's store of biscuit, beef, pork, and some water, which we wanted most. They also gave us some rum; and in return we gave them some sugar, fish, our tortoise, and some fowls. Their captain wanted our officer to send us all on board, and sink the vessel; but our officer begged hard to have the vessel, and sell her, and then we were to go on board the frigate. He said we should find her at Cape Melmould, in Sandamingo. This we agreed to, though we had no mind to do so.

The frigate left us; we got a good meal and a drop of grog each of us. The Spaniard having had the same as ourselves, we now made all the haste we could, by putting all the sail on her we were able. I think our boat went ten miles an hour. We had now a compass, and steered for the blue mountains of Jamaica; and in two days we came in sight of our desired port.

In the course of the day, we spied three or four men-of-war coming out of Jamaica. They spied us, and one of them chased us one or two hours with all the sail she could carry, and we held a council what we should do. We agreed not to give way to them, but held on our course; which so enraged them, seeing they could not sail so fast as we did, that they fired one of their large guns at us; the shot came within about one hundred yards of us. We said, "Let us hold on our way; a miss was as good as a mile." I think she fired again; but the second shot did not come as near as the first; so, finding she could not come up with us, she left off chasing us, and we went on our way rejoicing. It took, I believe, near our last drop of rum. Our poor mules got a little of the water, and our biscuit also.

" O Lord of hosts, thy wondrous ways  
Are known and sung by saints above;  
While saints on earth their honours pay  
To thy, to thy unchanging love."

If the man-of-war could have overtaken us, after we had give them so much trouble, they would have pressed us, and put tl



poor Spaniard into prison, as a prisoner of war. His blessed eyes were upon me for good. "He will bring his sons from far, and his daughters from the ends of the earth."

The next day we arrived safe in port, called Marther Bay, (or Bay), after being at sea in an open boat thirteen or fourteen days. No,

"Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit."

Now we began the 107th Psalm again—"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof: they mount up to heaven, they go down again to the deep: their soul is melted, because of trouble: they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man: they are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivereth them out of their distresses. Then are they glad, because they are quiet: so he bringeth them to their desired haven."

Our vessel being small, we came close to land, and fastened her to the shore. The mules smelling the earth, broke their altars, and got on shore. We did not consider that the vessel should be entered in the custom of that country before anything was landed. Some hours after this, a decent-looking man came to me, and I think he said, "Can you tell me what kind of wood the mast of your vessel is made of? for we have laid a wager about it." The vessel had then pushed off from the shore a small distance. He asked, would I be kind enough to put him on board, in the boat which was at hand? I did so. He struck a something with a hammer on the mast, and I found it was the king's broad R; he belonged to the excise, and in the king's name had thus seized the vessel, through the mules getting on shore. O, how I did curse him, and raged like a bull. I pushed off the boat, and left him on board, and how he got on shore I cannot tell. In the evening, we got the things out of her. The salt fish we sold to the black people; and what we could sell we did; and then we got drunk, to drown our sorrow, as we then thought. I cannot tell what became of the Spaniard, for we were afraid to stay; for what we had sold belonged to the king, being seized by one of his officers. We mustered, however, a few dollars, and then set off, with the intention to cross the blue mountains, and go to Kingstown, there to get a ship. These mountains are amazing high; the clouds resting upon them continually.

Some years before this occurrence, there was on these mountains a wild race of men, called Merrow; their head called himself "King Long Joe." He was black, and his people were black also. The English government used to send this man a suit

of officers' clothes once or twice a year, and tell him his brother, King George, sent them to him. He was employed to catch all run away sailors that travelled across these mountains; and he received forty shillings for every man they caught, when brought on board a man of war. They carried on, till the blacks turned out in rebellion against their masters, for their cruelty to them, and went and joined these Merrows, under King Long Joe; so that great depredations were committed by them. It seems the soldiers could do nothing with them in their mountain fastnesses, so that they got blood hounds, with which they hunted them, and found out their secret hiding places, when they were taken, and I believe a great number of them killed. So when we crossed, we met none of them. The first night I slept under the foliage or shadow of a great tree. Here I found myself in the morning, and was surprised to hear the cock crowing like as in England. Yea, I was kept alive in the midst of death. The whole country abounds with reptiles.

At this time, we looked towards the place where we heard the cock crow, and found it to be a sugar plantation. Being greatly in want of food, we came to beg; and found that both the owners and overlookers were white men. We made known our distress, and found them friendly. Here we got plenty to eat, and plenty to drink. These men were negro drivers. I think we spent this day on the plantation, and at night he went with me to a negro hut, or house, where I slept that night; and in the morning I was safe from the black men. They would have done me great damage, only through fear of punishment.

I got some breakfast, and something to drink, and so I travelled to Kingstown. At the place where I slept, all the blacks were considered as slaves; and if they disobeyed they would flog them to death. Here they made sugar, and rum out of the sugar cane.

Well, I travelled till I came in view of the sea, and Kingstown was in sight; so I began to descend the mountain by a circular path. It appeared exceedingly high; and how I found my way down I cannot tell, as I remember meeting neither man or woman. I think I came this last part by myself. O Lord, how wonderful are thy ways. At the bottom of the mountain was a long street called West Street; it reached from the foot of this mountain, to the docks, where the shipping lay. I knew the road, and looked to the right hand and to the left hand, to see if the press gang were about, for they would take any man they could meet that would answer their purpose, even if he had but one leg, if he had his health; for the sailors were dying so fast of the yellow fever, and the king wanted

men, and would have them. I went to a boarding-house kept by an Irish widow woman named Jane Craig. Her sister lived with her. Here I stopped for some time, getting plenty to eat and drink. I believe her charge was two dollars, or nine shillings a day, English money. One day she told me some one would inform of me, and then the press-gang would come and take me. So she packed up something for me to eat and drink, and my guide took me the back way into a wild part, among what is called dildow bushes, every branch of which sticks out like spindles, as long and as sharp also. In the middle of a large cluster of these, sailors that were afraid of the press-gang went for safety, till they could get a ship.

Now, the captains who wanted hands, came to these boarding-houses, and made their bargains for hands, and the wages they would give also; then send for them out of their hiding places by night, and take them on board, giving them the wages for England, which was forty-five guineas; and when on board, they would hide them till they sailed for their port. Then the men-of-war dare not take them, or the captain would throw the ship on their hands; but when a ship is near her port coming home, they will then press their hands, and send some of their own crew to bring them into port. I understand there was a mistake took place not far from our hiding place. Sailors in this country dress in white slops, trowsers, &c. I believe they sought for us, but not finding our hiding-place as soon, and where they expected, they were provoked; so they said they would have us, dead or alive. At dark, seeing something like a number of sailors together, they fired at the supposed sailors; but when they came to see and examine their exploit, they found that they had shot a white horse. How they settled that matter I cannot tell; but they took no sailors, dead or alive.

Living here exposed to the light of the moon, I was taken with the yellow fever; and while able to walk, I returned to my boarding house. This was the complaint called the plague, which carried off so many in America, and other places; and here scarce one in a hundred survived it. When any of our people were seized with this complaint, we looked upon them as sentenced to die in four or five days; some died the third day. Here, to the glory of my God,

“ Before I ever drew my breath,  
The Lamb for me had suffered death,  
Though plagues and deaths, around me fly,  
Till he bids I cannot die,  
Not one single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love sees fit.”

When I came into the house, I believe Jenny Craig looked at

me, and said, "Poor fellow, he has got the yellow fever;" and I believe was very sorry for me too, though she used such words as are common as any other words among the wicked. Conviction seized me; I made sure I must die, for scarcely one ever survived that complaint. Here I saw I was an awful sinner, and that I could not escape that awful hell that awaited me. O, the terror, fear, and distraction, that I then felt, and the certainty of my death. There was no minister near, but a Roman priest, whom I did not send for, nor did I make known my fear, even to Jenny Craig the mistress of the house; but, in most horrid despair, I came to this determination, to walk by the chairs till I walked into hell, I feared to sleep lest I awoke up in hell. I cannot say now what was the nature of my prayers, it is near fifty years ago; but, I can truly say, "the sorrows of death compassed me, the pains of hell gat hold upon me, I found trouble and sorrow." No one that feared the Lord could I find; I walked about till I could walk no longer, my strength was gone, and I laid me down on a bed in a back parlour, I think I was constrained to leave it with God, whom I looked upon as an angry Judge. Jenny came into the parlour and said, "the poor fellow shall have a doctor." A sailor who was then boarding with her said, "He cannot live above four days; poor fellow he will be put in the Spring Path burying ground." This sank my spirits, for to me then the grave appeared an awful hell; Jenny overheard what the man said, she sent for him and swore that if he did not go and contradict all that he had said, she would turn him out of the house, and I believe he had no money to help himself elsewhere; besides he then would be unprotected from the press-gang; so in the course of a short time he returned to my bedside and said, "shipmate you look a deal better than you did, you will soon be well again, your eyes look better, tell me if I can do anything for you?" Soon after this the doctor came in. My senses never left me. I thought a blister on my breast would ease me, the doctor seemed to think so too; he ordered one which was put on immediately and Jenny came often to look how I got on, and whether the blister rose or not; in a few hours Jenny cried out with a smile on her countenance, "you will live." And from the cutting of my blister, I grew a little better every day.

Now the press-gang from the different men-of-war came on shore to press, and Jenny keeping what is called a grog shop, and boarding house, they often came there to see if there were any they could lay hold of; when they came I was in bed, very bad, but on the recovery, and they said, "Jenny have you any here for us," she said, "I have one, and I shall be glad to get rid of him; call for something to drink, and I will show you where he is." They got some drink, and she then led them into the

little room were I was. How they did curse poor Jenny for bringing them in to a dying man, which they took me to be, and said, they had plenty such as me on board. Then Jenny told them she had no better to give, and if they choose to take me, well, if not she could give them no better, so after a few words they departed, and a few weeks after that, I was fit for sea again. I came to Martinique, were I first ran away from the man-of-war *Majestic* 74 guns, Captain Westcott. Here I was in Martinique without money and but few clothes. I went on board a privateer she was a fine fast sailing schooner, I think she carried 12 guns, the captain soon made a favourite of me: we sailed from Martinique in search of Spaniards; we went by Crabb Island. There are no inhabitants here; it is covered with rocks and trees of the most romantic forms; the water that surrounded this island was so clear, that we could see the small and large fish playing at the bottom, as plain as if it was but one foot deep, though about twelve yards, the rocks underneath looked like churches and single houses, and rows of double houses. This island abounds with large crabs, they live on the land, not water crabs. We kept as near the land as possible, to look out for enemies; sailed on till we came in with the land of Porto Vico, belonging to the Spaniards. Now, we had two men on board who passed for Portugese, but I believe they were Spaniards. One of these men said he could carry us on shore, safe from rocks or sands, for there was a Spanish Schooner close in shore, but our vessel was two or three miles from her. This man promised to bring us close in, saying, he knew the place well, the captain made him pilot to carry our vessel along side that of the Spaniard's, we put more sail on the vessel to carry us in faster. When our newly made pilot found our vessel would go on the rocks, and that nothing would stop her, he cried out, "the rocks, the rocks." It seems he cried out when it was too late, and in pretence too, for he was a Spaniard, and not a Portugese, such a traitor that would do such a thing, ought to be hung up upon the spot, for we struck upon the rocks, from which place we never got the vessel off, about one mile from the enemies shore. There was a great many against this man, all saying he should be hung, and I was of the same mind too, but the compassionate heart of the captain, would not permit us to do this thing, though he (the captain) was brought into a ruined state by it, he seemed quite resigned to his fate. The next thing we had to contrive was how we could escape from the hands of our enemies the Spaniards, seeing we came to take their vessel out of the place by plunder, and if we did not get away before night, they would come and make us prisoners, and if we resisted, would put every man to the sword.

Our captain always kept a small vessel sailing with the priva-

teer, so he took all the things that he could, and would have every man go with him in this small vessel, and he asked me more than any other I believe, but I would not go. Thirteen of the men stayed with me, and all the rest sailed away with the captain, and left us on board the vessel, and she fast upon the rocks. Now our sorrows began; we did intend to get her off the rocks, and sell her. Well, we each got a glass of grog, and then began to lighten her, first we threw overboard her guns. When we had cast a few of them out, with hard work the vessel moved, and we went down below and got another glass. We drank till very fresh, then came up again, and with a little more labour got our vessel off that rock, and then like madmen began to shout aloud for joy; but every one would be master, so we drank on and confounded each other, till at last our vessel struck on another rock, from this rock we never removed her, the winds and waves broke her to pieces. By this time we were drunk, and soon after that fell asleep, till night came on. Here I think we were about one mile from the enemies' shore, where, instead of sleeping we should have been watching and waking, for we knew they were a savage people and that they would come at night from the shore and take us prisoners, and if we at all resisted would put us to the sword; but though we were sure this would be our lot, we were some of us asleep, and some awake when a boat full of armed men came on board, and we surrendered all up to them. We were ordered to go into the boat, I was the first who went in, and sat down at the head, wrapped in my blanket, this (the head of the boat,) would be the first to touch land, and as it was a dark night, I was determined to leap on shore directly the boat touched the land; so I did, and ran with my blanket round me on this wild shore, I was afraid to enter the wood, for fear of snakes and the wild boar. In a little time I met one of our sailors, so we sat down at the edge of the wood, and here I was seized with the ague, and for some hours the fit was so strong as to shake the ground on which I lay, my companion said it shook the ground where he lay, which was about one yard distant from me. At our head was this wood abounding with wild boar, which are very ravenous, and savage also. About two or three yards from our feet was the sea, roaring on our enemies' shore, and us prisoners of war stripped of all we had, only leaving me my clothes and my blanket. In the morning the Spaniards came seeking us, we were easy to be found, for we wanted food, and we wanted to know also what the end of these things would be. So when we saw them looking for us, we went to them and delivered ourselves up to them. They took us to an open shed like a barn, where we sat down, and I think they brought us some goat's milk, and some passover bread, and plantains. There seemed but us two in the place; the others were marched to

another place; so that we were placed two at each farm house. In this part of the island they led us with much servility to our abode. They had a plantation of coffee, it was at the edge of a great wood, the house was large, it appeared open at both ends, having no walls around it. The little rooms where they sleep in hammocks are boarded off. They passed their time in play, cards and gambling; they behaved well to us, and we behaved well to them. Our old master led us to his coffee plantation, he said he should like to send us with some of his coffee and other things to another island to turn them into money; but, this never came to pass, for in a few days the man who passed for Portugese, and ran our vessel on shore, ran away; which as soon as the governor heard of, he sent word to march all the prisoners to the city of St. John's, Port Royal, which was many miles distant over great mountains. So the next day the man appointed to guard us, appeared with our companions; there was but three I think to guard thirteen of us. The people we lived with appeared very sorry at our going, and gave us plenty to eat. Well, we set off to go through a great wood; there was no fear of our running away, for we could not tell which way to go. These woods abounded with the wild boar, neither could we tell which way to turn to reach the sea side. Our guards seemed to have only a long stick in their hands; but I think they had pistols in their pockets.

I suppose we had travelled one mile on the road, when I was taken in a fit of the ague, and fever, like I had the first night I came on shore, it was not the shaking fit, but the fever fit, which lasted four hours; so I laid me down under the shade of a great tree. Our captain halted a little to see what was best to be done with me; at this time I was in a burning fever; my enemies saw it, and the Lord gave me favour in the sight of my enemies, who by nature had no more feeling than Turks, for we were Protestants, and they were Catholics. The sun was burning with intense heat, too much for an Englishman to bear, the ground so hot that it would burn the bare foot, while I and others of our company had neither shoes nor stockings to put on.

Our little company of twelve were commanded to march on and leave me behind, I never saw them again, till I met them in prison, in the city of St. John's, fourteen days after, when they told me the hardships they had suffered on their march.

To return: I felt stubbornly determined not to travel, till I felt better, let the consequences be what they might. One of the guards had run across a large field to a house, and commanded the man in the name of Ferdinand, king of Spain, to take charge of a prisoner of war, lying under such a tree. So I think the guard then followed his companions, and this man came to were I lay; vengeance I thought sparkled in his eyes.

When he came up, he said to me in Spanish, "arise and walk a little at a time." I told him, I had much fever; he felt my pulse, and then said in great compassion, "poor, poor English, very much of the fever, walk softly and we will not go far to-day, and I will get you some thing good to eat." He gave me a piece of boar's flesh, it was roasted, but it was very good. He then gathered fruit for me, first eating himself, to shew me he wished me no harm; a brother could not have behaved better than he did. A little before dark, he took me up to a large house where we were to rest for that night; I think he told the people of the house I was a good Catholic. They gave me food, and a night's rest; they set no watch over me. In the morning I felt well, and I got plenty of refreshment.

Now it was not so with my shipmates, they had but poor fare through their journey, and at night were thrust into a prison, where they sat down on a form, and their feet put into the stocks and I think they were handcuffed also, two and two leaning against something put at their backs for that purpose.

To return: my friend and me travelled till we came to my companions first day's stage; here he was to leave me in the hands of a stranger, who was to be my next guard. He—my friend—brought me to a village like St. Ann's Square, in Manchester. There was one large inn, and another where they sold our Dantzic liquor, like brandy. My friend and me stopped in front of the prison; he then sent for the man who was to take charge of me. When he came my friend spoke well for me; he gave me some money, and left me with tears in his eyes, and I saw him no more. I wish him well, for he was my friend in need. Now the man that was to take charge of me, seemed to love his glass. But he was very kind to me, he could not leave this place for three or four days, which was to be employed in hunting the wild boar. I believe he was the butcher, to kill and dress the flesh to salt or cure it so as to keep in a warm country. I believe he told me the prison was to be my dwelling place, that I might go in or out by day, as oft as I chose; at night I must go there to sleep, and I might leave the prison door open or shut just as I pleased, and when I wanted food to come to him at the large inn, where I found a very civil friendly man; he supplied me with some wild boar, cooked in several ways, and also supplied me with plenty of drink. When weary I went in and lay down on the guards' bed. It was built like the large prisons of old: a large pair of stocks for eight or ten men, and a form to set down on. I remembered Paul and Silas, at Phillippi, with their feet in the stocks. The old man seeing me walking about, cried out after me, "Englishman, will you have some brandy without color?" I answered, "Yes sir." Sometimes I drank freely, and then kept a civil tongue; and went and lay down in my prison to sleep, and rose up afterwards much refreshed.



This prison was a poor spot for my shipmates, who met not with much tenderness ; but my God gave me favour in the sight of my enemies. The fourth morning we left this place. We travelled, I think, till two o'clock, when my guard led me into a black man's house, and left me, shaking hands. I stopped there a very short time. The old man gave me something to eat and drink, and wished to know my history ; so I was shut up in a barn till they found a man who could talk English, to act as interpreter ; but they could not get one, so they told me I must go forward. So the old man told his son to take the mule to help us forward. Now, I could never ride on horse back. We travelled on for some time, but I did not attempt to ride, fearing I should fall ; but my God had given me favour in sight of the old man.

The ground was not so hot but what I could travel pretty comfortable. We travelled through a desert land. I cannot remember seeing either house or man in this day's journey. I think after travelling on some hours, we came to the bank of a broad river, with a high bank. We had to cross this river, but there was no bridge, no boat, nor any man to help us. My guard told me to get upon the mule ; I told him I could not ride ; so he got up behind me, and put one arm round me for security. He did not know he was grasping, or hugging an heretic in his arm, for he was a Catholic, and I a churchman. The mule mounted the bank of the river. When we came to the top, I saw it was very broad. The mule descended into the deep river ; her last effort from the shore into the river was a leap. The bank was so steep that I was afraid of falling over the head of the beast. Had not the Spaniard held me tight, I should have fell. The mule did not go right across, but made for a good landing-place. This mule was used to this business ; it was her regular employment, as she had to answer the purpose of a bridge. I soon dismounted from the mule. We presently came to an open forest, very large ; here we met with a number of young Spaniards. My guide talked with them. I had on a red Liverpool sailor's jacket. They seemed determined to have my jacket, so I pulled it off and gave it to them. In return, they gave me a handful of copper coin, I think a farthing each in value ; they called them cents ; they came to six-pence ; but if I had not given them my jacket, I think they would have beaten me ; so they went on their way, and I went on with my guide, and reached another prison. There seemed to be very few houses about here, beside the prison ; I entered my prison, it was up a steep place like a barn, and went up a ladder into a room on the first floor ; here was a gallery, and a long room railed on one side, a form to sit down upon, and stocks to put the feet of the prisoners in, something to lean against, and a covering over head to keep the sun and rain of the prisoners. Three or four sat here, with their feet in the

stocks. I went and sat by one of them on the same form. I think he was a runaway slave. I had sat down but a few minutes, when the jail keeper called me to come down to him. He told me I might go and take a walk round, and when tired, go and sit down in the same place. Here I found good usage, and great liberty. Had he not been a God of grace, he would have spurned such a wretch for ever from him; but "he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy."

Well, I walked about till dark, then went in and sat down, taking my old seat beside the poor slave. The jailor came up to see that all was right, and found me sitting ready to be fixed in the stocks; but he did not disturb me, but left me at liberty all night. Oh, what mercy I can now see! oh, how God kept me, though I knew him not. In this prison all my shipmates had been closely confined with their feet in the stocks.

The next morning I had liberty to walk about all round the prison, and no one with me. I had plenty to eat and drink. He (the jailor) told me not to go far off, as a man would soon be there to take charge of me, it being my last stage. I think it was about nine o'clock when he came. He was a savage-looking man, better than six feet high, and had a very long stick in his hand. The jailor delivered me over to him, so I bade my friend farewell.

Now, I had neither shoes or stockings, and it was sandy ground, and the sand so hot I could hardly bear the heat thereof, so I was obliged to keep upon the trot till I was ready to faint. It was a part of a wilderness. He (the Lord) moved the man's heart toward me. When he saw me so faint that I was about to sit down on the hot sand from exhaustion, he said, "Englesi, cores the orgordent?" I said, "See, signor." He said,—"Englishman, will you have some orgordent?" I said, "Yes, sir." He soon found a house, where he gave me a good draught, which appeared to put fresh life in me, and then I walked on fast.

When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh his enemies to be at peace with him. The Lord could not be pleased with my ways, but he was pleased with all the ways of Christ, and for his sake was pleased with me. We had gone a few more miles when I became faint again, and my guide asked would I have some more drink? I said yes, for I was fond of it. He led me on one side and gave me plenty. This upheld me till we came in sight of the sea, for it opened upon us all at once.

Here a most remarkable instance of enmity against the English that was in the heart of my compassionate guide shewed itself. An English frigate was sailing near the land; we could see her very plain, with her colours flying. On my guide seeing her, he kneeled down in prayer to the Virgin Mary that she would

sink the frigate: but the Virgin Mary did not answer his pretended prayers, for the frigate went on her way. Soon after we came to chapel; here I heard a great pounding noise, like as if they were driving piles of timber for a foundation, which made me stare and enquire of my guide what that noise was in the chapel; he told me it was at the burying of a corpse in the chapel, and all the dust that came out must go in the same grave—not a bit must be lost; so they rammed it down like a wedge, with a rammer, so as the top or stand could go on again. I think they thought this was holy ground, and must not be lost, or allowed to mingle with other dust. So we travelled on and came to the capital where all my shipmates were enclosed in a dirty gaol, wanting food to eat.

My guide took me into a cook-shop, where I rested, and got plenty to eat and drink. He, like the others, behaved well to me. This cook-shop was in a street that went on a descent like Broster Street, Salford, and the Governor's castle was at the top of this street. When I had done eating, drinking, and resting, he told me he must deliver me to the Governor; so we marched up this brow to the castle, and there he left me.

I stopped a little time rather disheartened upon the account of the prison; still I felt anxious to see my fellow prisoners, but I wanted to see them at liberty, not in a filthy gaol. The soldiers soon marched me off to a large and strong prison, where the large massive iron gates gave me admittance. A surly turnkey I think searched me to see if I had a knife or anything sharp about me, for no man as a prisoner is allowed any such things. When this was done I was sent into a large room, where I met my shipmates: there was gladness among us all to meet and hear of each other's travels and distresses. At this gaol the Governor had heard some good report of me—I had the flux, or looseness, and the Governor fed me from his own table, but my shipmates had no change of food, and that not above half enough to eat. We were by day in a long room, a long window in it that looked on the Exchange, where the captains and merchants met for trade; and by looking out of this window, through large bars, we could see them very plain. A bed of boards near up to the wall was where we rested by night. I think in this room there were twenty prisoners altogether; two or three were in for murder. I was told one of them was sent to gaol for murdering one or two, and that he had stabbed one while in prison. I lay down next to this murderer. He had a wound on his arm. One time in turning I hurt his sore arm, for which offence he swore he would run a knife in me. A young man who was a Spaniard and a runaway slave was a prisoner in the same room, and lying on the guard bed. He could talk a little English. He said, "George,

come up here, for that fellow is going to run a knife in you." I rose up and went and laid myself down by the side of this young man. Here my Lord saved me again from death, though then I knew him not. In all the West Indies mosquitoes swarm in thousands, and if they can every one will bite, and leave a little lump after them which itches intolerably; there are also, as I before stated, tryantelos, and centipedes, the bite of either, without medical aid, is sure to prove fatal in forty-eight hours. There is also another insect which crawls upon the ground, so small it cannot be seen by the naked eye—it will first get to the toes of the foot, making its way through the skin into the flesh under the nail, here it makes its nest and lays its eggs in a little skin like blather, this soon hatches into living ones, and if not prevented so, they will go on hatching and building till the whole of the flesh is eaten away, and nothing but the bone left. The way we know we have them is their itching so much as to keep up a constant scratching; then we look at the part and see them under the skin: they must be extracted with great care, as, if their bag is broken in the extraction, the place will break out again, but when entirely extracted the place is filled with tobacco ashes. Now on this island, nor indeed in the prison, do I remember to have seen one of these last-mentioned insects.

To return. While in prison, for our breakfast in the morning they gave us a pint of ginger tea, and a piece of caroon bread, it was like our oat cake in appearance, made out of the root of a tree ground down; it was the size of a penny oat cake. For our dinner we had three or four ounces of bullock's nose each, with some plantains, these were about four or five inches long, in size or thickness like our carrots. I believe this was all we had for the day, except water, of which we had plenty.

Every morning they drove us upstairs to mass to see the priest with his fat sides drink wine, which only enraged us, but we must go or the stick would be laid about us without mercy. One of the Spanish prisoners died while we were there in our room—I think he was there for murder. Just as he had breathed his last the priest came with a glass of wine in his hand; the dead man's mouth was open, and the priest cried out, "Anthony! Anthony!" twice over, then poured the glass of wine into the dead man's mouth. This is the awful way they send poor souls to hell and deceive the living. When any one died in the city a bell was rung, and then rang the prison bell, when the Spaniards would kneel down and beat on their breast, and cross themselves: they say it is the time the dead are passing into purgatory.

About the latter part of our confinement we laid a plan to deliver ourselves out of prison, but the plan failed. We were

almost starved out, and I had the flux; the Governor sent me once or twice some good meat from his table. We were not allowed to shave ourselves; nor was any one allowed to shave us. Our hunger increased so, that we concluded to write a letter to Captain Love, he was a native of Ireland. He had a French schooner, and carried French colours, but sailed out of a Spanish port; he was a pirate and a traitor to his country, and if at any time taken he, and all his men, English, Irish, or Scotch, would be hanged. Now we sent a letter to this man, saying that we were almost starved to death for want of food, and begged him to remember his own countrymen, and either come or send us a little help. I think he did not lose any time on receiving our letter, but came and gave each of us some money. I think we could not have lasted long if the Lord had not inclined his heart to help us. I cannot tell the sum he gave to each of us now, it being near fifty years ago; but this I know, I bought some salt herrings, which were dry and looked dirty. Well, I ate them, dirt and all, without bread or any other food. I sometimes look back and see the mercy of my God—the salt herrings and dirt with them cured me of the flux, and I was restored to health again by the mighty God of Jacob. I understand that this Captain Love, wanting men, went to the Governor to ask him if he would let him have us prisoners on his vessel; but the Governor would not give his prisoners to such a base man, and told him that if his men were taken they would be hanged, therefore he would not let one go. Here we found, like Elijah of old, we were fed by a black raven, and our lives saved by a murderer. Here we lay in a filthy gaol, guarded by a common soldier dressed in a silk coat. It seems that whatever their rank may be they must dress as a common soldier.

Here I leave for a little while our prison. There was a frigate had taken a Spanish prize; they lay at this time in Tertolar, an island to windward of the prison where we lay. They on board of the frigate had heard of our being in a Spanish prison, so they on board the frigate picked out a small vessel as a cartel to carry the Spanish prisoners to their own country and bring back in exchange the sailors of the *Shark* privateer. This is the way of exchange—the English vessel came into the Spanish port, with the Spanish colours flying and the English colours under them; and if the Spaniards were to come to the English port with a cartel, which is an exchange of prisoners, the English colours fly upmost and the Spanish underneath: this is the law of nations. I think some one brought us word that there was a cartel of exchange, and that shortly they would come and deliver us. Then we were filled with joy; this news made us dance like madmen; life rose on the wing, and in a

short time we beheld our deliverers, and were glad to leave a stinking den where we were half starved, glad of liberty, glad of fresh air: what a sight we were to look upon—ragged and half starved! I remember as we walked down to our vessel a poor Irishwoman, she had a basket of oranges on her head; on sight of us she shouted aloud for joy, and pulled off the basket from her head, and shared her oranges amongst us: and we were glad of such a luxury: when she had given us all she had she appeared happy. Though this country abounds with oranges yet we could not, indeed we were not allowed to have any while in prison. We entered the boat, and so went on board the vessel that was to carry us on board of an English frigate—she was lying in Tetolar Road, it may be one hundred miles from this place. I forget her name. The commander of our little vessel used us well. We were going to a ship which we considered as bad confinement as our late prison: here our liberty would be taken away. We consulted about this, and concluded we would rise and take the vessel, and carry her into some port where we could have our liberty to go on board a merchant ship, which at that time was giving forty guineas to go to London and other places in England. At this time we were weak, half-starved, ragged, and dirty. I think I was called to steer, and I took the helm for that purpose.

At this time the commander came to hear of what we intended to do—to take the vessel and make prisoners of him and all his men; he called all our people together, and told them what would be the consequences if we persisted in our plan, but, if we would do our duty, he would get us what things we stood in need of, and when we came on board the frigate he would not speak a word about what had passed. So we all submitted; and it was well we did, for had we carried our plans into execution, whenever we might be caught we should have been tried for mutiny by a court martial, and this offence was punished with death; but when we came on board the frigate we never heard another word about it. Here we see God's word true—he is the Saviour of all men, yes, salvation from death, but expressly them that believe, for they are saved from eternal death.

When we were on board a day or two, we found that the people had received a deal of prize-money, I suppose for the Spanish vessel whose men had been exchanged for us in Porto Rico prison; when good jackets or trowsers had fallen on the deck they would not pick them up, or on washing day they would get drunk and leave part of their things on deck, where the officer would find them, and as no one dared to own them through fear of punishment, these clothes were then given to us, a charge being given that, if any one owned them, to send them to the officer, but not to give them back: by these means

we soon got a bag of clothes. One day they had piped hammocks down, and some time after the captain coming himself, instead of sending an officer as was his usual practice, and finding a hammock with a large bed-cloth and a large feather bolster; there was no number on the hammock, or they could have looked in the book and have found out the owner; it was without a number, which was a fault for punishment: I believe enquiry was made, but no one would tell. In the morning the boatswain, or his mate, pipes up hammocks, and at night pipes down hammocks; six hundred men perform this in ten minutes, and if any are after that time they are punished. I was one day over the captain's rooms, where the hammocks are sometimes kept; the captain asked me if I had a bed and a hammock—he knew I came from a Spanish prison—I said, “No, sir.” He said, “Here, this is your's, and if any one owns it let me know.” So I took the hammock. Now this country was so hot that it was a punishment to lie in a warm bed, but bringing it up at night and taking it down in the morning was a great trouble to me, for they must be made up so neat; I often stowed it away out of sight. The man who owned my hammock was the man that rowed the captain's barge. I never knew who owned it till I was about to leave her.

Black people used to come alongside our frigate to sell fresh fish, I think they called them nine-pounders. When the sailors boil fresh fish they boil a piece of silver with them in the pot, that if the fish have fed on copper banks the silver will be covered all over with copper. One time while I was on board they forgot to do this, and many were poisoned by it, though none died, as I can remember. I was walking on deck without shoes or stockings, and a piece of the bone of one of these fish ran into my foot—the doctor could not cure my wound. About this time the sailmaker's mate was in great pain, and went down into the cockpit to ask the doctor for a bit of opium; there was only the doctor's boy in; the man begged so hard that the lad gave him some, and he took too much. Soon after he fell asleep to wake up no more till the judgment day.

While I was walking one day between decks, one of the sailors called me by my right name, for I then went by the name of Powell. He said he knew me on board the *Majestic*, of 74 guns; he knew I had run away from her. I begged and entreated him to keep silence, and never tell any one, which he promised to do, and I never heard afterwards that he divulged the secret; but while I remained on board that vessel every time I saw that man the fear of death seized me, for the punishment of run-away sailors is to be flogged alongside so many ships in the fleet, which cuts their backs so horribly that in this hot country they soon mortify.

Here the glorious Lord had become my safeguard, for he

suffered no man to hurt me. I became so lame that I could not carry my heavy hammock up and down, so some of my shipmates were forced to carry it up and down for me. The ship went out to sea after some Danish ship expected into the harbour near where we were at that time stationed, but we did not meet with her; so we returned to Tetolar.

Now our ship seemed to have her compliment of men; they had pressed a number of able seamen, and all above her compliment must go to some ship that wanted hands. We had a number of men on board that were lame, and many diseased who could not work; and our captain contrived a plan to get rid of all his invalids, so that he might keep all the hands he had pressed. His plan was this—six hands, or more, were sent on shore to gather stuff to make brooms. There is no stuff here fit to make brooms, it being too near the town; the proper kind to be obtained was from a forest farther off. About one o'clock, however, the captain sent a boat to say, if the first party failed to bring plenty of broom on board within their given time, that they should be flogged immediately they came on board. This latter message opened the mens' eyes to the captain's trickery, as it would have taken them longer time to go where the proper broom grew than they had allowed them. This was only the captain's plan to make the men run away, and thus leave their wages and prize-money behind: a great number went time after time and never returned again. At last I being lame from a wound in my left foot, as before mentioned, and the doctor being unable to cure me, I was told that I and some others would be called upon to go on shore next morning to gather broom stuff. On hearing this I took down my bag, and sold what I could openly on the lower deck. I got some little money by the sale. Early next morning I heard the names of those called out by the boatswain's mate who were to go on shore to gather broom. In a few minutes we all went into the boat, and were landed near to a grog shop, which we all entered, and the officer gave drink to us. I believe it was the same officer who brought us out of the Spanish prison: he then left us, and we knew not which way to go; we stopped till he came again; he told us the lieutenant said he would flog us for stopping so long; we never sought for any broom, knowing we could not have found any in these parts if we had. So I said, "Sir, I know not which way to go to find any." He replied, "You had better go to the town, there is plenty there," meaning plenty of ships wanting hands. I then understood him to mean we were to run away. I said, "Sir, we have got no money, and what are we to do till we can meet with engagement?" He gave me some money, when me and an elderly man named Fox went to the town together. We



came to the town, and went to a grog shop, the same as a public house in England. I was glad of my escape, and that I was clear of the man who knew that I belonged to, and was a runaway from the *Majestic*. Whether he had run away or not I never asked him. The next day I saw some of the boatmen that rowed the captain's barge; I spoke to one of them; he was the person who owned the bed and hammock which the captain gave me. He asked me if he might take the hammock. I readily consented. He told me that they had brought the purser on shore, and that if I asked him he would give me a note to get my prize money. I saw the man, and told him I was one of the men who came on shore for broom stuff; I asked him if he would give me an order for my prize-money: it was but little, but I got it.

I was informed that a short time previous to our landing in this place, the inhabitants were visited with the small pox—the country being hot, and there being no proper aid to be obtained, it raged like a plague, carrying off great numbers.

I cannot tell what became of my companions, but I soon got on board a vessel bound for the island of Jamaica. My foot was very sore, for no wound can get well without great skill and care in that hot climate. A small cut on the finger will prove an offensive smell in a few hours, and nothing will keep them clean but bluestone, which produces such pain as oftentimes to take away the senses and cause fever. What I was doing on board this vessel I cannot tell; the first thing I remember is that I found myself on board a man-of-war; I must have been taken on board when I was insensible; how long I had been there I knew not, but when I came a little to my reason they had been putting bluestone to my wound, and I was quite delirious, wandering among the guns, but could not find where I was. My foot got no better. Our people died so fast that the lame had to look after the sick. The fever was raging on board, so they appointed me to look after a man who had the yellow fever. Here the dear Lord

“ —watched over my path,  
When satan's blind slave I sported with death.”

In a short time my patient, who was an officer, died. A few days after this, they sent me and a young man named Anderson to Port Royal Hospital. He had a wound at the top of his foot; mine was underneath the left foot. When we came to this hospital, we were neither allowed grog nor wine, it being against the healing of our wounds; so Anderson and me, being in a small room by ourselves, and having a little money, we bought wine. We were employed making straw plait, to make hats. Anderson used to go to the fever wards, to enquire if any one had died; for the wine of such an one was given to

the nurse of the ward wherein they died; and the nurse dared not drink much, for fear of being found out; so the nurses would sell it to any one prepared to buy it. Thus we used to buy the wine; but we dared not drink it till after the doctor had examined us: but after the surgeon had dressed our wounds, we drank it. We carried this on for some time, numbers dying every day. I remember thinking that because I had a wound, I should not catch the fever; but whenever any extra affliction came upon me, I was greatly alarmed, and feared death; for I could then see that "the wicked should be turned into hell." If I entered upon any new scheme of wickedness, I was greatly alarmed, and filled with the fear of death. For some time we continued on our straw plait making, and buying drink with the money, and getting drunk in the hospital, so that my wound got no better. The doctor said we must drink, but this we denied. The nurses who sold it us dared not tell, for fear of losing their place.

We both wanted to run away, and get on board a merchant-man, as they were giving at that time for each sailor forty pounds as a bounty, to go either to London or Liverpool, and eight or nine pounds a month beside. But Anderson could not trust me, neither could I trust Anderson. About this time they were hanging the crew of an English frigate; the officers of which had used the crew so badly, that the ship's company rose up against the officers, put some of them to death, and took the frigate into a Spanish port, at the time of war with Spain. Wherever these mutineers were caught afterwards, they tried them by court martial, and then hung them at the yard arm of the Admiral's ship. I think two or three were pardoned, on purpose to swear against others. On one of Sir Admiral Hyde Parker's ships, (the *Queen*, of 98 guns), every man and boy on board laid hold of the rope. A great gun was fired, and in the midst of the smoke they hoisted the culprit up to the yard arm, and there let him hang for a certain time, at the expiration of which the body was taken down. This was going on in Port Royal, in Jamaica. As I said before, we wanted to run away. The island we were upon was only about a mile across, surrounded with water. The only business carried on was repairing the men-of-war: so all that were on this island were gentlemen, as overlookers, overseers and soldiers, as sentries, over all the island, excepting some poor black people, who lived on the island. The mainland was seven miles across the sea to Kingstown. This is the place where we wanted to go, but we scarcely ever thought how we were to get there. At last me and Anderson broke our minds to each other, and we determined to set off that night. The place we concluded to escape by was near the dead house. There was a wall about four or five feet high;

upon this wall was an iron fencing I think six or seven feet high, with sharp spikes at the top. We must surmount these. A sentinel stood within five feet of the spot where we had agreed to get over, which would bring us by the sea-side, where we must not be seen by day-light, or we should be taken up by the guard as deserters.

Well, we put on three or four shirts, three or four pairs of trowsers, and handkerchiefs, together with all the money we possessed; and when it was dark, stole out. I went first. We agreed that if we found the sentry asleep, to take his musket, and kill him with it, and then mount over these iron rails. We went on till I saw the guard asleep; I turned a little aside, and mounted the wall, and then the high rails, with sharp spikes at the top, thinking Anderson was following me, but he was frightened, and had returned to his room. I soon got to the top, and with a little care I turned over to the outside, where I waited for Anderson, but he came not; so I travelled along the shore, and met two black men, and asked them if they would row me to Kingstown, which I think was about seven miles. They promised me directly the Admiral's gun had fired they would take me, for which I agreed to give them two dollars. All boats were prohibited leaving there after gun-firing at night, or before gun-firing in the morning, for fear of sailors running away. If seen, they will hail her; and if they do not turn back, and come alongside to be searched, they will fire into them. So these black men dare not go till the morning gun was fired. There was a little hut where they told me to stay till gun-fire, then they would come and take me to Kingstown. So they left me. I heard them talking, for they knew I was a runaway out of the hospital. They said, "We carry him on board de Admiral's ship. He gib you four dollars, and me four dollars." So I should have been sold unto death by these two men for eight dollars. I watched them till they were out of sight, then I set off to return again to my old spot, and found the guard still asleep; so I made a spring up over the wall, soon mounted over it, and the iron rails too, till I came to the top, and getting over that without noise, I dropped off the wall, and thus softly got into my room again. I can now say with a thankful heart,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him all creatures here below."

In the morning, I spoke to Anderson about his cowardice. He said I had not been out, which made me very angry. I shewed him my wounded foot, with sand and gravel in it.

In a few days after this, another opportunity for escape presented itself. There was a gate where they carried out the dead to bury them, not far from the place where I went out the

time before. They had been carrying out the dead, and had forgotten to lock the gate after them. Anderson spied the door open. It was dark, he came up and told me the dead gate was open, and now we had a good opportunity. I said, "Yes, and you will turn back as you did before." He replied, "I will go out first, if you will follow me." I said, "If you will go first, I will follow you." So we got all the money and clothes together we could, and marched down the yard; we saw no one, nor do I believe any one saw us. I think we closed the door after us, and went past the little hut, where the black men left me, when they intended to sell me to the Admiral. Now our sorrow and fear began. The guards cried out every half hour, "All's well, all's well." When we heard them our whole frames trembled, and we said to each other, "All's bad, all's bad." We looked every way for safety, yet we knew not which way to go, for we must cross the sea seven miles, before we could be safe. We had gone but a very few yards, when an officer of the man of war with a boat's crew stood ready to lay hold of us. My companion walked very lame; I saw the officer, and fear took hold of me, lest Anderson should in his fear betray us both. I was afraid that they would ask me what ship; for that is a question commonly put. I pretended not to see them. I turned round to Anderson, and began to curse him for limping, and told him if he did not get on faster, we should be too late for the boat, and then we should get flogged. The officer said to his men, "Come along with me;" so they went one way, and in haste we went another way. If he had asked us, what ship; we should not have known what to say; for we might have named the wrong ship, then we should have been found out in a lie, and have been taken on board the Admiral's ship. After proceeding some little distance, we entered a house not far from the sea-side, kept by black people; we called for some rum, a woman served us. When this was drank we felt better; and in paying her we pulled out some money, to make a show, hoping by this means to gain favour.

We must leave this island before day-light; for we expected the alarm of our escape would be raised, search would be made for us, and being strangers we should at once be apprehended; so we were determined to try this woman. We hatched up as big lies as we could think of, hoping to be delivered by them. We told her that we had been pressed in Kingstown, brought to Port Royal; when finding that they could not keep us, they had put us on shore again; that our vessel lay at Kingston, and asked her if she knew any one that had a boat, that would carry us there, and we would give them two dollars, and plenty of beef and pork. She told us her brother had a boat, and she believed he would carry us to Kingston. After waiting some

time her brother came in, she told him our story, and made intercession for us. He said we must sit still till the boats from the man-of-war, had gone on board their vessel, and gave us directions where we should find the boat after that time waiting for us; and that when we came to the wall that led down to his boat, we were to crawl down along the ground till we came to the boat. At the time appointed, we found the boat ready, he told us to jump in and lay down on the bottom; but before we entered the boat, I gave him the money, and said, we would give him a shirt a-piece. But, he said, "I will not strip you in that way, to your akin." There were two black men in the boat. They pushed off from the shore, and rowed softly for fear of being heard on board the man-of-war. They could have carried us on board the man-of-war, and would have done so, if our God had permitted them. We lay down, and as we lay, we could hear them talking on board the ships, which made my companion think, and say to me in trepidation, "they are carrying us on board the Admiral's ship." I told him to hold his peace; for if the men heard we had no confidence in them, may be they will do so. If any of the men of war could hear the boat rowing, or see it with the night glass, after calling upon you to come along-side, they would fire on the boat and sink her, to the bottom; and if they caught them carrying us, though free men, and not in slavery to any man, they would be made the King's slaves. Well, they rowed on manfully but silently. At last they told us to get up for we were near land, and that a land of liberty. The men were aware of the danger they ran, and that we were run away from the man-of-war's hospital, and now they set us at liberty on Kingston shore, not far from Spring-path burial ground. We offered them the shirts, but they would not take them. We had a hearty shaking of the hands, and then parted with each other for ever. Whether they had expected the beef and pork we promised them, as a part of their reward, I cannot tell: but it was an awful lie, as we knew at the time we promised that we had none to give.

Now in my 70th year, I sometimes look back to behold the glorious hand of my God. We got to the place where I had been once before; and where I caught the yellow fever. In the morning we both went to Jenny Craig's, the house where I had been so long ill of the fever; she was glad to see me, and gave us plenty to eat and drink, till we got a ship. Here we stopped a few days. The night we came here, we stopped in Spring path buryial ground till morning. We laid us down, and Anderson—my ship mate,—told me he had kept company with a young woman in Liverpool, she was a silk bonnet maker, and he would try to get to Liverpool by the L———. In a few days he got a vessel for Liverpool, and on his arrival there

he was married to her ; but more of this hereafter. In a little time the press gang took all they could lay hold of ; so Jenny sent me to an old black woman's house where the press gang could not find me. This black woman's house was without furniture ; she slept in a loft, she went up a step ladder to it, I think she was between fifty and sixty years of age, past labour. All that I can remember is, that in the night I was taken with an intermittent fever : the first fit of it was the hot fit, and I thought it burned very strong, I was afraid it was the yellow fever again, and said to myself, " I shall now leave my bones in Spring-path burying ground." After three or four hours, I began to shake, then I found it was the ague ; this complaint scarcely any of the doctors could cure ; but I was glad, because men lived some months with this disease. I was shaking very bad with this complaint when the old woman came down the step ladder in the morning, all the clothes she had on was a shift which reached down to her feet. She said, " How do you do this morning ?" I told her I had got the ague. She said, " Never mind, Buckree (white man) ; me soon send him away through Buckree Jesus." She seemed as if she had tasted that the Lord was gracious. She went out and got a handful of herbs, stewed them and then brought the drink to me saying, " Drink him all up, ague neber come again." I drank it and in a few hours the ague left me, and I never had it again. O, " Blessed be the rock of my salvation," who hath followed me all my days.

Now Jenny Craig got me a vessel in a few days to go to Shallon in America ; and when the ship had got to sea, out of Port Royal ; (for they press all here they can, as the ships pass through to go to sea ; so they left me on shore till they had passed by all danger,) then the ship came near the land, and sent their boat on shore, on that part where the land was not inhabited, where, according to a preconcerted signal, I went on board the boat, when at last through the help of the mighty God of Jacob I arrived safe on board.

Oh, what condescension and mercy did my dear Lord shew to me, thus to carry me over land in safety from those who sought my life. Well I had now got on board a ship bound to a very cold part of North America, going out of the hottest climate in the world, to one so opposite. Sailors are called to endure all weathers, and where our God in his providence commands, we must go. The wound at the bottom of my foot sadly hurt me, when I had to go aloft up the rope ladders, which I frequently had to do, treading so often upon the wound kept up a constant irritation, so that my wound could not mend till we came into a colder climate, and I could not do my duty as I wished. We had on board at this time, a man who had the

yellow fever, I think he was a Catholic. Often when I could spare time, I have gone to the bed side of this man, talking with him, not of the glorious Lord, for at that time I was like the man, dead in trespasses and sins. The captain came past and found great fault with me for sitting so near the man, for he breathed on my face, he told me I was going the way to catch the fever myself. The man grew worse and died the next day, and was cast into the sea. The weather now began to feel cold, and it became stormy, with loud thunder and lightning, and it was dreadful to behold; a young man being on the yard, missed his hold of the ladder with his hand, and fell on deck breaking his leg. He was removed down below into what we call the hold, where our loading was, and laid down upon a sail; our mate said he would set the man's leg; he cut his splints, got his binding, and then went to the poor man, handling his leg in the same way he would handle a rope, and swung out in the same way, so he lay in the hold till the bone knitted. Some few days before we reached our port we came into a latitude so cold with frost and snow, that we could not endure the cold long together, so that we had often to relieve each other, and I think we had a deal of rum and water given to us. The frost got hold of my wound and turned it quite black, I was laid by, and not able to work at all, till I came into port, which I think was in three days after I was confined to bed. We passed close enough to see plain, Black, the pirate's place of resort, in his day; they call it Black Beard rock, and some hours after we came into Shallon harbour, about forty or fifty miles from Halifax Harbour. The vessel was fastened to the pier head, and all our past sorrows seemed in a great measure to flee away; the young man with the broken leg went on shore, I believe his broken leg was bound with small rope, for want of tape, he was soon well, and when I got on shore, I applied to an herb doctor, and he soon cured me. I am now near seventy years of age, and yet have the scar of that wound on my foot to this day.

Our cargo being discharged, we were getting ready to take in a cargo of fish for Jamaica. I think we came into this port early in May, and the sea had only broke up a few days. As we packed the casks of fish, in the hold of the ship, we left a little passage, in order that a man could get from one end of the ship to the other, so that we might hide there when the press gang came on board in the West Indies, when all that are afraid of being pressed, go under all the cargo, or lading, and the captain makes use of what words he chooses when the officer from the man of war comes to him, saying, where are all your men? Sometimes the captain will say they are gone ashore, while we were safe below, and continued there till the

captain or some one came to tell us all was safe, then we came forth and returned to our work. Our ship being ready for sea, we took leave of our friends and set sail, I think it was June or July when our work was done; the wind one day blowing fresh, a young man named Stewart who entered the ship after me, but had since been promoted above me, commanded me to take in the top gallant sail, I told him it took two people to take that in, but he said I should do it myself. I refused to do so; but the captain coming up took the part of Stewart, and said I should do it, so I was obliged to go and do it. I went up to the top gallant mast head, and hard work I found it to do, the work of two men, and glad I was when it was done, and I was safe on deck again. In about three weeks we reached Port Royal in Jamaica again; all that were afraid, went to hide themselves in the hole at the bottom of the ship, when we were safe in and under the lading, they covered the things over us, so that no man could tell where we were hid, we could hear them talking, and wished for deliverance, for being in a hot country, and stowed up where little air could reach us, we were drenched with intense perspiration; and we were glad when the time for our release came. I began to think how the captain had served me in sending me at the command of Stewart, to hand the top gallant sail by myself; and knowing that the officers would watch our vessel, and take us after all, I determined to run away again. I took a few clothes with me and went on shore. I met Captain Greyson of the *Apollo*, he hailed me, and said, "Do you want a ship? What countryman are you?" I answered, "I am an Englishman, I do want a ship." I then asked him where he was bound for? he told me Liverpool. I asked him what they gave by the run, he said, "forty-five guineas; bring your bondsman, and I will give it into your hat directly; and nine pounds a month beside." So I got a bondsman; and received this money in my hat all in silver; I went and bought some clothes. The same day I went on board the *Apollo*. Satan my prince said, have a drop to comfort you, for it will be a long while before you can get any more, so I got as much as I could carry with steady walking, for sailors deny themselves very little, so I got ready to go on board with my money in my hat under my arm, I believe I carried it all the time until I came on board the *Apollo*, She was a fine large ship,—she had made her passage from Liverpool to Africa: here she got her cargo of slaves; I think when she was near ready, two of her sailors were ill, for few men can live in that country. The captain sent them ashore with little or no support. One of them died, and the other came to England in a large ship. This was done to rob them of their wages that was due to them, so he could tell the mer-



chant he had given them or let them have so much money, and to keep it for himself; this was told me. So when they had sold her cargo, they took in a cargo of rum and sugar, and being short of hands to work the ship to England, and men being hard to get, caused the captain to give so much bounty money as encouragement to men that they might go with him to England, the name they gave our captain was murdering Grasson. When I came on board, I had no place where to put my money, till I thought of ripping the waist band of my trousers, and stowed it away there, carrying this weight with me, if I went aloft, or wherever I went, there was forty guineas worth of silver upon my person, so that had I have fallen overboard, I must have sunk to the bottom like a stone, with so much money upon me; I found out another plan, I put the money into a stocking, and stowed it away, in a secret place.

I had not been on board long when the cook told me, that the mate took a large brush such as they scrub the deck with, a few days before, it had a long handle, and was very heavy, being very angry with one of the sailors, and in his passion knocked the man down with this brush, and shortly after, the same day, the man died, and was thrown overboard, his name was Marshall; thus we had a murdering captain, and a murdering mate; and, no sooner a word came but there was a blow. We had not been long at sea, before the captain began to pinch us in our meat, so that we had not above half enough to eat, there were some pigs on board, he gave them plenty of peas and beans, and we took them every night from the pigs, though no one but ourselves knew: We came out of Jamaica with the fleet of West India men, bound to England, Ireland, and Scotland, having men of war with us for protection from the French men of war, for at that time we were at war with France, so we all sailed for St. Domingo to meet other ships who had loaded their cargo at that port, bound for England as well as us. This is the place where they wanted to cut off my head, as named before.

The inhabitants here rose against the English seamen, desiring them to leave the island on such a day. The island was so unhealthy, the English could not live there. We happened to be there on the day of the shipping, and the soldiers left the island, when the inhabitants came in and took their place. Our captain sent his boat, and I think four men, to assist a ship lying at a little distance; but I never remember seeing or hearing of them any more; and I am spared.

Well, we got our company's ships, and sailed; leaving behind us our men and boat. When they left our ship, the sea was very rough. We now sailed for the banks of Newfoundland, and arrived there in about fourteen days. I think the water in this

place is more than 280 fathoms deep. The way we know these banks, is, that certain birds are continually flying about this spot, fishing. We have a long piece of lead, five or six pounds weight; at the bottom of this lead a quantity of white tallow is placed; then a strong line fastened to this lead. The line is a certain length, with each fathom marked upon it. This is called the deep lead. But we have another lead for use in shallow water, called the hand lead; it is very light. Some leads weigh as much as ten pounds, or more. The lead is thrown overboard, giving it as much line as necessary to reach the bottom; then we take in all the slack line, draw the lead about one foot from the bottom, and then let it drop with some violence on to the bottom of the sea, so that the tallow may adhere to the sand, stones, or whatever the bottom may be composed of, which in some places is red sand, in others shells, or small stones, or clay; so that in this way we guess where we are, and at what distance we are from land. Now, each fathom is two yards: then think what a depth of fishing line we must have! They who fish here let their hooks touch the bottom. We fished here, and caught a great number of cod-fish, which always live at the bottom. They are a very large fish, more than one man could heave on board. I could tell when I had a bite, as plain as if I had been fishing with a two yards line. We here got a great store of fish, to last us many days. On these banks it is always winter. We stayed here several days, for want of wind. When it sprang up, then our fishing was done; so we sailed, and missed all the other ships, and had to sail by ourselves to England. On our passage we took watch and watch—that is, we divided all the sailors on board into two watches; one we called the larboard watch, the other we called the starboard watch. The captain should have kept the starboard watch, but the chief mate took his place, and the captain came on watch when he pleased. The larboard watch was kept by the second mate. Each watch had four hours duty; thus, while one watch was on duty above deck, the other watch was down below; but when there was any danger apprehended, then all hands were called above. But some captains will keep all hands at work, because they cannot get enough out of a poor man. It was my watch below one time, when we purposed having a game at cards: so at it we went. The game we played at was called blind hazards. I think four played at it; none were partners, but each one played for himself. I divided the cards, laying on my cards four dollars. Suffice it to say, that at this game I lost more than half my money. Now I began to feel down in my mind, seeing that I was entirely on the losing side; so when it came to my turn again to deal out the cards, I laid two pounds on my cards; each one did the same; I turned up a prize, and swept in the six pounds into my old stocking—for I kept my

money in a stocking. Now my companions were hurt by losing; for I think I won every time they laid on heavy. Now my stocking, feeling as heavy as it did at the first, I think I said, "Thank God I have got my own; now I will play no more;" so I left off, and would not play again. Now, the captain got to hear about our gambling below, but could not tell who the gamblers were; so he sent word we must bring all our money to him, and he would keep it for us till we came to Liverpool; but we were afraid he would keep it for good, and never return it; and I believe he would, too, if he had got possession of it; for we found him to be such a man. I do not know of one that trusted him with their money. Our chief mate had been a very wicked man; (it was him that killed the man with the brush the day I came on board)—and some foreigners whom we had on board, wanted some one to help them to heave the mate overboard; but I would not agree to their plan, so it dropped, and no one ever heard of it again, as I know of.

When we came in sight of English land, (this day every man that went to steer the vessel, for she was steered by a wheel on the rudder head, and was at times very hard to steer), I say, every one that went to steer this day, received great abuse from the captain. I knew I must go, but was filled with fear; for I knew the men who had gone before me could steer as well or better than me. Each had to stand and steer two hours; the captain, full of spite, looking for some little cause or fault, to give vent to his spleen, which he did, on every one who had the helm this day. At last the bell struck, and I must go and take the helm; but I confess I went with much fear; and my timidity prevented me from steering exactly correct.

Now, the captain had a compass in the cabin, so that he could tell at once if the vessel was not going exactly right, and would cry out, "How is her head?" If not right, he would know directly. I was steering, and he called to me. I told him how her head was; but, through fear, I was off my course. For example, I must steer north, by east; instead of that I was north east, by north. He came running up, and made a blow at me with great vengeance. Being partly aware of the act, I did not receive the full force of that blow; but down I fell, and let go the wheel. The vessel began to go round, and the wheel also went round with such force, that it could not be stopped till the sails were all aback. The captain laid hold of the wheel to stop it, but could not; it tossed him against the stern of the vessel with great vengeance; he being a tall and fat man, he sounded like an empty cask with the blow, like as if it had knocked the breath out of his body. I lay still, hurt, but not severely. When I heard him knock against the stern, I was so glad that I cried out, "There goes Garbridge." He heard what I said, and threatened what

he would do to me when he could ; (for then he could do nothing, being hurt too badly). I said, "Look ! there is old Ireland and England ; I know, if you had me on the coast of Dead Need,—meaning the coast of Africa,—you would murder me as you have done others ; but you dare not do it now." Now a man came and laid hold of the wheel, and I went down below, hardly hurt, though the captain did not know that. He asked the chief mate what he should do to me. The mate told him he must let me alone, for the law would protect me in Liverpool ; but had he been on the African coast, he would have put me to some cruel death. O Lord, it is of thy mercy I am not consumed.

" He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all :  
He sav'd me from my low estate ;  
His loving kindness, O, how great !

" Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Through land and sea my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along ;  
His loving kindness, O, how strong."

At last we came near the Black Rock ; this I believe is called Liverpool Bar. We took a pilot on board ; so the command of the ship was given up to him. What he might order concerning the sailing of the ship, till we came into the Old Dock, was law : the captain, mate and all the hands must obey him.

Now, none of the stores on board, which the captain had for himself or for his crew, from the coast of Africa—not any of these must be brought into Liverpool ; but must either be cast overboard, or be given away to any one he (the captain) pleased. This was done through fear of the plague or yellow fever being in them. So rum, and other liquors, and tobacco, in one pound packages, was given to the sailors. He offered me some of them, but my wicked heart had not forgiven him, so I refused, and would have none of them. Most of the gunpowder was sent to the magazine ; and what was left, we threw overboard. We soon came into the Old Dock, opposite the old custom-house ; there were plenty came to know if we wanted a lodging-house. I went to one Peters, a foreigner, in Buckhouse Street, to lodge there ; but I soon found them too old and wise for me. The mistress went out with me to buy some things ; she seemed to get them a deal cheaper than I could ; but I learned afterwards that the Jew from whom I bought these things, (one article, a watch, cost £5), were not worth near so much money ; and other things as well, made me pay so high for them, and returned this woman so much money out another day. This is the way poor sailors are robbed, while they escape with impunity.

Well, after the first night, I went on board to get my chest; but the custom-house officers had been on board, and after examining my chest, had put a mark upon it; so with this mark upon it, we dare not bring it ashore. I remember one of our men, whose name was Joseph Thompson,—a clever looking man, and a good sailor he was; he could go up aloft, though he had but one leg; he had a wooden one, and a strong hook fixed in the front of it. He would put his foot on the rope, and with the iron-hooked leg would mount up aloft; and let the sea be as rough as it could; there would Joseph stand undismayed, and do his duty either up aloft or on deck. This man said to me, "You are a stranger in Liverpool; I am going to see an old sweetheart; if you will, you can come with me." I said, "I will go and see her; and if I like her, I will have her myself." Many a true word is spoken in a jesting way. We went into a small public house in Cook Street, leading out of Castle Street. This public house stood opposite to her father's house. We called for something to drink, and then sent for her. When she came in, and I saw her, I thought I had never seen a young woman I liked so well. I complimented Joseph upon his choice; so he sent for a fiddle, and we had a dance in the house; and I think some more young women wanted me to dance; but I never was a dancer in my life; so I looked on, and the more I looked the more I loved; yet I said nothing to my shipmate. We broke up at an early hour, and shook hands with each other; and so we parted; she, I believe, gave me a hearty shake. I returned to my lodging, having laid down in my mind what to do. The next day I asked the landlord of the public house where we had dancing, if I could board there. He said, "Yes;" so the following day I paid my bill at my first place, put my chest into a cart, and came into this house. His name was Grandfield. Here I found good lodgings. Now Joseph, my shipmate, was gone into the north to see his friends. His parents lived at Lancaster. He stopped a long time, though the time did not appear long to me; for every day we conversed together; and I think every day I felt more and more attached to her person; and thought if I did not get her for my wife I never could love any other as I loved her. We were oftentimes together, and the neighbours began to take great notice. They soon reported through the street that I was a married man, and had left a wife and children in America, which was a falsehood. These neighbours came with their lies to the girl's parents, who did not like me, and were believed. Well, I opened my mind to her, asking her consent to be married; but at that time she gave me no answer; but we continued our acquaintance as before. She had a brother-in-law, living a few doors below her father's house. He was a baker by business. I used to go there often to meet my intended; her name was Nancy

France; but her step-father's name was Doroney. I believe the old people were soon told that we assembled at Mr. Morgan's, her brother's house. His wife was far advanced in pregnancy at this time. She one day came to my lodgings, which was about four yards from their house. At this time I was determined to go to the play. I dared not go by myself, as sailors at that time could hardly go anywhere in safety. The press gang were in almost every part of the town of Liverpool. There was one gang in Bird Street, near St. James's Church, Park Lane; another in Cooper's Row, Paradise Street; and another gang in Strand Street; so that what with one or another of these gangs, a sailor was scarcely safe, night or day.

At this time there was a woman both deaf and dumb, (professedly so), who informed the press-gangs where sailors were concealed. She had a certain reward for every one who passed fit for service. Well, I was determined to go to the play, yet I was afraid to venture by myself, through fear that when I came out I might be pressed; so I went into a public house near the playhouse, (I think the landlord's name was Brotherton), I there called for a noggin of gin and a noggin of rum: I told the mistress that I was afraid of being pressed. I there saw a young woman acting as servant. I said to the mistress, "If you will be so kind as to let this young woman go with me, and carry a cloak with her to put on me when I come out, I will pay her expences, and will do her no injury." Mrs. Brotherton said, in reply, "This is my daughter: but as you seem a decent civil man, if she will go I am agreeable, and you will bring her home safe." So she consented, and we went to the theatre together, she carrying a cloak to cover me when we came out of the play, which was done to disguise me from the press-gang. On our return the cloak was thrown over me, though we had but a few yards to go. I delivered her safe, gave up the cloak, and promised to renew my acquaintance with her, if agreeable. At twelve o'clock I returned to my lodging; but frequently afterwards renewed my visits; and obtained her parents' consent to marry her. One day, while there, her mother and me began to talk something about this marriage—she was nursing a young child—she gave me to understand that she had borne twenty children, and said, "If you take my daughter you will have one that will bring you plenty of children. I believe this frightened me; so much so, that in a short time I withdrew entirely from calling on her.

To return to where I loved to be. I had been on shore some weeks, and my money was getting low. I was to have had £9 per month, beside the forty guineas for my voyage from Africa to Liverpool, but I never got one shilling of it. Had I tried to get the money they would have got the press-gang to take me; so that I was afraid to try to get my just wages. So, I say, my

money was getting low, and I was thinking of looking out for another ship to go to sea again; but I thought I should like to marry my Nancy France before I went to sea again. They used to call her Nancy Doroney after her step-father, who was a gardener by trade. I did not look after a ship, but rather went pleasure-hunting, and when weary returned home and got into Nancy's company as soon as possible, for it was her I loved most, and I wanted to be with her as often as I could, which would be sometimes at my lodgings, and other times at her brother Morgan's, which was but a few doors from her father's house. I confess I was rather self-willed—I wanted to take a walk, yet I was afraid of the press-gang. I went into a public house by myself to get a pint of ale, thinking it likely to be a place where the press-gang would not come. A young woman, a servant at the house, came and asked me if I was afraid of the press-gang? I told her I was. She said she expected one of them there soon, for one of them came after her, and she for my own good would have me to leave directly, for, said this young woman, "Though he should come in now he should not take you, if he attempted to do so I would stab him with a knife;" so she came to direct me the best way to escape them. When I came home—I think it was Saturday—I found that in my absence there had been a great disturbance between Nancy France, and her mother and stepfather, concerning me. The neighbours had brought in fresh tales concerning me, which so enraged her mother that when she saw Nancy coming towards her own home, she shut the door against her, saying she should not enter there, nor any one that would keep company with a married man, so being shut out she returned to her brother's house crying most bitterly.

Soon after this occurrence I returned home from my ramble, and went to Mr. Morgan's: she was there. When I had sat a little while, her sister-in-law said to me, "George, you have done a fine thing now." I asked her what it was I had done. She said, "Nancy was nursing her child; and as she was going to her own house her mother met her before she could get in, and called her a jade, and shut the door against her, saying she kept company with a man who was married in America; and now she is shut out I suppose you care nothing about her or what becometh of her." Thus said the woman to me; but this was said to try what I would say. I felt moved with pity for her, for I loved her more than any woman in the world. I said, "I love her better than any woman, and to show you that I do love her, they may strip her, and I will take her in her smock. If she will have me I will have her, and we will be married to-morrow by license." This pleased them all. They told Nancy what I had said, and she was pleased also, and at once consented

to be married the next day. So Mr. Morgan agreed to go with me to parson Monk, of St. Peter's church. So for fear of being noticed by anybody we went out as privately as possible, one at a time. We went and found the parson at home. I told him what we had come for; I paid him, and then he asked us to have a glass of grog. We did not need a second invitation for that, but accepted it at once, and then returned home as privately as we went out. I think I went to my lodging, but there seemed to be some suspicion lurking in the bosom of some of them there.

Now my wife's sister-in-law was far advanced in pregnancy, and seemed not to expect the hour of her delivery to be so near as she now apprehended; and as she had Nancy to attend her on former occasions, she was anxious to have her again at this time. At night her mother came for her to go home, and insisted upon her going immediately. Betsey Morgan her sister then said, "Now I am so poorly, am I then to be left alone, without any one with me?" The old woman on hearing this left her very reluctantly; she feared Mrs. Morgan's tongue if she had insisted on Nancy going with her. So she went home and told the old man how it was; still he and the old woman were full of suspicion that all was not right. Now the old people had a servant, (she was niece to the old people), and was very trustworthy. The old man would have it that it was my intention to run away with Nancy, and the old woman believed the same. The servant's name was Alice; so the old man said to her, "Alice, my good wench, go to Betsey's (meaning Mrs. Morgan) and take care that that rogue George does not run away with Nancy." So Alice came to watch. Now the old man had determined in his own mind to rise the following morning at an early hour, and go to forbid the banns of marriage at the church, but the old man overslept himself. (We shall say more as we go on.) Now Alice was let into the whole mystery that we were to be married at seven o'clock the following morning at St. Peter's church. So the old people went to bed, leaving Alice at Mrs. Morgan's all night. I think I went home early that night, and sat in the public house for some hours to keep from being suspected, and I did think no one knew anything about it. Where I lodged was opposite to her father's and in a narrow street. At five o'clock next morning, Alice, my wife, and a young woman named Mary Dyson, all went out, and according to appointment, were to meet at the church at a quarter before seven o'clock in the morning; and I think Alice was appointed bride's-maid, and Joseph Morgan went with me. But as I was going out, Mr. Grandfield, at whose house I lodged, seeing me dressed up, it struck him what I was going out for. This I denied. So I met them waiting at the church door. They told me their fear was that I would not come, for I was very changeable. So we went into a pew till



prayers were over, and then we went to the communion table. The parson said to me, "Well, what do you want?" I said, "I am come to be tied fast by the leg." "Well," said the parson, "I will tie you fast enough presently." When the marriage ceremony was over we got something to drink, and then separated. So I believe they went home one by one as sly as they could. Her old father overslept himself and did not rise till late. I rambled about till evening and then came home.

As I was coming into the street I met her father; he was a very old man and lame: he said, "I am going to fetch the press-gang to you; you are a bad man," with some worse words. I said, "If they do take me, I have been there before; it will not be my loss, but your daughter's." So the old man went on, full of spite against me; but before he reached the press-gang all at once he was arrested by an unseen hand with "What are you going to do?" So strong were his thoughts that he burst into tears, hesitated, turned back, and came home as fast as he could, and there repented. It was night, I believe, when we were called upon to go down to her father's house to ask her parents' blessing. So we went and both kneeled down, and thus received their blessing. Now all was peace; "He saith to the waves, Be still, and there is a great calm." So we returned to take up our abode with her brother who resided in Cook Street, leading out from Castle Street.

A few days after our marriage I heard my wife calling the woman up-stairs by the name of Mrs. Anderson, which brought to my mind my shipmate who ran away with me from Port Royal Hospital, and when we lay together in Spring-path burying ground. I asked, "Is she a married woman?" She said, "Yes." I then asked, "Where is her husband?" "He is gone to Africa," was the answer I received. I again enquired, "How long has she been married?" She named the time, which was right according to the time we had parted from each other, me going to North America, he coming to Liverpool. So I asked again, "Had he any wound about him?" "Yes, a wound upon the top of his foot." Now his wound was at the top of his foot, mine was underneath. It appears he had often spoken of me and of our running away together from the hospital. Here we see the wisdom of God's leadings, both talking together in Spring-path burying ground about this woman in that gloomy place in Jamaica, and to think I should in so large a town as Liverpool be married to the companion of Anderson's wife, and dwell in the same house. But more of this hereafter.

Well, I loved my wife, and we lived comfortable. I had not been married long, when we had muscles for supper, and when I had been in bed a little time I felt very bad. I thought a chew of tobacco would do me good, but my mouth was so swelled that

it was with difficulty I could open it. I could not tell what was the matter with me, but my wife told me I was muscled. She advised me to go and get half a noggin of brandy. I did so, and was soon well again, thanks be to my God, for I felt very bad. I still drank freely, and kept bad company, till my money was gone, then I must prepare for sea again.

"O'er these gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,  
How God's promises do travel  
With a glorious day of grace."

I told my wife I would only go to sea this once, and that on my return I would settle on shore, while at the time I only said so to keep her from grieving. I knew not what I could do on shore to get a living. But God turned my intended lie into truth, for I never went as a sailor after the ensuing voyage.

I took it very hard to leave my wife and friends in the depth of winter, and face the stormy sea again; but sailors are bound for all weathers, and where the wind drives there we must go. I think I was to have £7 per month, the one half my wife was to receive so long as I staid on board. My chest was fitted up with all things needful, they advanced me one month's pay, and on the next day I went on board. Things now to me seemed hard—coming from a comfortable home to brave the sea in winter. Well, I could do nothing on land for a living, so I must submit, and felt somewhat resigned. The following day we went into the river, and there prepared all things ready for setting sail. I remember my wife and her father came to see us set sail. I had to go aloft, there I beckoned farewell. In a few days we came into Falmouth, there to wait for a convoy. I think we were bound to Malaga, up the straits of Gibraltar; we lay there some days. One night as I lay in my hammock, I thought I heard a noise as though a great many men were jumping off the gangway on to the deck. I knew at once that it proceeded from the press-gang. I heard them call for a light. I jumped out of my hammock and tried to creep into a large chest; there was nothing in the chest but a looking glass, and I broke that in the attempt to get in; but I found the chest was not large enough to conceal me, so I returned to my hammock and tied an handkerchief about my head, pretending I was very bad. Down below they came, and they called all hands together. I told them a lie, saying I was sick. The officer said, "I will have you." I cannot tell how many men they took from our ship, but they took me—the officer said, "Let that man into the boat."

It was now the depth of winter. Some time about Christmas they took me on board; but I left the deck and went down below, laying me down on the bare floor, lamenting my hard fate (as I then called it,) till morning should come. At that time

all who were pressed, were to be examined by the doctor, to see if we were fit for his majesty's service. All my sorrows came upon me at once, married about five weeks, and having run away from a man-of-war, which was death in those days. I began to think what was best to be done, I had a large skin wound on the top of my head, I scratched that wound until it was exceedingly irritated, and bled profusely, and in this state I waited my turn for examination. Well, I was called for examination, and before the doctor I pretended to be quite ignorant of a man-of-war, the doctor asked me if I ailed anything, or had I any complaint upon me. I said, "No, I had no complaint at all, except occasionally I had a small fit, but it was not much; but in my hypocrisy I took care to shew him my head, and pretended that was done in my last fit. He said at once, "You will not do." I said, "Sir, I have a fit but very seldom, and I should like to stay on board." But he said, "You shall not stay on board; but must get ready at once to go on shore." I was heartily glad to hear him say so, though I mentioned my gladness to no one, they gave me nothing to eat or drink while on board. At that time I went by the name of George Powell; I got into the boat, but never smiled while in their presence; by right they ought to have put me on board my own ship, they put me on shore in Falmouth harbour. It was very cold, I did not offer to get out of the boat; so the officer said, "Get out." I said, "You are turning me on a strange land, I have not a farthing in the world, I would rather go back again." On hearing me thus speak he answered, "But you must not go back again." So to get rid of me, he gave me twenty-three shillings, for I think he had orders not to bring me on board again. So feeling very cold, (for I had stopped in the boat which detained them as well as myself), I went to the first grog shop I could find, and got something to warm me; some of the men-of-war's boats crew were in this house.

I had not been long there before another press gang party came in; who, when they saw me and thought they had got a prize; they came up to me at once and said, "What ship?" or did I want a ship. I think I replied, I did want a ship. They said they could find me a good one, and then gave me something to drink, and got ready to take me off; but one of another party came and told them that I had come on shore with them, that the doctor had rejected me. This made them very cross at loosing their booty, and the drink they had thrown away upon me. So after a deal of grumbling, they left me to walk where I would. Now many a poor sailor would have given twenty pounds for the freedom I had; for I could walk where I chose, and the press gang could not detain me.

Well, I got my chest on shore, and obtained lodgings up in a room. I had not been there long, before some one informed of

me to the press gang; so at night when they came to take me, they ran up stairs making sure of me; but when I told them they had taken me before, and that I had been rejected by the doctor. of the vessel, they swore at me, and at the people who had informed of me, and then left me in quiet possession of my present habitation; so I was at liberty to go where I chose. Now the fleet of merchantmen which were ready to go up the straits, sadly wanted hands. I went on board a small brig, I cannot remember what wages I was to receive. I had not been on board long, sitting down below with the second mate when, accidentally looking behind me, I saw the water running in very fast, which I knew would increase as the vessel got into a rough sea, and then would soon drown us all. Besides there was nothing to keep us from being washed overboard, the vessel was heavily loaded, that I believe if there had been no leakage, she could not reach her journey's end. I saw we should be drowned, this I told the mate, he looked and thought for himself. I said to him, "I will go on shore." Now I think there was none on board, but us two and a boy, at that time the captain and the rest were gone on shore; so we got our things into the boat, and the boy came with us to bring the boat back.

Now the fleet I think were to sail the next day, if the wind was right; but our vessel could not depart with the rest for want of hands, which must be a great loss to both merchants and captain; but I was not going to throw my life away, with my eyes open; so we left our clothes and chests, and went into the country to a place called Truro, where they melted down tin obtained from deep pits in the neighbourhood and melted them into long blocks, here we stayed till the fleet had sailed; they were gone on their voyage before we returned. It appears the captain of the brig we ran away from finding we were gone, and so little time left to get fresh hands, got bills printed, offering a great reward to any who might apprehend us. He was much enraged at our refusal to go to sea to be drowned, (for this must have been our lot) so by going into the country we escaped it all. Still I felt very uneasy at this unsettled state of mine; there was no wages going on now for my wife; for I was pressed out of that vessel, and did not return to her again; and it was a blessing I did not; for I heard she was taken by the Turks, as she was going into the harbour whither she was bound, and every man on board made slaves for life. "Out of this also the Lord delivered me."

When we returned there was only one way for us to get into the town that we knew of. It was a narrow street, and the rendezvous of the press gang was situated there. We must pass within a few yards of the door; and we sat ourselves down to consult as to the best means to be adopted. I said, "I will go

first; and you keep at a distance; if you see them lay hold of me, then make your escape." He was a tall and stout man; and replied, "Am I not as able as you to take care; and if possible escape the press gang?" This caused me to be angry with him, and desired him to keep back while I went forward.

When I came opposite to their quarters, a number of them came out and laid hold of me. They asked me whether I wanted a ship. I replied, "You ought to know me by this time;" and immediately one of the officers told me to run off as hard as I could. The thought instantly struck me that my name had been advertised as a fugitive. I ran forward some distance, and then turned round to look after my shipmate. He thought to get clear of the press gang as I had done; but they caught hold of him and said, "We will have you." So they took him into the house, and I never saw him again. Now I had little or no money; and falling in with an American vessel that wanted hands, I agreed to go with her. I sat drinking with some of the crew till I became intoxicated. The men put me in a boat to row me to the ship; in endeavoring to turn myself round in the boat I fell into the sea, and had been drowned, had not my God caused the captain and some of his men to rescue me from death when I was dead in sin. When I got on board I took no care of myself, and it being winter, I caught a surfeit of cold, which in a few days produced large blotches all over me. I was now very ill, out at sea, without doctor, or any friend to help me. The Lord had wounded me, and none but he could heal me.

When we arrived in America, I tried all the means that lay in my power, yet to no purpose. The medicines I took gave me a little relief, so that I could work a little.

A vessel lying near us being on the point of sailing for Liverpool, I sent a letter by one of the sailors to my wife. I staid in Baltimore, N. America till he returned, when he told me all particulars concerning my wife. He reached Liverpool on a Sunday morning, and arrived at her father's house just as they were preparing for church. They were all well. He was to have called again, but did not.

The plague now began to spread in Baltimore; great numbers were carried off with it daily, and many of the inhabitants left the town. All business was at a stand; and the people feared to pass each other in the street, not knowing but that they might catch the plague, (the yellow fever). Having had the same complaint when in Jamaica, I greatly feared a return. On all such occasions I resorted to drink in order to drown my thoughts. I could get no employment; for trade being almost stopped, there were no vessels going out. Wherever I went death was the only thing spoken of. I thought I would read some nice story-book; but then the thought struck me, 'What if the plague should seize me

while reading such books? If I died I must surely go to hell! At last I made up my mind to read the "Pilgrim's Progress." I thought that was a good book, so I went to Baltimore, and purchased a copy for one dollar. Finding that the plague had considerably abated, I returned there to live, and began to read this book as a story book; but I was afraid of death, and could find no entertainment.

The plague raged till winter set in. My money was near gone. There was a trading vessel at this time lying in the harbor bound for Alexandre, near Washington, in which I took my passage. I believe that had I not left my lodging as I did, they were going to shut me out because I went into houses where the plague was raging.

I remember going into a public house in Fore Street, Fell's Point, (a house I used much). The only person to be seen was a young woman related to the landlord. Her eyes were yellow, as when afflicted with the jaundice, which was the first symptom of the plague. I think she blamed me for coming where the plague was, and said the master, the mistress, and the black slave were all down of the disorder, she only being left in the house, and her fear was that she had caught it too. So I called for some gin, gave her a part, and drank the remainder myself out of the same glass. That I caught not the plague at this time by this presumptuous act was of the Lord's mercy. I left, and never saw that female again. I went on board the vessel for Alexandre, as before stated, and expected to reach there the following day.

I had not been long on board when the vessel set sail. Walking the deck for some time I spied a young man with the plague. The law of America then was, that no vessel having the plague on board should be admitted into any port where the plague was not; neither must any man go on shore, nor any man from the shore go on board, but must lie out one or two miles from the shore in the river, and whatever was wanted must be conveyed by a small boat, which must not approach too near, but keep at a certain distance, and convey what was wanted by a long rope from one to the other. Well, I looked at this man, and saw we were all revenged, for none could go on shore because of this man, neither would the inhabitants admit any one of us into their houses. So I went forward to the captain, and told him he had a passenger on board his vessel who had the plague. I believe he said I was a liar. So I said, "Well captain, if I cannot go on shore, I will take care you do not." So after swearing and grumbling at him, I went and lay down, and soon fell fast asleep upon my chest.

How long I had lain I cannot tell, but the captain came and awoke me, saying, "that man has got the plague, this vessel,

and the cargo also is my own, and this is my first voyage; now except this man can be cured by to-morrow before the doctor comes to examine us all, who if he finds any with the plague on board, will condemn the vessel, and her loading also. I shall be a ruined man if he does this; sir, what must I do?" "Well," I said, "You must go and threaten the man that if he did not take what was given to him, you will have him thrown overboard, for," said I, "it will be better that one man should perish, than all be lost." Now the man did not know me, neither would he care for what I said; but when the captain told him of his danger, and threatened him if he refused medicine when administered for his good, he through fear, consented to take what I should give him; I promised the man, that I would cure him if possible, so I asked the captain to bring his medicine chest, and his little guide book which accompanied the chest. From the instructions there given, I gave the man some medicines; and ordered the cook previous to giving him the medicine, to boil some water, and let it stand to cool till I applied for it; after a little time, the man said, "I am so sick, I shall die;" but what he said, did not disturb me, he then began to vomit, and then I ordered him to drink plentifully of water, and when he said he could drink no more, I then said, "if he would refuse to do what was told him, the captain would throw him overboard;" so he drank again till it came back as clear as when administered to him. Then I ordered him to bed, and gave him some to throw him in a profuse perspiration. The next morning, every symptom of the plague was gone, though it left the poor man so weak that he could scarcely stand by himself. Thus did God take things that were nought, and by them confounded man's wisdom; doctors fled away through fear; yet did he make a worm to beat down mountains. In the afternoon of the second day, when we were in sight of our destined port, the doctor came off in a boat to see if we had got the plague on board, for we could not enter the harbour without a note from the doctor; he came near the vessel, I think within about fifty yards, then he said, "from whence come you?" Our Captain answered from Baltimore. He said, "the plague is there, have you any got it on board?" The captain answered "no." Then said the doctor, "make all you have on board to pass before me;" the boat came a little nearer, and every one walked on the side nearest the doctor, he sat in his own boat with a spy glass, every man stopped a little, turning his face towards the doctor, at last, this weak man came and got as near as he could, before he began to walk before the doctor, the doctor at once remarked how weak that man was, but there was no sign of the plague upon him; the captain told some lies to the doctor, so he came

on board and gave our captain permission to go into port. I believe the doctor and our captain drank freely together; and then he returned on shore. In a little time we were safe, in port. For fear of the plague breaking out amongst the sailors, I got my chest on shore, and obtained lodgings, although I did not own what vessel I came in, nor what port I came from. This place was near to the city of Washington, which at this time was in its infancy, and was in course of formation; they had built a few brick houses in it at this time, but very small in number. To return. My cash getting low, my health sadly declining, I found I must go to sea, in order to strengthen my pocket; I engaged in a vessel bound to Rotterdam in Holland. The captain's name was Hacking, the vessel was called the brig *Alsoboth* of Boston. The captain took a young woman about sixteen or eighteen years of age with him, and she, I believe, passed for his wife. I think he was near seventy years of age, but he was strong and healthy. Many months had now gone by since I had left my home, and but once had we heard from each other, for then I was almost continually roving from place to place, and I had no money to send home. Well, we sailed from Alexander, bound for Holland. On our passage I was chosen to steer.

One day our chief mate was taken very bad, with something like a twisting of the bowels. His cries were most lamentable. He said, "If hell is worse than this, it is bad enough." The captain called me Doctor Boley, after a doctor of London. He asked me to try and do the man good. The poor fellow would swear and then cry, his pain was so excessive. I knew nothing about the disorder of the man's body, nor yet the remedies to be applied; but the captain called another man to steer in my place; so at the captain's request I went down into the cabin to Miss Atkin, the young girl spoken of before. I felt proud of my office, though, God knows, I had nothing to be proud of. I asked her for some mint, balm and thyme, boiled them all together; then I added a noggin of French brandy, with a good lump of butter, and boiled all together; strained it, and let it cool, and then gave it to the mate, desiring him to drink it as hot as possible. When he had done this, his pain began to abate, and he broke into a profuse perspiration, from which, he found great ease. His pain entirely left him, and he lay for a while in his hammock to sweat. In a very little time after this sickness the man grew lusty, though he was but a spare man before. This, and the plague affair, was the first time I administered medicine; but it was thought much of by me.

When we reached Holland, we came into what I think they called the Helder, where the Duke of York lost many a bright



man, in the beginning of the French war. At this place the sand was near a yard deep, in the midst of which they fought, so I was informed. I went to see a little town called Harlem, where the Dutch drops are made, and wooden clocks also. From this place we sailed for Rotterdam, where we arrived the same day.

Now, Bonaparte had possession of Holland. The port we came into was Rotterdam; we went in here under American colours. My complaint, which I caught by falling overboard in winter, while lying at Falmouth, had caused a bad complaint in my throat, so that the palate of my mouth came down, and I could not get it up into its place again for many months. One day I wanted to be shaved; I enquired which was the place; they directed me to a doctor's shop; but I was afraid to enter there, though I saw a barber's pole standing outside. I waited a little while, hesitating; but looking in, saw him shaving a man, so I ventured to go in; and I think he asked me if I wanted to go through the operation. I said, "Yes." Now, the palate of my mouth being too far down my throat, I asked this Dutch barber and doctor to cut off the end of it; for it had been dead some time; so he did as I requested him, and some time after it returned to its original position. This man I think I employed to cure me, but he could not while I remained there. Though I could not understand the Dutch language, yet I went to their theatre, I and our second mate both going together. We were both Englishmen, and Bonaparte had possession of Holland at that time; we being English were at war with the French and Dutch; but we belonged to an American brig, and they were at war with no nation; had they known we were English, they would have made us prisoners of war. Here we acted wisely, as we thought. We agreed to keep our eyes on the people in the gallery, where we sat. What was acted we knew not; what was said we did not understand; but when we saw a number of people wiping their eyes, we did the same; and when they laughed and clapped their hands, we did so too; so I think they thought we understood the play as well as they did, so that none suspected us, and we escaped being taken prisoners of war. After this, we were determined to be religious, and turn Jews, as a Jew came on board our vessel almost every day, and we bought many things of him. On the Sabbath I think we were all on shore, and the vessel lay fastened to the wharf; this Jew spied his time, came on board our vessel when we were all away, robbed my chest, and the second mate's also, neither being locked at the time. When we came on board we discovered our loss; so we enquired of some who were on board their own ships, when we found this identical Jew came on board in our absence, went down below, and helped himself to

what he pleased out of our two chests; so we soon found out who the thief was. We thought of having him taken up; but a person told us where his father lived, and also said he was a good man, and if we went to him he would get the things back again for us; so we went; and the old man said, "If my son has taken your property, I will get it back for you;" and also begged we would not do anything till we heard from him again. So, in a little time, our things were restored to us. A short time before this, we thought this Jew was such a good man we would become Jews; for we then believed they were right; but we thought different now.

After this, the complaint in my throat grew worse, and I employed a Dutch doctor. One day I went to this man, and he brought me a human heart, and put it into my hand. He was an open, free, kind man, but he did me no good; I rather grew worse; there were three ulcers in my throat. This doctor doing me no good, I was determined not to pay him, without I was forced so to do. Well, we got in our lading, and were now ready to set sail; and just as we were going, word was sent to say the doctor's money must be paid before we could leave the port; so the captain paid him twenty-one gilders on my account; and then we set sail for Newry, in Ireland, and soon reached Warren's Point, six miles from Newry, where large vessels unloaded their cargoes.

Well, I now employed an Irish doctor; but he seemed to be more ignorant of my complaint than the Dutch doctor, so I never paid him. Here the complaint in my throat made great progress. In a little time I met a man who knew me when I was here before, in the ship *America*, of New York. This man called me by my old name of Admiral Rodney. He said to me, "I have this day met with as great a misfortune as I ever met with in all my life." It seems the old short black pipe which he had when I was here before, got broken that very day; which was of great value in his estimation. My wages were at this time twenty-eight dollars a month; yet I had squandered a deal of money in folly, and with doctors; so I sent word to my wife that I was in Ireland, and should come home to Liverpool in a few days; so I desired the captain to pay me off; yet after all I did not arrive in Liverpool a day before our own vessel, though I went as passenger in another vessel; and that very day I left Ireland for Liverpool our brig set sail also, and the next day we both arrived in the Mersey near to each other. I soon made off for Cook Street, and they sent for my wife; and I can say it was a very joyful meeting; after being separated from each other twenty-two months; and all the money I brought home was sixteen guineas. But I came home very bad, and had been so upwards of twelve months. I looked and felt like one rapidly going down to the grave.

Now I applied to another doctor; yea, I tried many, but the Lord would not suffer any to do me good. Every day my complaint appeared to grow worse. I had still my American protections, and my captain wrote me a letter of recommendation to the American consul in Liverpool. When I presented it, and he had read it, in the name and on the behalf of his government he allowed me eight shillings per week, for serving six years in the American service. I was called an American. My captain wished me and my wife to go back with him to Boston, where he was bound; but neither of us felt willing; so he set sail, and I saw him no more.

Now, each day I grew worse; the doctors appeared to do nothing but rob me; so I got an order from the American consul to go into the infirmary. Here I remained some time without receiving any benefit. I heard about this time that there was a skilful doctor in Liverpool poor house; so I left the infirmary and got an order for the work house; the consul paying my board and lodging in that place; but with all my affliction my heart was not softened. I staid in the poor house: but receiving no benefit, I thought death would be the issue of my present disorder; and when I looked beyond the grave, O, what awful thoughts passed through my now distracted mind.—Lost, lost for ever. I saw young men in that house far more likely for living than me, yet they died on my right hand and on my left; so that at times I was like one distracted with the fear of death. Through my protracted sickness we were very poor. One day a young man died with whom I was acquainted, whose death came sudden and unexpected. I then thought if I staid here I should die too, and that very soon; so I got my clothes, and put them on my arm. I was worn down to skin and bone. I went and obtained an order to leave the poor house; so I went home to my wife. She lived at that time with her parents in Macqueen Street, Vauxhall Road, Liverpool. Oh, what a picture of grief were my sailor's clothes, almost worn to rags! Now my days and nights were passed in fear of death; and I knew nothing of Christ as a Saviour; yet even still I tried to scrape a little hope together that I should live; then it would be all knocked down, and I thought I must die, and be in hell in a short time. This fear lasted some time. There was an herb doctor they called very skilful, so I applied to him to see if he could cure me, or do me good. When I first saw him, there was a man with him who was called a Methodist. I asked the doctor if he could cure me? This man—not the doctor—said, "Man, you are a dying man now; you will very shortly be in your grave; and if you know not Christ you will go to hell." The doctor said nothing; but I came away upon the borders of despair for both soul and body. I did then believe I should die in less than one week, and then I should be in hell for ever.

I cannot remember that I cried for mercy, for then I knew nothing of Christ dying for sinners; my sins seemed of the worst kind in my view; I could see all open to my sight; I tried every way of escape, both death and hell; I feared going to sleep, lest I should awake up in hell. A person lent me a book called "Early Piety," and I think the weakly preparation, both alike deceptive and delusive; yet at times I got a little carnal hope upon what I would do.

Now at this time I had eight shillings per week from the American consul to live upon; part of this we gave my wife's parents for lodgings, and the remainder we lived upon. I concluded every day I should die and go to hell. If I had had the whole world at command at that time, I should have given it for the salvation of my never-dying soul. But this would not do, I grew worse in body, and in agony of soul; I was worn down to such an extent, that my bones nearly protruded. In this state every one that saw me said I should die.

One day I and my wife were talking as to where we should find a good preacher, (though at that time neither of us knew good preaching from bad; for I do not know that I ever heard a gospel sermon in all my life up to this time). My wife said they had opened the old cockpit, for public preaching; and she said, he was great preacher; he was to preach that night; it was a quarter of a mile from our house, and I could not walk so far without help; the weather being cold, and my clothes near worn out; but the fears of my poor soul, no tongue could tell. I told my wife I must go. We had no money with which to hire a coach. My wife covered me with her cloak, and supported me with her arm, till we reached the cockpit; then she took the cloak off me. We went in and sat down upon one of the round seats, which were like a flight of stairs one over another. Here I was more like a dying man, or one spoken of by Job xxxiii. 21: "My flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen, and my bones that were not seen, stick out." At this time such was my case in reality; but I well remember anxiously looking for the minister, hoping to hear good news. I cannot say I prayed, for my fears were so great. There was very little alteration in this temple for God's service, since it was used for the service of the devil, only a pulpit had been erected in the pit, and the back room they had converted into a vestry. Some months after the Lord had called me, our minister was talking over the heavy temptations he was labouring under at this time. The enemy tempted him to believe that the Lord never called him; to preach the gospel; nor that his ministry would ever be blessed. "Ah," said the man of God, "it was so this very night that he had come to a determination never to preach another sermon, after this night, in the name of the Lord." When he

had given out the first hymn, he said, "that is done, and I am glad." But his sorrows increased greatly as he entered into prayer. I can remember his soul seemed as in agony; he pleaded, he wrestled, and oftentimes cried out saying, "Shall I labor in vain." Then he pleaded the promises of the Lord; then he cried out in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and said, "O Lord wilt thou not give me one soul for my hire?" again and again; still holding God to his promises. At this time I was killed all the day. Now I was appointed as a sheep for the slaughter. All at once, while the good man was wrestling, the light of God's holy law broke up into my soul, with such a blaze of light, and by that light, I beheld all my sins from my infancy. Here I found what it was to be called by my name, knowing it was me, and not another that was the guilty criminal. Here my sins revived and I died to all hope of finding favour in God's sight, either for soul or body. My sins lay heavy upon me; I saw hell opening, and believed the seat I sat upon would shortly open, and let me fall into the pit of hell for ever. I rose up to fly from the pressure of my judge; I ran into the vestry crying out, "O Lord have mercy upon me; O do come and pray to God for me, that I do not fall into the pit of hell for ever." My cries were loud, and I was a complete skeleton, skin and bones. Instead of preaching they came and prayed for me, and then I was taken home in despair of all mercy. The minister told me afterwards that when he began to rejoice that God had answered his prayers, and that God had graciously given him the first fruits of an harvest, satan came in upon him and said, I was only an hypocrite, come purposely to deceive them, so that he could not fully rejoice at that time.

Some time after this, one night in particular, I was afraid of going to sleep lest I should open my eyes in hell; I did fall asleep and dreamed I saw a company of men with drums, and fifes, and flags flying; they told me they were sent by the devil to lead me to hell. Oh! what horrors did I awake in. Yes, when I lay in bed I lay expecting almost every hour to enter the torments of black despair. In this my condition, (my wife washed for hire;) I was afraid of being left by myself, lest I should be taken away during my wife's absence. The poor woman though she knew not God, yet he made her truly a nursing mother, a tender and a good wife to me, though she was but twenty-one years of age; while my sickness and wickedness seemed to be the cause of all our sorrows. My despair was so great at this time, that I looked at cats and dogs and other things, wishing I had but been one of them, who would not be judged for their sins. Here I rested for a few minutes, when came the thought that I had sinned so long that there was no mercy for me, which appeared to sink me beyond the reach of hope. Another time

despair had brought me into such a state of distraction, that I then wished that God would let me have some ease till I died, by letting me have a false hope. Oh! what a mercy it was he did not answer me; it was because his mercy endureth for ever. At this time I began to learn some forms of prayer, out of an old book. When my wife was out standing in the market, with, or for, her parents, opposite St. George's church, Liverpool—then I would look at my little book; fall down upon my knees, and begin, but soon get fast, then begin again, then get fast again; so I was obliged to cry from my heart, "O Lord, have mercy upon me," for I found those other prayers I said so badly, God would not hear me for them. At this time I know God knew how I was, and thought he would help me. I did not then know that all must come to me through the blood and righteousness of Christ. I now began to feel God's holy law in its dreadful denunciations for sins, and found that if ever I came to heaven, I must be righteous as God is righteous: while the more I looked into, and the more I saw of my vileness, filth, and awful state, brought me to despair of hope. I think our minister one day speaking of the requirements of God's holy law, and man's utter inability to come up to its standard, said, "all that the law could do to such a sinner, was to condemn." Here I found I was under its condemning power, from morning to night; and often cried because of my sins; I could see no way of escape, except once, for about five minutes, or so; but that sight soon vanished. Had any of God's children heard me, they would have said that poor George was one of those who were going to take the kingdom by force; for a glimpse of Jesus Christ as a Saviour, caused me to pray, plead, and wrestle for mercy. Wherever I was; sometimes going into the fields at night, kneeling down in the snow, and at other times in the most unlikely places, have I gone to pour out my soul at the footstool of God's mercy-seat, for mercy on my condemned soul; at times I thought he would hear, and answer me; while, at other times the heavens were like brass, my prayers seemed to return to my own bosom; so I groaned being burdened. One day I was afraid God could not have mercy upon me; and I went into an outhouse to unburden my weary soul, where I called upon the Lord earnestly for mercy. I prayed so loud that my father-in-law overheard me; he returned into the house saying, he would not have such a Methodist to work at his house. He continued his threats, to turn out both me and my wife. Now the old man loved to play at cards; so about this time he asked me to have a game with him. Now, if he had asked me do anything in my power without violence to my conscience I would have tried to have pleased him; but I was afraid to commit more sin, lest it should sink me down to

hell ; therefore I told him, I dare not do it, asking, "would you have me lose my soul for a game at cards ?" On which he began to make a great disturbance. Afterwards he said, "Well you will have an innocent game at dominoes ?" I said, "No I will not sin against God, by any such things." So he said, "You shall not dwell here;" and turning to my wife, he said, "Get a place for yourselves, for I will not have such work in my house." So she was compelled to go and get lodgings for one shilling and sixpence per week. I could not tell what to do, for satan said I might have done what the old man asked me, as there was no more harm in cards or dominoes, than any thing else, but I dare not attempt the act after all. Now prayer employed my soul, when Jesus shewed his face, though only for a moment; then, again, I sank in misery, and feared my sins were so numerous, so great, and so aggravated, they would never be forgiven me. About this time, there was an old man who lived in Cheapside, who had made great cures—I was advised to go to him. It was said, "You cannot tell but he may (through the help of God) cure you." Well, though we had but little money, I went to see the doctor—he was, I think, about eighty years of age; at this time, my body was dreadfully emaciated, and my throat had four ulcers in it. In this condition, I went praying, till I came to the doctor's; when he had examined my throat, he said, "I can cure you, through the help of God." When he mentioned that dear name, I believed he could. I think at that time, all that I possessed, was one shilling, this I gave to him, he gave me a draught to take immediately, and then bid me go home and stay no where, for it would work me very brisk, and so it did, and for a time it made me feel very ill, but I soon felt better. At this time I was bowed down when led to see,

"How great my guilt and misery  
In every thought and act impure,  
But Christ alone my soul could cure."

This I believed; but the question then was with me, is he willing? I would give them all up to know that for me the Lord Jesus Christ had died.

But to return. This old doctor sent me word that he would sweat me in a chair; so we prepared for him. He came and did sweat me, and then ordered me to bed, when in two or three days after this, there was such an alteration for the better in my body, that was surprising to all who formerly knew me, but as my body gained strength, so did the enemy too. He tempted me to believe that my sins had been too great, and of such long standing, that there could be no mercy shewn me, which brought great darkness and distress into my soul. I was satisfied that Christ was all-sufficient to save me to the uttermost. It was

brought powerfully to my mind, that I had not forsaken all my sins. "You receive eight shillings per week from the American consul, under the name of an American, while you are an Englishman born in London, and brought up in England, God will not pardon your sins, nor shew mercy upon you till you give it up." Now, this was all we had to live upon, and to pay every thing, except that my wife went out to wash some days in the week. O what a stroke this was; here I saw the axe laid to the root of the tree. I cried and sighed upon my complaint to the Lord. I saw it was sin, and I saw too, that as such, I must give it up. I told my poor wife that God would not have mercy upon me until I confessed my deception to the American consul: so I went; for my wife consented to give up all so that I might find mercy; and I was enabled to say, "Yes, let it go; one look of love from Jesus will more than recompense the loss." So away I went, determined to forsake all sin, leaving all to God.

Mr. Murray's counting house was in Paradise Street, Liverpool. When I came before him, I said, "Sir, God has convinced me of sin, and I cannot receive this eight shillings per week any longer. I am an Englishman, though I have been in the American service a long time, and God has convinced me that it is a sin which I must give up." Mr. Murray said, "I thought you was an Englishman." I thanked him for the past; though, take notice, that all sailors who have sworn allegiance to America, and have sailed in American ships, when sick, are entitled to eight shillings per week, though at this time, I knew it not. My sin was in calling myself an American, although born in England; be sure your sin will find you out, either in mercy in this world, or in eternal misery in the world to come.

Now, I had given this our living up for Christ's sake, as I thought; but there was another sharp trial awaited me; but the Lord supplied our needs at that time in a way I cannot tell now, as it is near forty years since. I remember my wife's parents said, "Nancy, where is George's money to pay us?" She told them there was no money that week for them, as we had none to give; so that we were deprived of any more food there, for they were very old and poor, and found it difficult to provide for themselves. Here we see what it is to trust in the Lord; and now no money, not eightpence per week to live upon. We were apparently friendless among men; this sent me many a time to a mercy seat, and to have great business with the Lord of hosts, for all money business, and in all troubles of soul or body.

At this time, I knew nothing of church troubles; but what I found was, in all needs to go to Jesus; for oft has he proved himself true, since then, to my soul and body too; and oft has he proved me also at the place of the drawing of waters, while in the midst of the noise of archers; and caused me to prove him



a faithful and a true God. At this time, I learned to sing, experimentally,

"The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,  
Like them let me learn to trust God for my bread,  
For now in all weathers, I've got a sure guide,  
My God, he has promis'd, my God will provide."

Now I beheld great glory in my Lord, so that I could now take him for my all, and could sing well, when there was no money, nor could we tell how to obtain *any*. I said, I could sing,

"Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,  
That eyes have seen or angels know."

Sometimes I feared that his mercy was clean gone for ever, yet was he pleased to bless the means used, so that my throat got better daily, and I also gained strength daily, and the Lord sent us money for our daily necessities as we went on; one day we were rejoicing on account of my health, and like Job, I began to think I should die in my nest; but as the poet says, so I soon found it:

"Far more the treach'rous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head."

One day I went to the doctor's for more medicine: he said "You are getting well very fast, I can cure you, and make you as well as ever you were in your life, through the help of God;" (I believe God's great name was put in to please me, for he seemed to know nothing in reality of God or God's salvation,) but after this time, I shall let you have no more medicine, except you can get a friend who will engage to give me £2 when I have cured you; here I had to drink the wine of astonishment, I was ready to fall to the ground when I heard it; now I left his house, and had to go forth weeping to God's mercy-seat, though afterwards I came again with rejoicing, bringing my sheaves with me, according to his glorious promise, though at that time I was much tried by satan's temptations that I could not, should not ever find help, for said he, "Where can you find a friend who would lend you £2, much more give it you." It appeared such a mountain, that it overwhelmed all my pleasing prospects; for, indeed, I knew no one who could lend me a shilling. I had no American Consul to go to. My poor wife bore it well. "O Lord, how wonderful are thy ways, they are past finding out." Now the Lord gave me an errand to his mercy-seat; I told the Lord what the man had done for me, and also what he had said about the £2, and I think, for three days, many a petition did I offer up. I was taken off every creature, and obliged to confess that I was lost both in soul and body, without he sent me help and deliverance from his holy hill. About the third day, the Lord gave me such strong faith, that I was enabled by the spirit of

adoption to enter into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, and say, "Abba, Father." The great mountain was removed, and I then saw that there was nothing too hard of God. I called him, my Father, and he gave me power to roll all my burdens upon him, and blessed be his great name, he sustained me. Here unbelief fled away, and I found he was as willing as he was able. Satan tried to tempt me again, but I began to sing,

"We all may like ships with tempests be tost,  
On perilous deeps, but we cannot be lost,  
For still in all weathers we have a sure guide,  
My God, he has promis'd, my God will provide."

And as satan kept on with his temptations, I kept on with my singing, "I know he will provide, I know he will provide;" a many times over, till my enemy left me, in quiet communion with my God; and as often as my enemy assaulted me, God gave me this song, and strong faith with it. Now the Lord shewed me that I should go to Mr. Murray again, to whom I had confessed I was an Englishman; but at this time I did not remember all that I had said to him. I cannot remember speaking to either man or woman concerning this matter; but by this time I was considerably better in my body. I went off to the doctor, and requested him to come with me to a friend who would be bound for me. He put on his hat, and we both walked together I think about a quarter of a mile without speaking one word to each other on the road, and I did not know but that I was going to get a promise of payment when restored to health. Thus the Lord my God led me. When I came into Mr. Murray's counting-house he seemed to be on the point of going out. I burst out into a great flood of tears and said, "Sir, this doctor has nearly cured me; and now he says except I can find a friend that will be bound to pay him the money when I am well, which is £2, he will let me have no more medicine. O, sir, what shall I do?" Here my grief stopped my utterance; when Mr. Murray, addressing himself to the doctor, said, "Can you cure him?" He answered, "I can; and I will have no money till he is well." Then said Mr. Murray, "Bring him to me a cured man, and I will give you £2." So I thanked him, and we came away. Here I found the truth of the poet's language—

"Whenever his people have need,  
His goodness will find out a way."

God saith, "I will make all my mountains a way." Here I found his glorious word true, for all the gold and silver is his—  
"Fear not thou, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will help thee, yea, I will strengthen thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." By this trial my God made it manifest that he hears the cries of his

people; and here I proved him a faithful God. In about one month I returned with the doctor to Mr. Murray, the American consul. He asked me if I was cured. I said I was now well. Then he gave the doctor £2 without one murmuring word. So I thanked him and came away; and though well from my complaint, which was of more than two year's standing, I was a living skeleton.

But there was another trial in reserve for me. A few years before I knew the Lord, I got drunk and defrauded a man out of some property, in value about ten shillings. The man never knew who had got the property, though God did. Now great darkness came upon me, and the Lord convinced me of guilt on account of these stolen goods, so I could not rest till I had confessed this sin also unto the Lord. Here the enemy thrust sore at me that I might fall. I asked the Lord to shew me what I must do with this thing—should I send it by some one, so that the man might have his own? No, this would not do—I must go and acknowledge my sin unto the man. But satan told me what the man would do if I was so foolish. So I went to the Lord again, and begged he would give me favour in the eyes of the man. So I took the things with me, and met the man. I told him what great things God had done for me, and that I had repented the great evil I had done, and then returned him his own. I asked him their price. He said ten shillings. I asked him if he would put them by for me, and I would try to pay something every week till the ten shillings were paid. He promised to do so, and said, "I believe God has made you a good man," for I had told him how very wicked I had been; and when I was coming away he seemed to be highly pleased. Now my darkness was turned into light, and my sorrows into joy. Well, I told my wife, and she was glad I had acted honestly in the matter. Here we see that though I had to pass through the waters of trouble, yet my dear Lord sustained me, neither would he let these waters of tribulation sink me. I think it took near three months to pay a little every week. When I gave him the last shilling then he gave me the deposit. I thanked him and he thanked me, and shook my hand, saying, "I believe the Lord has done great things for you," and wished me well. I found out afterwards that he was a passionate man, but my God can tame lions and tigers, yea, all things obey his command, for

"Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love sees fit."

"This poor man cried, and the Lord helped him and saved him out of all his troubles;" for at this time they were manifold.

I went constantly to the chapel where the Lord had called me. One evening I went to a prayer-meeting held at the chapel,

when I thought, surely the Lord would be merciful to me no more for ever. They asked me to give out a verse of a hymn and go to prayer. The words were these—

"I'll seek, and if I find not the road  
I'll perish, still crying out for my God."

At another time I was in great distress and darkness, when I said to an old disciple whose name was Bateman, "O, sister Bateman, I shall never be able to stand, I am so tempted and tried." She was a Welch woman, and called me Viner. She replied, "Viner, I would give up," and so she left me. But as she was going away I said, "I cannot give it up." "Then, Viner, thou must stand and bear all that comes against thee." I believe she was a good soldier of Jesus Christ. But soon after this the candle of the Lord shone round about me. Now I felt my security and defence was the munition of rocks; my bread (Christ) was given me, and my waters of affliction and tribulation were sure unto me. I used then to sing in the joy of my heart,

"Here I'd sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God."

But at this time I knew nothing about the work of the Spirit, (distinctly,) nor the everlasting love of the Father, nor the glorious doctrines of the Trinity, but I did

"Behold the Father's grace  
Shining in the Saviour's face."

Sometimes I was striving to be saved by the law; I thought then the Methodists were a nice people, that they were very zealous, that they did a great deal of good. Some of them asked me to go to their class-meeting. I went, and they told me what a sinful people the Calvinists were; and they prayed the Lord to convert my soul. They asked me if I had kept God's holy law that week. I cannot tell what I said; but when I went next time I had seen somewhat into the evils of my heart, and my dreadful short-coming. They asked me again, "Brother, have you kept God's holy law this week?" I answered, "No." They then said I must watch more, pray more, and be more zealous and in earnest to save my soul. So I got quite bewildered with the two doctrines; and I prayed to the Lord to shew me which way I should go. So the next time I went I saw great inconsistency, for they appeared more anxious after the pennies than after souls, on which I told them my mind and then left them.

At this time my health was restored, though I was very little beside skin and bone, having proved the truth of Job's language,—"if there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among all the thousands in all the world, to shew unto man his upright-

ness, and how upright God is in all his ways, then is he gracious unto that man, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom for him. His flesh shall be fresher than a child's; he shall return to the days of his youth; he shall pray unto God, and he will be favourable unto him; and he shall see his face with joy, for he will render unto that man God's righteousness." O Lord, help me to glorify thy great name for fulfilling thy gracious promises in my experience word for word! O bless the Lord for such a complete righteousness as that of Christ's—my Lord and my God! This was my experience at the time when the Lord raised me up again. All glory to my God—I find it good to record his glorious name.

After this two year's sickness, we were very poor. I remember when I have passed a baker's shop, and smelling the new bread, I have been on the point of crying, I have felt so hungry, though I said nothing to any one, and was almost in a ravenous state, till my bones were covered with flesh again. At this time I went to live in a room with my brother-in-law in Fontenoy Street, Dale Street, Liverpool. Here the glorious Lord was to me a place of broad rivers and streams, and I beheld the glory of the Lord. One day I was reading Isaiah liv. 11, "Oh thou afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and thy foundations with sapphires." Here the glory of the Lord rested on the word. What can I say? The word appeared covered with transcendent glory—such glory as tongue cannot express. How long this lasted I cannot tell; but oftentimes have I looked at that promise in hopes to find it again, but was disappointed. At this time we were very poor, but my God had given me a key that would open any door in "Doubting Castle," yes, though there had been a host of devils to oppose me. And oftentimes was I enabled to sing—

" Though dark be my way, since God is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
 The word he hath spoken shall surely prevail."

Then I looked at what my God had spoken, and he had said he would "supply all our needs out of his riches in glory by Christ Jesus my Lord;" then there was a new song put into my mouth to my glorious Lord; and if he had not given to me his flesh for meat indeed, and his blood for drink indeed, to feed upon by faith, then I should have longed more after natural food, for my flesh took a long time to fill up. Till then I was very craving after food, like those who have recovered from a long fever.

At this time oh how I did love my glorious Lord! He was to me the rarest fairest one

" That eyes had seen or angels known."

Here I did drink and forgot my natural poverty; and I believe the Lord made my wife content with such things as he was pleased to send; for, however low we were brought, our minds, wills, and circumstances, all sweetly worked together. I did sing—

“ Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend!  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend.”

At this time I could not complain, because the Bridegroom was with me; the head of our bed was against the wall of a room in the adjoining house, and each bed's-head rested opposite each other: it seemed the people of the next room came to my brother-in-law, who was an ungodly man, complaining to him that they could not sleep, because (as they said) I was singing all night long, though I knew nothing of it at that time; but they told my wife. The glorious charms of my Saviour were so great to me then that I kept on singing. All my Sabbaths were then ushered in with

“ Welcome, sweet day of rest  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.”

At this time when at the Lord's table, my faith has been so strong that I could see the glories of the Lord flourishing through the lattices of ordinances, and oft has he led me to his banqueting house; and then some who had never tasted of God's salvation have thought me beside myself; even then his banner over me was love. Sometimes whatever I looked at, even a blade of grass, I could see my Lord there. I think Christ, then, as a door was a sweet refuge to my soul.

Now we were very poor, but the Lord had set an open door before us, and none could shut it. Many months had passed since I had done half-a-day's work. I was willing, but so very weak; besides, my affections were set on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. My brother-in-law was a bricklayer by trade, and therefore knew a great many master-joiners. Now when I was young I was apprenticed to that business, but believe I had lost a deal of what I had then learned. He went one night and called on a Mr. Slater, of Seal Street, Liverpool. This man was a Catholic: he agreed to take me out of charity, and give me what he thought I was worth. When he came home and told me about it, satan came also to say that when the man saw me he would have nothing to do with me; he said “besides, you cannot work.” I expected the man would not keep me more than a week, and I should then be without work entirely, and so we should be starved. My wife was then

in the family-way of her first child. But the next morning I went, and the workmen stared at me; the master came and he stared at me, for then I was very little else but skin covering bones. He said that if he had seen me before he had promised my brother-in-law he would have had nothing to do with me on any account. He told me to go to a little yard where they were getting flooring-boards ready for the floors of the news-room corner of Bold Street. Here I began my first week's work with prayer to my God. Oh how I loved and feared his all-glorious name. Every tool I used, I first asked God my Father to teach me how to use it; whenever I was straitened for knowledge how to act with my tools or timber, I called on God most high, who did hear, answer, and perform all things for me. At breakfast there was half-an-hour allowed; I used to resort behind some timber, and there sit down on the floor, with my Bible open on my lap, eating my bread, which had little butter on it. Here I used to eat my food, sweet to my taste, and the precious word of God, by far the sweetest. The sight which I then enjoyed of my glorious Lord brought such floods of tears to my believing eyes, that I have often had to dry my precious map with my old handkerchief; and then, to ease and quiet my mind, took the pleasure of calling upon the name of the Lord most high. This was my employment every morning. Sometimes I had a little milk with my bread, for we were so very poor that we could but seldom afford that. I now felt myself to be heir to that kingdom which is incorruptible. As I had nothing to bring for my dinner fit to be seen; I used to go home for that, when we had a little prayer in the hour. In all my weakness did I prove my God true to his promise—"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

My master was a Roman Catholic, with all his family, and several of his men; yet the Lord gave me favour of both master and men, every one favoured me. Thus "when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh his enemies to be at peace with him." So it was with me, for all my fellow workmen were very ungodly men,—two men excepted,—these men would grind my tools, show me when at loss, and be very kind to me. I thought my master would not keep me long; but, faith stepped in with "the Lord will provide." I think the first week he gave me ten shillings; I thanked him and he appeared pleased. I returned home, when both me and my wife received it as from the Lord, from whence it came.

Now he that divided the loaves and fishes, divided our little for each day. We paid our rent that week, and I do not remember that either of us said, "What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed." I used sometimes to work at the news-rooms, Bold Street. One time being in debt six-pence, and fearing the cause of God might

be reproached, if I did not pay it, on my account, I went into one of the vaults, and prayed unto the Lord to send me six-pence to pay this my debt, and also for other mercies, which me and my family then stood in need of. I came up stairs again, when the master of the news room,—a Mr. Lewis,—came to me and said, "George, carry me this over the way, to the concert, and I will give you six-pence." I did so, and finished the errand in five minutes, and received an answer to prayer, and praised the Lord.

About this time, we left our brother-in-law's house, and went to live in Warfield Street, near New Milk Street. Here I gained strength every day. And oh, with what delight, did I hail the glorious Sabbath of the Lord. My soul too happy at times to work; and then I must sing instead of work. Each day I could use my tools with more freedom, and usefulness, and gained strength rapidly. One day being at the shop, a gentlemen came to see my master, he told some one to put his horse into the stable. Some time after, I was sent for to give the horse water; I had never led a horse to water in my life; so after looking for direction in this matter, I went to the stable, unloosed the halter from the horse, and let him go, being confident he would follow me. So I said to the horse, "If you want to drink, come follow me." So I walked by prayer, and the horse followed after me. When I got to the trough, I said, "here is water, come drink." The beast went to the trough, and drank. When the horse had drank enough he lifted up his head, and stood still. I then said, "if you have had enough, I will show you the stable." So the horse followed me into the stable; I fixed the halter as I had found it. Now I did not know that the gentlemen and my master had been watching me; so I was told afterwards that the gentlemen asked, "What sort of a man have you got there Mr. Slater." He answered, "Why Sir?" "I believe he is a very good man, the horse might have known him for years; for he goes and comes at the man's word, which he will not do for me, or any of my people."

Well, after I had been here for a time, the people watched me narrowly, that my feet might slip; but my God upheld me with the right hand of his righteousness.

I had been there about five weeks; the weather being cold, the men I think had some drink given them for the rearing of a building; they went to a public-house, and I must go with them. They said among themselves I must not be forced to drink; so they took a gill a-piece, and then gave me a gill. I sat down and drank my gill, and then left them, and not one attempted to stop me. So I went to my work; the building had only the walls, the joists and the rafters on. In my weak



state I had to go to the top of this building. I mentioned my fears to the foreman, when he, out of pity, sent me to another job where I was not in danger.

Soon after this, our work became slack, and on Saturday night some men were discharged. On the next week the men would come to me, and say, "George, it will be your turn next Saturday to be discharged." With divine confidence I said,— "No, it will not; for my God has not opened another door for me; which he would do, were he about to close this." This went on for some weeks, till very few workmen were left; then my confidence sunk very low; and so it came to pass on the next Saturday night I was discharged. Now all things seemed to be against us; yet the Lord was my confidence. This drove me to the Lord with my family three times a day, and many times a day in private; for I was but a poor workman. Sometimes I was afraid no one would employ me, while Satan tempted me sore; and often did I look at my wife and little children with tears in my eyes, wondering what would become of them now. I was one that could not ask for employment for myself, being very backward that way. I was afraid of speaking lies.

One Saturday, a young man with whom I was acquainted—out of work—came to me and said, "George, I am going to seek work at a public-house." I said I would go with him; and requested if he was engaged there, to introduce and speak for me. Well, when we came to the place we saw the master. My companion applied to the man, and was engaged for work, to commence the following Monday morning, but he never spoke one word about poor George. I thought my heart then would have burst with grief, looking at my companion's promises, what he would do for me if he got work, and now he was silent, not speaking a word for me. In my grief I prayed for help, and the Lord opened my mouth, and the man's heart also; and I said, "Sir, I am of the same business, and out of employ also: could you give me a job?" He said, "You may come on Monday." I thanked him, and then told him what promises my companion had given me, and how he had broken them.

On the following Monday I went to ship joining, and my master gave me such work as I could do; so my God helped me, and each night I returned home praising his glorious name for the hope I now had of getting bread for my wife and family, and that the Lord had put it into the master's heart to give me such work as I could do; and there was no fault found with my work, though I was such a poor workman. I think I was at work alone; but in every difficulty I called upon God, and he instructed me how to use every tool which the master

supplied me with. On the Saturday night he gave me one guinea. Each week I could then sing, "The Lord will provide." My soul was filled with his love; I talked with him, and he talked with me. O, how

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spent!"

I was lost in wonder, love and praise. But my poor wife then charged me with not loving her, because, she said, I did not talk to her, and was so very little at home with her, so that I loved any company better than her's. So I said, "Come, God knows all things." We kneeled down, and I appealed to God that I loved her better than any other living woman; and after this she was satisfied, and we lived in love together.

I should have mentioned, that before that I had prayed to the Lord to give my wife a child; for I had been married then near three years, though out of that I had been at sea twenty-two months. The Lord heard and answered me. I felt extremely proud; and painted such fine things that should be done when the child was born, though I kept all these fine things to myself. But about two months previous to her confinement she met with a sad accident by falling down a flight of cellar steps, and sadly laming herself; so that when put to bed, and she was delivered, they called me into the room, and when I looked on my offspring, the infant—a boy—was as black as any black child in the world; there being only one difference that I could see; whereas, the hair of black children was curly, the hair of my child was straight. Here all my great expectation fell at once, as though they were dashed to pieces from a high precipice. Some of my friends told me that this was through my wife falling down stairs; but satan told me different; I believed him, and disbelieved others. I prayed the Lord to keep me, for I was sorely tempted, though I still thought my wife a virtuous woman, and still I loved her. But on the fourth day large white places appeared, and the blackness disappeared. Then was I glad, though I never divulged my thoughts to Nancy. This my God did to save me from my inordinate affection; for when I have noticed a neighbour's children do anything amiss, I have said, if they were my children, I would make them do this or that; yea, I would make them obey me; but I have been awfully mistaken; for instead of my children being better than others, they have been much worse.

In the street in which we resided there was a house of ill fame, one of the inmates of which—a young woman—was taken very ill, and they sent for me to pray for her. When I went, I found all things in order, the same as in other houses. After I left there, and was gone upon my business, a woman came to

my wife with news of great importance, saying, sorry she was to tell her that I had been seen going into such a house. My wife said it was right, as she knew all about it, and was willing for me to go again as often as I pleased. She also said, "I am not afraid to trust George there;" and told her to mind her own business!" so she came no more.

When my boy was about twelve months old, he fell down a steep flight of stairs, from the top to the bottom. I was standing at the bottom of the stairs, full of faith, looking on Jesus; and saw the child touch each step of the stairs, yet felt not the slightest alarm. My wife said, "The child is killed!" But with full assurance I replied, "The child is not hurt; take him up and see." She took up the child, and after examination all over, she could not find so much as the skin broken or grazed on any part of the child; but he ran away, fearing the rod.

The place where I then lived, was the vestry of Cooper Street Chapel, Liverpool. This was the place where I first found the glorious Lord was to me a place of broad rivers and streams. Here did my eyes behold Jerusalem, a quiet habitation, and here did my God lead me into green pastures. Oh, what glory I then beheld in my glorious Lord. Ofttimes have I gone into the pulpit to pray unto, and praise my Lord. To me then he was altogether lovely.

About this time I had two dreams; (I was chapel-keeper at this time). One was, I dreamt I had the devil on a large table, lying down, with a very large stick in my hand, and I was beating his head till it appeared very raw; but he turned towards me and laughed, saying it was lost labour. At this time I was very zealous, but not according to knowledge. My second dream was thus: the pulpit stairs came into the vestry — I thought while I was standing at the bottom of these stairs, looking up, I saw the devil coming down, and our minister sitting at the vestry table. As he came towards me, I stood at the foot of these stairs, and said, when he was close to me, "What are you come for?" When, pointing to the minister sitting at the table, he said, "I am come for him; and I will have you next." "But," said I, feeling my security, "you will never have me." I had no fear; no, I was so blessedly happy that it was my sweet meat and drink to do the will of my God; yet at that time I knew not that the love of God the Father was the sole cause, and root, and foundation of my salvation; but thought that Jesus was the sole cause of the Father's love; neither could I then see the work of the Spirit of God, though it was clearly set forth in the ministry I sat under at that time. I heard people talk of their barrenness, hardness of heart, &c., but satan said, "They do not serve God like you; they are not in earnest, neither are they sincere;" so I began to think my-

self better than them, and was tempted not to keep their company. Some of them told me I should feel the same if I lived, and should not always feel my present happiness. I told them I did not believe any such thing, and felt angry at their language.

Being at this time working as a joiner on board a vessel, one Mr. Hunter came to me and said, if I would go to Chester and work for him, he would give me twenty-six shillings per week; so I engaged, and went with him. When Saturday came,—knowing that my wife wanted money, it was late when I got paid,—I thought if I sent her a letter she would not receive it before Monday; and not knowing how she would obtain food till then, I did not know what to do. The Lord put it into my mind to write a letter and take it down to the packet, which would soon go to Liverpool. I put a one pound note in it, then went to the Lord in prayer, told him my simple tale, and said, “O Lord, I am going to the packet with this letter; cause them, whoever takes it, to deliver it to thine handmaid. Oh, Lord, I give it into thy care, for Christ’s sake.” When I reached the packet, I just peeped in, and saw an elderly woman. I asked her what part of Liverpool she was going to? She said some place which was near my habitation. I then said,—“My wife lives at such a place; will you carry this letter for me, and deliver it safe directly you land? There is a one-pound note in it for her, and she is in want. She will pay you for your trouble.” I then parted with her; and on Monday my wife thanked me for the timely help, saying she received both letter and money safe. The inhabitants of the house which I boarded at in Chester were carnal, though they were very kind to me. I had not been there long, when the mistress went among her neighbours, saying, when I came she had a quantity of vermin, but now she had none: “My lodger has prayed them all away;” which caused them to gaze at me as some extraordinary being.

I continued here some time, my soul and body devoted to the Lord. I was a bad workman; but whatever I was set to, I kept praying and working, and so got through it; and when my work was done, then I was discharged, and returned to Liverpool.

About this time I got employment with a Mr. Alderson, of Lord Street, Liverpool; he dealt in oil, lamps and wax candles. Now my poor mother was continually running in my mind. I thought about her never-dying soul, and prayed to the Lord to find my mother out for me. I think about eleven years before this I had left her in London, and had only heard from her once since then, which was when I was in the West Indies. Each day my desires toward her increased, and each night I prayed for the salvation of her immortal soul, and that I might

hear from her again. I thought she must then be upwards of eighty years of age. My confidence in God's hearing and answering prayer was very great; he was to me a Friend in need, and a Friend indeed. I went to him then in all my troubles as now; but they were sweeter moments to me then than I have felt them in my latter days.

One day my master was going to London to buy in his goods, which he did every year. I said to him, "Sir, I wish you would be so kind, when you reach London, as to try and find out my mother for me." He said, "Which way can I serve you?" I said, "Sir, there is only one way by which I can hope to hear of anything concerning her. There was a man by name Richard Latham, of King Street, Borough, a smith by trade; he is my brother-in-law's brother. My relatives are poor." He promised me he would do his best. I still continued to pray, "if it be thy will, let me see or hear from my mother once more."

My master had finished his business, and thinking of his return home, when his promise to poor George came to his mind. He then went to a quaker, with whom he dealt largely, and said, "I have a man who loves the Lord; he desired me to go to King-street, in the Borough, to enquire for his mother, from whom he has not heard but once, since 1794 [it was now 1803,] he wants to talk to her about the mercy and goodness of God." The quaker promised to discover, if possible, where she was; and in the course of a few days I received a letter from my mother, from which I learned that she was living at Chatham in Kent. She was then near 90 years of age. Her husband, Richard Latham, had been dead a long time, and she had become very poor.

My master and myself having disagreed, we separated; and I went into the country on a begging excursion, towards the liquidation of a debt on our chapel; but more of this in another place.

Being out of employ, and having a wife and two children to support, we became very poor. I prayed to the Lord, that he would make a way for me. I sent word to my mother that I would come and see her as soon as I could. She sent word she would be glad to see me, and directed me where to find her. I considered my Lord to be very kind to me; therefore I continued to pray to him that he would make a way for me and mine, so that I might go to see my mother. On one occasion, my desire was greatly enlarged, while the way appeared more than usually dark—my wife and me had kneeled down to pray. I begged of the Lord, that if it was his will for me to go, that he would give me a token for good, by sending the means. As soon as we had risen from our knees, we were surprised by a

knock at the door : it was one of the members of our congregation. He said, " I have heard that you wish to go to London." I told him of my great desire to go, but that I had no money to go with, or to leave with my family for their support during my absence. He promised me the means; so I set off with one Enoch Thomas from Manchester, who agreed to go with me, if possible, to obtain a little money toward clearing the debt on the chapel.

I set off in a pair of boots to walk up to London—having no shoes fit for the journey. This was in the midst of summer, and I soon became exhausted with fatigue, and then agreed with a waggoner to let me ride all night, and so continued my journey to the great metropolis. When I reached St. George's Hospital, (where my father died under an operation, and where my brother and a brother-in-law lay at the same time with broken legs,) I was compelled to change my last shilling; and they gave me some bad coppers in the change, which grieved me much.

I made my way to Short's Gardens, Drury Lane, where I expected to meet my mother and sister. My sister received me with much affection; and hastened to inform my mother of my arrival. When they came into the room where I sat, my mother exclaimed, " Where is George? I cannot see him." Not wishing to surprise her, I did not make myself known immediately; but my mother began to get impatient, and enquired, *when* was George coming? My sister asked her whether she thought she would know George when she saw him. My mother said, Yes. " Look around you, then," said my sister. I drew near, and asked if I was like her George. She replied, " No : you are not my George." She could not recognise me; not having seen me for eleven years, and had only heard from me once during that period. I said, " Mother, put your hand upon my head, and you will feel the scar of the wound I received from the kick of a horse, in Bull Yard, St. Giles's." [See page 8.] The old woman did so, and then she knew that it was her son George. And truly, great was our joy at that meeting. I talked to her about her immortal soul, and prayed with her. She then lived in the garret of 64, King Street, Seven Dials.

Whilst visiting my mother, I met with a young man, named Lagg, with whom I was acquainted when a lad. He was now grown up and married; and, with his wife, attended and were members of, a baptist chapel—both of them appearing to fear and love the Lord. I went with Mr. Lagg to see his mother. She was lying in bed at a common lodging-house, without a rag to cover her body. Such a picture of misery I had not seen for a long time. Her son told me that whatever he did for or gave to his mother, she would make away with it for strong drinks. I prayed with her and then left her.

One night Legg and myself met at one of their member's houses, who was a tallow chandler. We were talking together so sweetly of the ways of God to each of us, that time was forgotten. We separated; and on coming to my mother's door I knocked, but could not make any one hear; so I walked away, and endeavored to obtain lodgings elsewhere, but without success. Not knowing what to do, or where to go, I strolled into Drury Lane, where I met a watchman, to whom I told my case. I asked him to go with me, and get me a lodging in the watch-house for the night. He did so, and delivered me up to the keeper, who asked me many questions. He then led me into a large room, with a dirty bed on each side; there the turnkey left me, and locked me in. About the middle of the night they brought in a man. What he was I could not tell; but they searched his pockets, from which I concluded that he must be a robber.

Truly I was glad when light broke into this dismal place and morning came; I waited and watched its approach with intense anxiety, and rejoiced in the thought, that I should shortly be at liberty. About seven o'clock the turnkey came and let me down stairs, and it cost me one shilling for my uncomfortable lodging. While I stayed in London I took care never to be locked out again. I went and told my friend, and my mother, how I had been served; they seemed to be glad that I was safe; for this people take all before the justice for examination; but my God was with me. I got a place of work in Narrow Wall, Lambeth, as a joiner, at twenty-shillings per week, and a pint of porter, at eleven, and four o'clock each day, at Mr. Phillips's soap works. My employment was to make boxes out of staves, so nice, that it just held the soap, not letting it move any way. Before I obtained this place, I often wished myself back again, with my wife and children in Liverpool; I looked at my mother, she was kept by her granddaughters, who had left their own mother, (my own sister,) to live with and maintain her, by their united labour; so that they had nothing to spare; my little that I got soon went, and I prayed to the Lord to make a way for me, as my work at the soap maker's soon ceased.

One day calling to see some one, and making my case known to them, they told me that a young man a joiner, was going to leave his place Saturday night, and they thought I might get it by applying. I did apply, and obtained the place. I went to my work in this new situation, and continued there some time; when one day I gave orders for some iron work, for a job I had in hand, but I made a mistake and the iron work was spoiled. The foreman came to me and told me that directly master knew of it, he would turn me away, and make me pay,

for it. For a time this information brought me into great fear, for I was then very poor, and to lose my place too, was sorrowful to think of. I said, "Mr. Sparling,—that was the foreman's name—do you think, Mr. Wright would change them." He laughed, and said, "No, they are spoilt, and will not do for any of our jobs, and I am sure that Mr. Wright would not do it, even for master himself, though he lays out so much money with him." The spoiled goods came to near twenty shillings, as they were set down in the book. I said, "Well, Sir, though Mr. Wright would not do it for him, I have a God who can constrain him to do it for me." So I took up the parcel, and he said, as I was going away, the man would not do it for master, or any one else; but I said, "Master has not a God like me." He expected the man would kick me out of the place; for he was a very passionate man. I went to the man and told him that the goods would not do. "Why," said he, "they were made according to order," which I did not deny. The man swore, and went on for some time, while I kept praying inwardly, "O Lord, turn his heart towards me." He laid his hand upon the goods and said, "They are are spoiled," and then threw them from him, asking with an oath, what I would have; I said, "the patent goods." He then said, "Give them to him." And then left the shop. So the man got the goods, erasing the first order, and entering the second. I came away, my burden was gone, and I was delivered rejoicing in the Lord. When I came back to the shop, the foreman met me; I opened the parcel and showed him the goods. He said, "truly George, you have a God." I think the master was never made acquainted with it, for he never mentioned it to me.

At another time, I was sent to a place, with a little article, no larger than a pin; but of considerable value; I lost it on my journey, but I could not tell how; the wind had been very high that day, and had blown the dust into heaps on one side of the street upwards of a foot deep. I was astonished at my loss, and knew not what to do; I then called upon the Lord in my trouble, to shew me where it was, as I was satisfied he knew all about it, and that nothing was too hard for him; so I went back the way I had come, and still kept calling upon God; when on one of these heaps of dust, there lay the article I had lost. So you see "this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and also delivered him out of all his troubles."

I was very weak still, though I was very happy: I used to praise God, as I went to my dinner. Here satan used to ask me which way I would go to my dinner, up this street, and down such a street; thus was my way planned out, though it was sometimes a long way round, that I had scarcely time to



eat my dinner, and have a little prayer, because of the distance: but the way I said, I would go, and come back, I was obliged to do, for he said, I must pay my vows to God, and for some time, he wore down my body this way, till God discovered to me, and broke the snare, and I escaped.

My stay in London was for several months in the year 1806. While in London, I went to a Baptist chapel, where I found some of God's dear children. I heard the word and received it with power in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. One day I thought the voice of the preacher was familiar to me; when on looking upwards, behold, it was my minister, my spiritual father in the gospel of Christ; my joy was exceedingly great, both in seeing him and hearing him preach. He was engaged to speak in the Adelphi chapel the next morning; so I must go home and sleep with him. I had a restless night for he was laboring till day-light for a text; and oftentimes he would say "dear me man, do think for a text." When I fell asleep, he would wake me up, this he did till morning; when the Lord gave him a text out of Daniel: "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting." These words the good man preached from, to a great congregation. I remember he first convinced them of the sin brought forth every minute, hour, day, week, month, and year; then the original sin of their first parents; then he brought them to the balance of justice; and then the weights, the ten commandments; that every one was stopped, and must acknowledge their guilt before an heart-searching God; then the children must be weighed in these balances, they were not weight, they were in the light scale; when up comes the Lamb of God, saying, "It is I, be not afraid." He leaps into the scale, with his little flock, saying, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin; all I have done, all I have suffered, all I have paid was for my sheep." Down goes the light scale, justice cries "I am satisfied." The father says, "I am well pleased, for his righteousness' sake." The law acknowledged itself honoured; and thus is salvation's work accomplished, the sheep secured, and a way opened for poor sinners to reach their inheritance on high. O what a smile of approbation was there seen amongst the people, and I trust much good was done in the name of the holy child Jesus. This was preached in the Adelphi chapel, London, in 1806, by James Mac Pherson.

I went to see a minister by the name of Smith, of St. Ann's, a Baptist. This man was of a consumptive habit; the doctors could do nothing to help him; they said he must leave off preaching or he would die. I said to him, "Sir, never mind what the devil and the doctors say; preach on, and I will cure you, through the help of God." Directly he began to take the

medicine, he began to recover, and I believe eventually got well. I left him the recipe of the medicine before leaving London to return home, though he never gave me one shilling. I think I stopped in London three months, and then returned to Liverpool.

On my return home I went to Mr. Alderson, where I stayed some months. For some years he would keep me in the busy times, and at other times would be quite cross with me; so, one day, as I was emptying a pipe of oil, for shop use, he asked me what sort of oil it was? I answered, it was nearly as good as spermacetti oil, which was very high. He asked, how did I know what sort of oil it was? I said I knew very well. He was offended, and said to his wife, it would not do for two of us to know in that place, and be as wise as each other; therefore he would be without me. So one day he told me to put on my hat and go home. Now a time of trial came on for me; I was tempted to think that I should never get work again; but we continued praying unto the Lord twice a day in the family circle, but all things appeared very dark and gloomy around us, though still my trust was in the Lord. At last our money was gone, and but a small piece of bread left. When I looked at my children, I could not refrain from weeping. We went to bed, and had fallen asleep, when a knock came to the door, about eleven o'clock. We then lived in Milk Street, near Vauxhall Road, Liverpool. Ofttimes was I driven to cry to God, to plead his promises, and his oath. Well, we lifted up the window, and asked who was there? The answer was, "Mary, from Mr. Alderson." Here was an answer of prayer! We were glad; for we saw deliverance was at hand. We let her in, and then she told us how this thing came about. All at once, it appeared, Mr. Alderson would go to London, but was so ill-tempered that he fell out and quarrelled with all in the place. He said to his wife Juda, (for that was her name), "Who will look after the business when I am away?" She answered, "Mr. Burder, (his brother-in-law), and Mr. Hancock, (their clerk)." "No, Juda, (he said), they cannot do it; you must send for George; get George, and let him see that my shop is made secure this night. Juda! you had better do what I have told you!" So master or mistress called for the servant to send her for me. Then the master went away in a good humour to the coach, and so to London.

The poet says, and I know it is true,—

"He hears their cries, he knows their groans,  
And by mysterious ways,  
Redeems his prisoners doom'd to die,  
And fills their mouth with praise."

So Mary, the servant, said, "George must dress himself, and

go with me to-night, and see that all is right;" when both the mistress and her sister appeared very glad to see me, and she gave me a glass of rum. I fastened up the shop safe, and promised to go and open it the ensuing morning, and also to attend to the business there. I returned home, and we both knelt down to praise our God for his wonderful mercies toward us. David and James, my two eldest children, were at that time very young. I continued with Mr. Alderson this time about nine months, when trade began to slacken; but during the whole of this time we continued to call upon the name of the Lord.

About this time I left the Independents, and joined the Baptists. Now my wife, Mrs. Morgan, and Mrs. Anderson, all said I had done wrong, but I have never repented since. I directed them to search the Scriptures, and where to look; and in one month, I think, they were baptised, and joined our church. We were baptised by Mr. Gadsby, in a chapel in New Street, Liverpool. Soon after, I went with Mr. Moor, begging money to build a new chapel, which was then very commonly done. We went to Manchester; and here we went from house to house. Doctor Taylor, Oldfield Lane, gave us half-a-guinea; and in this town we got a deal of money. We then went forward into Yorkshire, to Huddersfield, and called on a very opulent man, a banker by profession. He asked me if I knew of a Baptist minister that would suit them. I recommended one who preached in Common Hall Lane, Chester; his name was Ashton. They wrote to him, and he became their minister. I remember that this had been the place where our minister had preached among the new party of Methodists; for many met him who knew him, and many wanted him to preach, now he was an Independent; they began to ask his opinion about election, and universal redemption; so they obtained the consent of the heads of their chapel, allowing him to preach. I went to hear him; his text was taken from the spies who returned with grapes from the land of promise: "For when they presented them, they said, 'This is the fruit of the land.'" He went on to shew the glorious doctrine of redemption. Second, what their experience of the redeemed was; and, thirdly, what fruit the redeemed brought forth.

We journeyed from this place to Leeds. I can remember what darkness the enemy had led me into; for I was now trying to please God by my works. We went into a large place they called St. Paul's Square; we called on one Mr. Parkerson, a gentleman; here I was invited into the house. I soon saw the great distress this man was labouring under, both of body and soul, through reading Tom Paine's blasphemous works. The man appeared in deep despair, and told me he believed

the man appeared in deep despair, and told me he believed damnation was his doom, and that he must go to hell. I asked him to let me put those books on the fire, but he would not allow me to do that. I had prayed with him, and when I wanted to come away, he cried after me, "What! not a few minutes more this side eternity!" So with that I returned several times, and prayed with him again, but at last I was compelled to go, as we had taken the coach for Rotherham. We found it very difficult to obtain private lodgings, so we went to a public house; the landlord let us have a front parlour to ourselves, where none could molest us. Robert Moor, my companion, was a talented man in prayer, but I am afraid he was only a worldly man, without a true knowledge of himself as a sinner, or of a precious Christ as his Saviour: he could talk about religion in public, but in private he went with the world, not in the way of wickedness, practically speaking. Now, as we sat together, I wanted him to talk on some part of the Word of God, but he would rather listen to, or talk about, some joking story. I think it was Sunday evening, I became so unhappy that I could not sit where I was with comfort or ease, so I left my companion in the parlour and went into the tap-room, not knowing the cause of my coming thither. It was a large room, and round the fire sat some men, who were talking about kings, queens, noblemen, &c., and their extravagances, but, more particularly, they dwelt upon the extravagance of King George, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, and what it cost the country every year to support their extravagance. I was all of a flutter, trembling as though something would shortly happen which I was not then aware of. I sat some distance from the fire, when the speaker, looking round, saw me, when he said, "Sir, is it not true? Is it not a great shame, while so many families are in want?" I answered, "Sir, I know nothing about it, for I never read the newspaper you read, but my newspaper is a round book, which you, in time past, used to read." On hearing this the man appeared paralysed, gazing upon me for sometime motionless. After sometime he broke that solemn silence by saying, in deep distress, "What! has God sent you to find me out?" He then burst out in strong cries to God, with bitterness and grief, and to me he said, "Oh, Sir, do come and see a ruined family—oh, come and see what desolation I have brought upon them; do come and pray for us;" all this time grasping my hand and holding it firmly in his. So I went home with the man. I think his house stood near the Methodist Chapel, the minister of which was called Bishop of the Isle of Man, he being the first Methodist who had preached on that Island, by which means he obtained the name of bishop; his name was Cook.

But to return. All the way through the streets he kept crying

for mercy to the Lord, and on entering the house where he lived, his wife and children stood amazed, wondering at his great sorrow, and hearing him call upon the name of the Lord. They, however, soon appeared filled with joy at the change. The man then said, "Come let us call upon the name of the Lord." We knelt down and we both prayed, and before I left the house the change was wonderful, for it seemed as if they were all filled with love in believing. While we were talking about the glories of Christ, the wife went out to the vestry of the Methodist Chapel, telling the old woman who kept the chapel, who had been in great darkness, as she could not believe the Lord had ever given her a heart of flesh, but thought her heart was like the stones of the street. When she asked the ministers of the chapel about her state, they said little to her, probably not understanding her case; so each day she went sorrowing, fearing that after death she should drop into hell. So this man's wife went to tell this poor woman what the Lord Jesus Christ had done for her wicked husband and for all the family; for all were filled with joy. She said, "I have come to tell you what God has done for us by a man from Liverpool;" and also told her how her husband was rejoicing in a sin-pardoning, soul-satisfying God. This man, her husband, was a backslider from among the Methodists for upwards of ten years, and was known by the unusual name of the Town's Sinner. When the old woman heard her talk in this way, she said, "If there is any good news for poor sinners, oh do send him here to me also." The news appeared to lead her to cry with strong desire to the Lord; with a great hungering and thirsting after righteousness, with some faint hope in the mercy of God through Christ Jesus. This woman then came back to relate what she had been saying to the poor old woman, who was then waiting to see if the Lord had sent a word of comfort for her by me. So I went, delighting in my work. It was then late at night, but when I came she received me as a messenger from Christ. We prayed together and then parted, promising to meet the next morning, at five o'clock, in the vestry of the Methodist Chapel, which we did, and I believe the Lord met with us.

"Oh, Lord of hosts, thy wondrous ways  
Are known and sung by saints above,  
While saints on earth their honours pay,  
To thy, to thy unchanging love."

My soul did magnify the Lord at that time. We again prayed together: she appeared to be in great darkness. I said to her, "Now, you say that you have not a heart of flesh, but a heart of stone." "Yes, I do," she answered; "and oh, that I had a heart of flesh!" was her petition. The vestry floor, I think, had been a mill stone. "Now," I said, "You see this stone: if you were to heap up, and put all kinds of

riches upon it, would it be glad, and rejoice, or would it not rather remain a stone still?" "Yes." "Well, if men were to break it with a hammer, and then put fire upon it, would it cry out?" She answered, "No." "Then, I ask, is your heart like that, so hard that riches cannot move it, or fire melt it?" "No," said the dear woman; "My heart feels its own bitterness;" but upon that, immediately life and light broke in upon her soul; her face shined with joy, and this dear sister fell down upon her knees, and said, "O Lord, I will thank thee that thou hast sent a man all the way from Liverpool to open my blind eyes." Then I left them, praising the God of grace. I think this darkness had been on this poor woman upwards of twenty years.

I dined with Mr. Cook, the bishop, as stated before; we collected some money for the chapel in Liverpool in this town, and then we journeyed onward till we reached Bristol; here we had a great deal of money about us. We put up at a public house, and went to bed, being weary with travelling, thinking we should rest well. We took but little drink at any time. When we had been in bed a little time, the constable brought in two men that wanted lodgings, but could not obtain any themselves in this town, so they had to go to the constable, and he forced the landlord to find them a bed; so they were led through our room into a little room beyond it. Our clothes were laying on chairs by our bedside. I think at that time we had from seventy to eighty pounds, which we had collected for the conversion of our cockpit into a chapel. We lay still until about three or four o'clock in the morning, when I awoke. I thought at once that I did not awake at that unusual time for nothing, but that my God had done it for some purpose. I lay still, but having my ears open; and then heard some one coming towards our bed. I aroused my companion—Robert Moor—saying, "There is some one coming towards our bed." He had been a soldier; he seized the chair, stretched it out before him, to keep off the thief, and then said, "Now, George, give the alarm." I then made a noise, which aroused the landlord, who came up with a light to see what was the matter. Mr. Moor was on the floor in his shirt; he then ran to the door (which was part open) of these two men, and found them both dressed, as they had not had time to undress themselves, because of the alarm. They made some foolish excuse when charged with the attempt; but we said, if they were not turned out at once, we would go; so the landlord put them out. It appeared they had heard of us, and had come to rob us; but the Lord preserved us, for his great name's sake. We sent away our money to Liverpool, and then directed our course northwards to Whitehaven. When we arrived there, we saw a vessel some

distance from land, and a crowd of people—watching her; we were looking towards the people, (about 100 yards distant from them,) when my companion pointed out a man in the crowd, saying, "That is a free mason; so am I." The man's back was toward us, so we went to the man; he touched him; the man turned round, and they shook hands together. Thus we see great wisdom in man; but the world with all its wisdom knows not God.

We were then about to go to a place nine miles hence, called Workington, where linen thread was chiefly manufactured. Now when Mr. Moor was a soldier in Lord A——'s regiment of light dragoons, going off to Ireland to fight in the Irish rebellion, he was quartered in this town for some time, and he related to me what then took place. He said, "In this town we waited for orders to proceed on to Ireland." We were staying at a religious house, where a strange thing occurred. A certain woman said she was possessed of the devil. This affair alarmed the town, and country also, so that great numbers of people came to see her. So our religious friends desired us to go also. We went, but such a sight I think I never before saw. She appeared to be upwards of forty years old, a well-made woman. She was sometimes stretched out for dead, and like a corpse; sometimes she would appear blind and dumb; while at others she would start up and dance, her feet and legs going faster than ever I saw before. I asked her, did she believe that she really was possessed of the devil? Her answer to me was that she had a good angel and a bad one. But I opposed her in this assertion, and said God and satan had not their dwelling in one body at one time. But she still asserted it was so; and then said to me, "The devil will fly out of me, and go through that window to-morrow at 12 o'clock." She also said all the parsons came to see her, but they had no faith. I said to my companion Robert, "Whatever devils there be here, we must pray." Robert had a great talent in praying. I addressed the woman, and said we would pray. So we kneeled down, and Robert began using great words. The woman came behind him while on his knees, and said, "You black-coated devil, you have no faith." So when Robert had done, with some fear and trembling I began. When I had prayed a little time, she came behind me and said, "And you have little faith." We then left the woman; but this circumstance drove me to God. We called at many houses here, begging for our Bethel at Liverpool. But I was watching this woman; and the next day not seeing the devil fly as she had said, but finding it a false report, I prayed to the Lord; and the next day having the Bible in my hand, I went and declared the woman's errors before her household, which was a means of doing good some time after.

In a few days we set off for Scotland, and soon arrived near Edinburgh, a place where Lord A. lived, in that time, in his own hall called Battle Abbey. It was this lord who raised the regiment of horse, which Mr. Moor, fought under in the Irish rebellion. He said to me, "George, I will call and see his lordship, and you will then see how free this great man will be." So we both went to the hall together; when Robert knocked, the porter came; Robert asked, was his lordship at home. The man said, "Yes." So when his lordship was informed who it was, he came to the top of the stairs, and called out, "Robert." Mr. Moor answered, and then ran upstairs. His lordship certainly was very free. I heard nearly all that was said, for I stood near the bottom of the stairs. He enquired if he had seen anything of those men who were under him in Ireland, who were doing well, and who were doing ill; and then who his lordship had seen, and how many of them were still pensioners on his bounty. He was glad to see Moor a sober man, and gave him ten shillings and sixpence for Charlotte his wife, with his best respects, saying, "Mind you give that to Charlotte, and not spend it." We thus found him, the open-hearted gentleman.

After this visit, we went on to Edinburgh the old town. We came to one very large house, thirteen stories high. Here I went to see one man hung, opposite the prison called the Tolbooth prison; the gallows I think was called the new-drop. I also heard that the man who contrived them, was the first man that hung upon them. I called upon a Mr. Dixon, the young minister of the West Kirk, and drank tea with him. I believe he preached regularly to some thousands, in that church. I afterwards called upon Mr. Gladstone's father at a small village called Seith, a short distance from new Edinburgh; and was the father of John Gladstone, Mary Gladstone, and William Gladstone, of Liverpool, Merchant; some of which family have been members of Parliament. I drank tea with him, and brought away some books from him, with a letter also to Mr. Gladstone of Liverpool, and when my journey was concluded, I applied to Mr. Gladstone, who gave me work at one guinea a week, where I continued, till my Lord got me something better to do. But to return to Edinburgh.

At the corner of Leith Road, stood a large Baptist Chapel; the minister had been a merchant, and Guinea captain. It appears he was very rich, but the Lord had plucked him as a brand from the burning; and then he devoted his riches and himself to the Lord. He had built a large chapel at the corner of Leith Road, called in that day Leith wind, this man appeared to give his all to Christ. He had an academy for students at Glasgow; a Mr. Lewis was the master. These students preached in various parts of Scotland. While I was there I felt a desire



of becoming a student for a missionary. A letter was sent to my wife, and my minister with this information ; but it was stopped by them. Mr. Moor and I then bought an old book called *Josephus*, took out the pages, and then put down such a number of guineas in such and such pages, with some bank notes. We then packed it up carefully and securely, directed it plain, and then sent it off with prayer to Liverpool, where it soon after arrived in safety. Our minister sometime after, sent for another *Josephus*, saying, "the last was the best he ever saw." I believe we put sixty pounds in this book. I had forgotten to say that we had called at Carlisle, and went to see the Dean of Carlisle. It was a grand place. The reason of our calling there was that our minister had been educated in the grammar school, in Hull ; and this Dean was both minister and master, of this grammar school at that time. Our minister had published some lines of poetry at that time, which were well done. One of these pieces we presented to the Dean ; he appeared to us the gentleman and the minister, so affable and free. He sat down and talked with us as if we had been his equals. I think he gave us something to our cause, and told us he sometimes preached near two hours together, till his good folks' patience was worn out. But to return : we went off to see the city of Glasgow. We took lodgings and then went to see the ministers of the established church—then we went among the dissenters. We called upon one, though we had heard what he was before we saw the man. He was a wicked character, he acknowledged that he would rather see a cock-fight, or a horse-race, than chapels or churches. I asked him if he would like to die in the sport of horse-racing. This question seemed to stop his levity ; he said, he should not like to die in that way. I left him wishing a reformation might take place ; but he would not give us anything, for our begging case. We then called on one David Deil, merchant, a man who gave a great deal of money to all good purposes, we heard above one hundred pounds in a year.. He gave us one or two guineas ; but Liverpool being so far away, he said, he would rather have given us six guineas, than two ; but he knew so little about it ; "for" (said this good man,) "the more I give, the more I get in trade ; the Lord repays me well."

Soon after we left Glasgow, and travelled to Greenock. We here called upon a Mr. Gillespie, a factory master, and slept at his house one night. This man had five daughters who gave us a guinea each. After we had read a portion of Scripture, and sang a psalm, Mr. Moor engaged in prayer, we retired to bed, and Mr. Gillespie ordered our hats and the pockets of our great coats to be well filled with provisions. So early the next morning we arose, and went on our way, which lay through a park

When we arrived at this town, we went to the inn to learn when there would be a coach to Workington. The master of the inn informed us that it was quite uncertain when the coach would come, or when it would depart. The place where we then stood was opposite to Workington, which stood on the English shore; we were standing on the Scotch shore: the distance between shore and shore was just twenty-one miles across; but to go round by land was upwards of one hundred miles. Our landlord informed us that there was two young men, who had a large boat, who were about to cross the sea for Workington, and that they would set off in a short time, and they also expected to land in time for breakfast; and, if we were willing, he (the landlord) would make a bargain with the two men for us. So we agreed, and he was to see that these two men received five shillings each for our passage to Workington, and we provided plenty of sea stores, which we promised to give these two men at the end of our journey. We went on board their boat about twelve o'clock, p.m.: it was a beautiful night, and the wind was right for us. We laid down to sleep and covered ourselves with some of the sailors' clothes—here we lay under the shade of our God. About five o'clock in the morning we rose up, and found ourselves coming into Maryport; Workington being a few miles distance. About seven o'clock, I think, we landed between Maryport and Workington. We here gave all our stores to the men, and we set off for Workington, where Mr. Moor had left his little girl: we had been away from this place some weeks. We left here, and in half an hour came to Workington. Here I was informed that, a short time after our former visit to this place, the woman possessed of the devil so long, became right and proper, and in her right mind, after I had been led of the Lord to tell the truth with power, at the door of her house. In this town the thread trade was carried on to a great extent, and it was then called the best thread in England. Some friends wished me to carry on this business in Liverpool, and they would let me have goods, with advantage, upon credit; but I feared trade, for, in those days, I could and did sing to and of the world,

“Now you may boast your glittering stores,  
And tell how bright you shine;  
Those heaps of glittering gold is yours,  
But my Redeemer's mine.”

So that I durst not have anything to do with such great things. Well, we journeyed on to Whitehaven, and there we took shipping for Liverpool. I think our passage was three days and nights, when we reached Liverpool, after many months' absence. Now I had to look out for work, and so I took the books to Mr. John Gladstone which his father had sent by me from Leith, in Scotland, with a letter also from the old man, requesting his

son to give me employment. When I delivered them and my letter of recommendation also, he told me to come on the following Monday; which I did, and worked for him about six months, at twenty-one shillings per week. It was thus my God helped and supplied my needs, and enabled me to delight myself in the Lord. My chief employment here was turning wheat and other grain over, backwards and forwards, to keep it from spoiling; that is, shovelling it from one side of the room to the other, and tossing each shovel full as high in the air as possible, so as to give it as much of the air as possible; this was repeated every ten days. Some had been there for ten years, and was spoiled, and then cast into the river by night, on purpose.

I think it was about this time my wife had a remarkable dream. In that dream, she saw numbers of people going into the old church, when, just as they had entered, the charity children were under that part of the church, the steeple being over their heads, fell upon them. The next Sunday but one this dream was solemnly fulfilled. \* \* \* \*

A friend of mine was buried in this churchyard, who, before she died, wished me, when we had returned from her funeral, to speak to the assembled mourners from those words in Isaiah, "All flesh is grass," and so on; but I could not, for I think it was twenty years after when the Lord opened up this passage to me, and better than thirty years after this, I was speaking from these words to a dying man, who I heard afterwards died rejoicing in the Lord, and said before his death, "I should like to see that man again to tell him what God has done for my soul." The next day he died.

It was in the year 1816 when I was travelling in Yorkshire with a Mr. Godfrey, in the straw-plait and bonnet trade. It was a wet season, trade was very bad, and my wife and family were much tried. In this year a quantity of corn in Yorkshire was cut down, but never gathered in; it rotted in the fields, as it rained every day. My employer had a debt owing to him in York, and he wanted money very bad for himself, and for his wife and family at home: he wanted to give me some also, but, alas, he had none for me or himself either; for what with the want of trade, badness of the times, and his state of health, for he was almost helpless with the rheumatics, and the harvest spoiling in the fields, he did not know what to do. My soul was also cast down within me, and I was almost in despair; so he begged of me to make the best of my way to York. I did so, getting a lift on the York coach. I prayed to the Lord; yet the farther I went on my journey the heavier my burden grew, for as I went along I saw the grain in the fields rotting with the continued rain. As the coach was journeying onwards, we were called upon to stop and to take up a passenger, a woman raving mad, to the asylum at

York. They tied her fast on the top of the coach, while I sat behind by myself. She would oftentimes start, so far as her cords would allow her, attempting to spring upon me, saying, at the same time, "I will have you yet;" so I began to be afraid, for the woman appeared to be quite savage in her madness. I oftentimes thought of fleeing away, for I verily thought despair would drive me mad also, for all things, at home and abroad, appeared as if they were coming to an end. In a little time another coach passed ours, having two mad people on the top, going to York too. I panted out my sorrows on that journey, and at last we arrived at York. I enquired for and found out the place I wanted. I went into a public house, and there enquired about the people to whom I was sent, and received a very favourable report of their prosperity and success in business. This news gave me encouragement; so that I went in and presented my bill, and they gave me the money; so that I then found that—

"The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night,  
Make drops of bitter sorrows rise  
To rivers of delight."

I soon returned, and the fields, with their desolate appearance, did not then dishearten me. I brought the money safe to Mr. Godfrey, and he was glad; so that both his wife and mine also soon got money, which supplied their needs at that time; and now I am upwards of seventy years old, and yet have been upheld till now.

"Who could hold me up but Thou?"

Yet was oftentimes tried; yea, from time to time I felt inwardly the sentence of death; so that I was constrained to trust in the living God. On our return home, my employer went to London, but soon returned to Manchester, and then sent for me. It was winter time, and very cold. On my arrival he told me that I must go to Liverpool with him, for he was very bad with the rheumatics. He had paid my fare; so I ran for my great coat, got upon the coach at Oldfield Lane corner, and set behind my master, trembling with cold. He had two thick great coats on. It came into my mind to put a little cayenne pepper into some cold ale, at the first public house we stopped at, which I did; putting as much pepper in a gill of ale as supplied me in the place of spirits; so that I felt not particularly cold, while all my fellow passengers were shivering, at which they wondered, though some of them made pretty free with brandy. Some of them said that they saw me put something in my ale, but they could not tell me what that something was, neither did I make it known to them. So we travelled onwards and reached Liverpool, where my master was so ill, that he could not attend to any

business, therefore I was soon without employment; but, soon after, accidentally meeting with a Mr. Green, whose master was a kind of agent, who frequently had considerable property in his hands to dispose of, and he was a member with me, and as I was then without employment, this Mr. Green asked me if I would take possession of a house for a few days, the goods of which house his master would sell in four days, and he wished me to take possession of it. Mr. Green said, "I can trust you, George, in the house, and if you will take charge of it I shall be easy." So I consented to go; it was a very large house in Duke Street, Liverpool.

I went to the house in the afternoon towards dusk. There were two females in when I arrived, who asked me if I had come to take possession. I told them I was sent by Mr. Green; so they delivered to me all that was right; but previous to leaving, they informed me that they could not rest at night upon the account of something that made great disturbance, so much so, that the watchman had to stay with them between his time of crying the hours. Then they left me. I shut the doors, and then went to secure every door and window that were not already secured. I then went to see that the silver plate was all right and safe; and then I went into the cellars, where I found a child's coffin; this I brought up stairs, broke it up, and then burnt it. After that I sat down by the kitchen fire until about twelve o'clock. I then took my candle and went up-stairs into the garret, intending to sleep there till morning. And after calling upon the name of the Lord, I laid myself down, leaving the candle burning by the side of my bed. I cannot tell whether I was asleep or awake, but I either heard, or thought I heard, a voice saying aloud, "Here he is, now we have him." I jumped out of bed with fear, expecting to see somebody, but I then felt strong enough to stand against two men. So I took some bed-clothes and a pillow down stairs, stirred up my fire, taking the candle in one hand, and the large kitchen poker in the other, I went on the search of the premises, but found nothing worthy of notice. Having seen that all was secure, I wrapped myself in the bed-clothes I had brought down from the garret, putting the pillow upon the table, and my head on the pillow: in this state I rested till daylight came. It being Sabbath-day, I went to chapel in the forenoon; my wife and the young woman going at night. My wife stayed with me for three days after, until the sale took place. But while my wife was at chapel that night, (it was dark at six o'clock), none being in the house but me, that I knew of, there was a great noise in it, as though many windows were being broken in different parts of the house at the same time, so that I was filled with fear. Oh, how long did that two hours appear while my wife and the young woman were

away at chapel! Indeed my fear was so great, that I took my stand outside the door, putting my umbrella part inside and part out, lest I should be shut out altogether. At last they returned, but I said nothing about what I had heard, for I was afraid if they knew it they would be determined to go home, and leave me another night by myself. That night we were all greatly alarmed with more than unusual noises, but I dared not hold on their side, lest they should leave me. I had a bed made up in the same room as they, but they kept crying out, "What's that?—what's that?" So that through fear I left my bed, and got into bed along side of my wife. There was one particular sound, as though a number of people were going up and down stairs; this sound we heard every night we stopped in that house. I think on the following Wednesday the sale took place, and right glad I was of it too, for I was set at liberty.

But now every avenue appeared shut up in Liverpool. I could get no work, my wife and young family began to feel want, while distress of body and mind weighed me down. But about this time I had an invitation to another job of ship-joiner at Chester; where, after a little consideration, I determined to go with my wife and family. But I soon found that my time was not the Lord's time. The church with whom I then stood a member, and the congregation also, would have me to be their chapel-keeper. Here I used early in the morning to go into the pulpit to pray: and many a time while I lived in that chapel have I saluted the Sabbath morning in that place of worship with

" Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes."

We lived in the vestry, and in the room above it. The outside door was in an entry at the back of the chapel. And here again I was much tried at times. While we lived here, one of my children, being very young, came too near the top of a large flight of stairs, when he stumbled and fell from the top to the bottom. My wife was at the top, but could not save the child. I was at the bottom of the stairs, and saw the child falling, but had no power to save it. My eye of faith was fixed on the Lamb of God; and I was not at all alarmed, as I felt confident the child was safe in the arms of my God; but my poor wife, filled with fear, cried out "The child is killed!" I did not touch the child, but said, "My dear, the child is not hurt," though he still lay at the bottom of the stairs where he had fallen. I think when the child was raised up, the skin was not so much as broken in any part, though he had fallen down near twenty stairs. I then burst out singing,—

" Because the glorious Lord  
Has been my blest abode,  
My soul desires to love thee well."

I think about this time I had obtained a little work among some joiners, most of whom were Roman Catholics. Some of them would often make game of my religion, and sometimes would threaten what they would do to me; but though I was very poor in circumstances, yet I was so happy in my mind that their threatenings had no effect upon me. I told them I had heard they were the people who had murdered the saints of God, burning them, and putting them to death in different ways, therefore I would never go into a house of theirs, or make them my companions. But this language did not appear to make them angry; no, they shewed me many kindnesses, for my God suffered no man to do me harm or hurt me, for they said if there ever was any one saved out of their church it would be me.

I remember at this time my shoes were very bad, and my poverty was so great, I could not afford to buy another pair, either old or new. I told the Lord my needs. One day a Methodist, named William Park, called, and said, "George, your shoes are very bad for this cold weather. I told him I could not afford any better at present, but the Lord would provide, for in those days I was led to trust in the Lord. He went among my Catholic work-fellows, and some Protestants, and I believe they all agreed to give sixpence each. But some of them persuaded this young man to go to our master, a bigoted Catholic, but yet very kind. So William went to my master, and laid down my case before him. William also said, "I believe George is a good man," and he also told my master what the men intended to give, and then he asked master would he please to give a little, speaking of my little family, and how small my wages were to support them. My master in reply to what William had said, answered, "George should not give so much to his priest." William told him that George had nothing to give. Then he said, "Take him to my shoemaker, and tell him to make him a good pair, and put them down to me." So our God would and did provide at this time. I was so blessedly happy that it was sweet meat and drink to my soul to do the will of my God. Yet I knew not at that time that the love of God the Father was the sole cause and root, and the foundation of man's redemption. Neither did I then know that Christ was the fruit of the Father's love; but I thought Jesus was the cause of the love of God. Neither did I then see the work of the Spirit of God, though it was preached plain by my minister; and when I heard my brethren and sisters talk in the vestry of their barrenness, hardness of heart, unbelief, and other things, as I would whisper in my ears, "Ah, George! they do not serve God

like you; they are not in earnest like you; neither are they sincere." So I thought I was better than they, and was tempted not to keep their company. Some of them told me I should feel the same if I lived; it would not be always day with me; but night would come on, the beasts of the forest would creep forth, and then I should sink as low as they. I told them I did not believe any such thing, and felt angry at them for telling lies, as I then thought.

Here I would relate another marvellous interposition of my heavenly Father on my behalf, which took place previous to our departure from Liverpool. There was a man and his wife in Liverpool who knew our poverty and helpless condition, and with whom I had often held sweet conversation upon better things. This man's wife was going along one of the streets in Liverpool, when two men laid hold of her, assaulted, abused, and used her very unbecomingly; for which assault they were both apprehended and taken before the magistrate, who, after hearing the evidence against them, fined them £5, which was to be given to the plaintiff to make good the damage she had sustained; but when the fine was paid, she declined to take it, on which it was agreed between her and the magistrate that it should be left in his hands, to be given to those poor people whom this woman should recommend. Accordingly, when at night they were thinking whom to recommend, poor George was not forgotten of his God—they were reminded of my God who feedeth the young ravens when they cry. They at once asked me how I was situated, what my necessities were, and whether I would accept a trifle from them? to which I did not need a second invitation, for at that time I was without a sixpence to my knowledge. I thanked them heartily, and recognised the hand of my God in that matter, as I was backward at that time of making my distresses known to anybody and everybody. So they kindly gave me a note to go to the magistrate for one pound, which I received on presenting the same. Oh, well might poor George's soul burst out at such amazing mercies!

"The birds without barns or storehouse are fed,  
Like them let me learn to trust God for my bread."

\* To think that this poor woman should be so much ill-used and abused, and all that I might be provided for in a time when I greatly needed it.

At another time I was at work in Liverpool with a man who was using a large hammer, such as blacksmiths use. He was swinging the hammer round, as is their usual practice to strike a blow, when I, being too near, the hammer caught my forehead, and down I fell. The man thought I was killed—it stopped his blow. He came to look at me, but on his raising me up, there



was not so much as a wound to be seen. I soon recovered from the shock, and received no damage worth naming. The man was astonished, and I beheld the glorious hand of my God, and the fulfilment of my Father's promise—"in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Another remarkable providence, I remember occurring about this time, which was this: I was returning from Northwich on my master's business, with about twenty pounds in my pocket, belonging to him. I was going towards Chester; at the edge of the forest of Delamere, which I was presently to pass through, I stopped at a public house, to get a pint of ale; whilst sitting there, something said to me, when you come into the forest, you will see a row of carts before you, a man will come from those carts towards you, and beg a piece of tobacco of you; be cautious of the man, for he intends to rob you. This, at the time, I took for a foolish idea, and treated it as such. I drank my ale, and went forward on my journey towards Chester, passing into the forest; when I had got fairly in it, judge my surprise to see a number of carts at some distance before me, they were going onward but slowly, so that I soon came up with them, but before I could get past, one of the men from the cart came to me, and asked of me a piece of tobacco; I gave him some, and he returned to the carts. I now began to feel alarmed, and thought it was high time to do something, so I lingered behind, and when the carts had got to some distance before me, I turned suddenly off the high road into the brushwood, which thereabout was growing so abundantly, that I was soon out of sight; and so I escaped.

"Now, behold, the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are ever open to their prayers; for as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." I remember another time, being out at St. Helen's, near Liverpool, I went into a house upon business, where a young minister of the Church of England then was, who, on hearing my conversation with the householder, and, I suppose, judging by my warmth of conversation and zeal for the honour of my heavenly Father, what I was, charged me with being an impostor, a quack, a deceiver. I turned round to his reverence, and said, "Sir, as you have taken up arms against a stranger, and that without cause given, and as I may never see you again, I must and will be honest; and while I charge you with being a foresworn man, I do it as in the presence of a heart-searching God;" on which he appeared struck with amazement, and asked for an explanation. I replied, "Sir, I do not wish to enter into a discussion of that solemn charge in a public place like this; but if you can find a hired room to which we may retire, I will there and then endeavour to substantiate what I have charged you with." He at once desired me to retire with him to

his own house; and on reaching which we retired into a private room alone; and when I had sit down, I referred him back to the time when he had taken up what was then called holy orders, and swore he was moved thereto by the Holy Ghost; "whereas, you know that you were false, by asserting what was not true." I then entered into the solemnity of the subject, and pointed out the awful position he stood in. However he might deceive his fellow man, he could not deceive his Maker; a heart-searching God would one day bring him to an account for his presumptuous actions, and his wilful lies. I said, moreover, "You know, and conscience shall pronounce, the solemn verdict, that you never yet received your commission from the royal court of heaven, as did the apostle of the Gentiles, who in one place tells us he was an apostle of Jesus Christ, by the will of God, having neither received it of man, nor taught it by man, but by God the Holy Ghost. Now, sir, let conscience answer where your commission came from. Was it not an act of presumption in your taking that commission up, and charging that upon the Majesty of heaven which was your own presumptuous act and deed?" On hearing these words the young man burst into a flood of tears, and besought me at once to intercede for him at the throne of grace. At his request we both went down on our knees, and I offered up a few words of prayer on his behalf. On rising up, an aged female, who I suppose heard him sob and weep so bitterly, came into the room to enquire the cause; but he begged her to withdraw at once, and he would tell her another time; and to me he did appear at that time fully conscious where he was, and what a solemn position he stood in. After we had talked together some time longer, I departed, and wished him well, hoping he might be led soon to decide for himself, either to give up deception on the one hand, or hypocrisy on the other; and thus, like the sheep of God's pasture, be a clean sheep himself, and desire clean food also. I do not know that I ever saw the man again; but being some time after in the same neighbourhood, and making enquiries about their church parson, I was informed that he was still the minister of the same church; but so altered both in his conduct, conversation and ministry as well, that he was altogether a different man; and that many of his hearers were so puzzled that they did not know what to make of him, and that many had left the church on his account.

To return to my ship joining. I had twenty-one shillings per week. I remember one day, while working on board a ship, a person, a foreman over some joiners at —, came to me on board, and said he would give me twenty-six shillings a week if I would consent to work for him. So I agreed and went with him, twenty-one miles distance. Here my soul lived near my God. But here I was often puzzled at my work; but my God gave me

the best of tools I ever had, which was the prayer of faith. The foreman often gave me work to do which I did not know how to begin; and often would the thought arise in my mind that I must give it up, and go back to my old job. Here was I constrained to cry unto God Most High; and found, except the Lord did help me, I must give it up. Then the Lord sent the foreman, who very good-temperedly shewed me what to do, and would sometimes take me from a hard job, and put me to one I could easily manage, though we were strangers to each other. This man was a Baptist, though given to drink. My profession at this time was an Independent. A great part of every day with me was spent in prayer at my work for my God to help me, for I was oftentimes at a stand; but my Lord gave me wisdom, and sent me all the help I then stood in need of. Whenever I had any work I did not know how to do, I was helped to do it by the mighty God of Israel. I might say—I will say, whatever my trouble was, I found him—all glory to God—a very present help in all my troubles; for I believe, had not the Lord have helped me in this way, I could not have got through one week's work; but the Lord was with them that upheld my soul.

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Here the compiler finds a vacancy in our departed brother's narrative, which he has not been able clearly to fill up. Whether the papers have been destroyed, lost or overlooked, or whether poor George Viney, so far advanced in years, had forgotten himself, and so not wrote them, he cannot say; but that there is a vacancy of some years which I have no account of is certain; as he with his family removed from Liverpool to Chester, where he lived some years, and afterwards at Manchester, for some years more; at both which places he followed the profession of a doctor, having both patients at home and in various parts of the surrounding districts; but though I have consulted his children about it, yet they at the time alluded to were too young to remember the circumstances connected with his life at that time; so that I am compelled to pass over a number of years; and for brevity's sake come at once to that part which is the old man's writing, and which in my opinion is too good to be lost. Thus, at page 359 George goes on to say:

A little time before the building of the Salford dispensary, I was very worldly-minded, seeking after this present life, and forgetful of all that was good. One night I had a dream; when I thought as I was sitting one side of a large fire, there was an elderly man of a serene countenance sat on the opposite side. The man raised his head, saying to me, "Young man, you must get into this fire." I answered him and said, "I hope not." "But you must; (said he); and I have been there before you; *and I have been in it a number of years, too.*" It alarmed me;

and what with fear, fright, &c., I awoke out of my sleep very bad in my body, but my dream was uppermost.

I had to go this day to Pendlebury, about four miles from Manchester, on the road to Bolton, where I went one day in each week, to visit my sick patients. As I travelled on the road that morning, I was very sick; and I think my sins were a great burden to me also. I purchased some whiskey, and afterwards some rum; but all to no purpose. I thought of my dream, and getting into this fire; which the old gentleman in my dream told me he had been in for fourteen years. I saw it was affliction; but he seemed like one leaning upon the arms of his beloved Lord; but I felt the sting of sin. I knew this fire was not sin; so I travelled on, with my son, who was with me, to assist in carrying my box of medicines. We kept on until we came to the sign of the Royal Oak, in Pendlebury, at that time kept by a Mr. Williams. My sickness here grew worse; and now I found it was the cholera morbus which had attacked me, with very violent vomiting and purging. I soon became so bad, that I asked Mrs. Williams to allow me the favour of lying down on one of her beds. She knowing me well, said, "Dr. Viney, the first bed you come to, lie down upon it." I told them to give my son his dinner, and I would pay them. I then lay down, and fell asleep; but when I awoke I was trembling with the ague, and very bad I was; so I took a return chaise, and by that was conveyed home to Salford. I never expected to come there again. When my wife and servant came to the coach, I was not able to walk, and they really thought I was struck with death; so they got me to bed. At this time I was in a backsliding state; but now I was constrained to cry unto the Lord; and I said to my family, as they stood mourning around my bed, "It may be that my senses will leave me; but whatever I ask for three times over, get it for me." I asked for a bottle of Bateman's drops, which my wife obtained for me. But before this, while I was very bad, and had given myself up, thinking I should never recover, all on a sudden, the glory of the Lord appeared to my soul, with that glorious and refulgent brightness, that it melted me into love; and the intensity of that love at that time I cannot describe: it was truly great: and well do I remember the marrow and fatness I was enabled to draw out of that sweet portion of divine truth which dropped into my heart at that time, "I will be a little sanctuary unto thee in the land whither thou goest." This promise delighted my soul, and I was lost in wondrous love. Me so leprous, so filthy, so vile and so base; while my Lord in return filled me with that love which was from everlasting to everlasting. My soul was melted before him, that the Lord himself, not angels, not the redeemed spirits, but God over all,

blessed for evermore, would be to me a sanctuary; which was then, is now, and ever will be, a propitiation, a glorious covering, an everlasting Hiding-place, a Rock of defence, a strong Tower, where I should be for ever hidden and secured from a broken law, from the thunders of Sinai, from the sword of justice, from sin in all its damning power, from the gates of hell, from the sting of death, from the power of the grave, and from the wrath to come. Now, my Lord gave a blessing to the Bateman's drops, and that night I felt better; though the next Monday my affliction was great; yet on the following Wednesday I returned to the Royal Oak in Pendlebury, well and hearty. Thus was I made to prove what is spoken of in Job xxxiii. 15: "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, then he openeth their ears, and sealeth their instruction."

In the year 1828, they were building the Salford dispensary. I think for the previous fourteen years I had kept a doctor's shop, employing a surgeon for some time, at twenty-one shillings per week, and all his food, and a servant-woman also for many years; and here it was I brought up my family with great respectability; but my God was greatly forgotten of me at this time; and here I turned greatly aside, and would have fed upon husks that the swine do eat; for my God sent plenty, yet no man or woman gave me that which would satisfy my conscience. Money to me was sordid dust. Ofttimes I did say, "Vanity is all I see." Here my Lord had promised that he would stop his church; and every child of God who begins to love the world. See Hosea ii.: "For she said, I will go after my lovers, that gave me my bread and my water, my wine and my wool, my flax and mine oil." But her glorious Husband, with loving heart, thus speaks, and so I found it: "I will hedge up her way with thorns, so that she shall not find her paths; I will bring her back by a way she knows not: I will make a wall, that though she follow after her lovers, she shall not find them, or overtake them." Thus the Lord did with poor George; for them that I loved to see, where I formerly took a deal of money, and to whom I seemed as one they liked to see, turned away, while one customer after another left me. Now my black coat began to look grey, and I could not get money to replace my old clothes with new ones. This thorn pierced deep, and pricked to the bone. There seemed degradation cast upon all I said and did. Here I found a providential wall that I could not break through. Where I formerly took a pound, I could hardly now take one shilling; (verse 9); "therefore I will return, and take away my corn and my wine in the time thereof, and will recover my wool and my flax, given to cover her nakedness." Here I saw the wall in the Salford dis-

pensary, which drew away most of my customers; for—to my shame I say it—often on the Sabbath day have we taken upwards of a pound; but now we hardly took a shilling; so that all things appeared to go against us; for whether I went out or staid at home, I could take no money, neither could we pay our rent, or keep our shop open; and there seemed to be little hope in God; it appeared a mountain of God's providence; a hedge of piercing thorns. We could not pay rent, taxes, or debts. Sometimes I was constrained to call upon God, because of the oppression and bitterness of my soul. O, behold a faithful God, who will never leave, nor forsake finally the purchase of his blood, the trophies of his cross, the jewels of his mediatorial crown! Our old female servant died about this time of a rupture; and my rupture began to be very troublesome. My wife was very poorly with fear. Now my Lord had brought us very low. We understood Mr. Gore, the shopkeeper in Barrow Street, Salford, a few doors from our house, would call for his money on Monday; and Mr. Fletcher, our landlord, would call also. I understood that Mr. Gore had already sent some to Lancaster gaol for debt. Here satan tempted us sore, that all we had would be sold; and we and our children, which were six, would be turned into the street. Mr. Gore had put down our debt, which was originally about ten pounds; but Mr. Gore had made it into twenty-three pounds; and we had lived in this house in the greatest worldly prosperity of any; but now it was at an end, and this day of trouble came. The children knew nothing particular about it, as I know of. Oh, how me and my poor wife were distracted! truly we were tossed with tempest, and not comforted. My wife was in the kitchen, tossed about with the fear of man; I was in my shop, torn and tempted with fear from satan, thinking the worst was about to come; I was almost in despair; without one shilling in the house, or in our possession. It appeared to poor George at that time as if all earth and hell were determined to destroy me, being filled with unbelief; and in the midst of it all I was seeking for refuge among all I knew, but not in a precious Christ. But all refuge failed, and I was weighed down, burdened and oppressed. I looked at my wife and children, fearing the bailiffs every hour would come and turn out my wife and children into the world without a shilling, and that I must be sent to Lancaster gaol; while, if such was the case, I had no money to pay gaol fees to obtain favour; but of all pangs, my wife's tears and lamentations wounded deepest. At last, being at the point of despair, I ran up-stairs and kneeled me down before my God; and after I had confessed my sins, I experienced the spirit of adoption once more, whereby I found a humble yet holy boldness by faith to unburden my very soul to the Lord. After I had confessed my

sin in abusing his love, in sinning against his mercy, I said, "Verily, Lord, I have no other Father, no other God, no other Friend; I have no other Refuge but thee, O Lord; there are two men coming this day, and I fear they will take away all the things thou hast given to us, and turn us out into the street; but, Lord, I have sinned, I have done wickedly; we have no friend in heaven or earth but thee; undertake for us, for Christ's sake." And last of all I said, "O Lord, speak to us out of thy Word, to uphold us for Christ's sake." I then went down-stairs, opened my Bible at Isaiah li. 12: "I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and the son of man, which shall be made as grass, and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth—and hast feared every day, because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor, that has filled thee with all this fear? I am God, and see the end from the beginning." But I answered, "Lord, I cannot see the meaning of the son of man in the passage;" but I soon found how it was, as will be seen in the sequel; for it was not the landlord who came to destroy, but the landlord's son.

Now I think if an host of enemies had risen up to destroy poor George they could not have brought back my sorrowful fears, for I then felt confident that my God would deliver us out of their hands. So I took the Bible in my hand, like a bank note of immense value, and told my wife what God had declared he would do for me. "Now," I said, "I will read it for you and me." And when I had read aloud that sweet promise to her, she ceased to fear, and was enabled with me to roll our burden upon the Lord, and I said, "There, no man can hurt us, for the Lord of hosts is on our side." We had waited but a few minutes after this sweet season, when Mr. Gore, the shopkeeper, came in, saying, "Now, Mr. Viney, I have called for my money." But now the fear of man was all gone, and taken from us. "Oh, blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." I answered, "Mr. Gore, at the present time we have not one shilling in the house, for the dispensary being built has taken all our trade away from us; but as soon as I can, I will pay you every shilling." And although he was a very passionate man, the Lord kept it within, and he said calmly, "Well, I believe you are honest, and therefore we shall be like to wait a little longer;" and he seemed to go away in a good temper. I think it was about fifteen minutes after Mr. Gore had left our house, when the young Mr. Fletcher, (the landlord's son) came in and said, "Now, Mr. Viney, you are in debt £10 to my father for rent. He says you have been good tenants to him till lately:

Now how much rent have you got for me?" I told him nearly the same as I told Mr. Gore, so he said, "Well, we must wait a little time; things, I hope, will be better." So he left us without one angry word. "And where is the fury of the oppressor?" saith the Lord." Indeed I could not behold anything like the fury I had anticipated, but rather the abounding mercy of my Father's restraining power and love towards the vilest, most unworthy sinner that ever lived. But behold the hand of the Lord again. Mr. Gore then lived in one of Mr. Fletcher's houses, in the same row as our's. Now when young Mr. Fletcher left our house, he went to Mr. Gore's house, and said to Mrs. Gore, "I am sorry for Vineys, they are very badly off, they are in debt to my father £10." "Well sir," said Mrs. Gore, "they are in debt to us a great deal more than that, and I believe they would pay all their debts now if they could." The young man in reply said, "My father says they have been good tenants formerly." So Mrs. Gore said, "If I was you, Mr. Fletcher, as that house is a good one, and as Mr. Viney is not able to pay his rent, nor any prospect of his doing so, I think if they would leave it quietly, you might let it soon to those who could pay." "That hint is very good," said he, "I will go now, and ask Viney when he can leave the house." So he returned to our house, and asked if I would leave the house? I said, "If you please I will go." He then asked me could I remove this week? I said, "Yes, sir." "Then," said he, "remove all your goods this week, and pay me when you can. Here was another week's rent given us—about five shillings. We had lived in this house about fourteen years. In my distress I was tempted to remove by night, and pay them as soon as we could; but my God gave me to see that his arm was not shortened to save us even by daylight. Now where was the fury of the oppressor? The Lord said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt praise me." "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his very enemies to be at peace with him." Now this way pleased God, indeed it was his own blessed work from first to last; and these men after this were never permitted to speak one angry word to me. Though I frequently saw Mr. Fletcher afterwards, yet I had only one tale to tell,—namely, I was so poor I had no money to give him.

We lived at that time in Back-Salford, and Mr. Gore's children often called upon us. Mr. Gore had a little cart which he lent us to carry our bottles and crockeryware in, while both his children with mine rode in the same cart when we did remove, which carried many a load without any reward, and no likelihood of any either. Behold a faithful God!

We were at that time giving him what we could every week: but when we enquired what was yet owing, and what we had



paid, the debt was more now than it was at the first; on which we were much cast down to think that after our paying so much each week, we by his account were more in debt now than we were at first. But all glory to my God, my Strong Tower, though I was much afflicted, my wife very unwell, and my children very little work to do, all which caused us to become poor indeed, while the attorney's clerk continued calling every week, and I continued travelling to different places doctoring, which I had done for many years; still I was obliged to get a licence every year, but this year I was so poor I could not buy one; then I became filled with fear, lest some one might take me up for selling medicine without a licence. So I went to my Heavenly Father: I told him my poverty, my anxiety, my distress, and my fears; then I asked him for Christ's sake to supply all my needs, and give me grace and strength equal to my day. Mark the answer of prayer by a faithful God: I think it was the next Monday, in came the collector; my wife was ill up-stairs, I was below boiling sweet docks for our dinner, without any meat. God was then leading poor George by a way he knew not. The collector said, "Mr. Vinney, I have called to see what you can give my master on Mr. Gore's account." I answered, "Sir, my God has not given us one shilling, so we have none to give that I know of—no, not one penny. It has pleased my God to give us this for our dinner, (shewing him the sweet docks in the pot), yet those without meat. Yet I must say to his honour, blessed be his great name, and sing with the poet too,—

‘ I know in all that has befell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.’ ”

The man replied, "How is it, Mr. Vinney? you used formerly to get a great deal of money." I said, "Yes, sir; but now I am very unwell of myself; and besides, I dare not go out on my business for want of a licence, for I fear if I did, I should be taken up and be cast into prison, so that I cannot go about my business." We then talked of the works of God for some time; after which he asked me what my licence would cost. I said ten shillings. We talked some time after, and when he rose up to go towards the door, he hesitated, stood upright, and said, "How is this? I came to receive money from you for my master, and yet I dare not go away without giving you ten shillings for a licence. What is the meaning of it?" I said, "Sir, this is the work of my God." So hastily he put down the money, and after I had promised to repay him (which I believe I did afterwards) he departed. Well, I obtained a licence, went my old rounds, but I still continued very poorly; yet well do I remember, as I travelled that road, prayer employed my every breath.

“He hears their cries, he knows their groans,  
And by mysterious ways  
Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,  
And fills their mouth with praise.”

About this time my wife's shoes were worn out, and I was compelled to go to God, for every other door appeared shut. So I prayed to my glorious Lord to send her a pair of shoes, but not so urgent then as I was afterwards. I went out to Pendlebury, on the Bolton Road. I had asked my God to show me which road to go, and I was soon inclined to go this way. I had not left any money at home, neither had I a single farthing in my pocket; and I then felt very bad with my rupture. I prayed that the Lord would supply my need, so that I might get a gill of ale, as I was travelling on the road to Bolton, very sadly in body, yet my ear was nailed to his doorposts. On looking upon the ground there lay sixpence, near a place called Islands o'the Height. I picked up this great treasure in haste, and with thankfulness looked up to the Giver of all good, went to a public house, where I purchased a pint of ale, and then travelled on to Pendlebury, where the Lord soon sent me eight shillings. I praised the Lord for his mercies, and then travelled homewards. About the place I found the sixpence, I began to examine my pockets to see that all was safe, but found that one shilling was gone, which I never saw again, and it struck me when I missed it, that the Lord had conveyed it away, for some poor soul who stood in need of it; so that I was humbled to say, “Let it go.”

One look from my dear Lord will more than make amends for all the losses I sustain from credit, from riches, or from friends. So homeward I moved, well contented at that period; thinking, like Job, I should now die in my nest. I said to myself, as I went on toward home, “Now, my poor wife shall have a pair of shoes; for God has now answered my petitions for them; but O, how unsearchable are his ways; they are truly past finding out.” I came home, got some food, thinking all was right. In the evening, a person came to tell us that my son had been fighting in Old Field Lane, and they—the police—had put him in the lock-up, and we must send him something to eat, and attend at the New Bailey the following morning. We did so with much sorrow, and many a cry and groan to God for the lad, and for ourselves also. The magistrate ordered him to find bail to keep the peace for three months. Well, we found, after the bail was given, and all expenses paid, we just had enough, and no more.

Now, the Lord knew what he would bring to pass; and here I found a faithful God. But to my grief I found also that this seven shillings was not sent for shoes, but for another purpose; so when my son was set at liberty, I went up-stairs to ask my

God again for a pair of shoes; and while I was praying, my son who was married, and lived at a distance, came in, bringing a pair of shoes for his mother. Thus the Lord saith, "Thou shalt not be forgotten of me,"—which is, "I will remember thee." Thus he did remember us in our low estate.

"His lovingkindness, oh, how great!"

At this time my clothes were very shabby; my hat being very bad. I had been to my heavenly Father, asking him for a hat. As I was sitting cast down in my mind—for my hat in particular was not fit to put on, and I had worn good clothes in times past, but now it was very different—while I was pondering over the sorrowful change, it came into my mind to go to Mr. Mansfield, a druggist in Bury Street, Salford. I went, and got a penny-worth of something I then stood in need of. He was talking about doctoring. I told him how badly I was off. He looked at me and said, "I can give you a better hat than the one you are now wearing." So he fetched me a very good hat that had been injured, and a little hole had been cut in the side of it, for which I thanked him, and returned home with a hat little worse than new. Now I began to look at my coat and waistcoat, and prayed to the Lord to help me in this my time of need; and truly I must say,—

"He hears their cries, he knows their groans,  
And by mysterious ways,  
Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,  
And fills their mouth with praise."

I think about three days after Mr. Mansfield called at my house, and asked my wife, "Is the doctor in?" She said,— "Yes, sir." He said, "I want to speak to him." I went to the door; he wished me to walk out with him. I did so. We walked on together till we came to Hanging Ditch. When there, he said, "I believe you are a child of God; and I am sorry to see you wear such a poor coat. Now, I intend to buy you one." So we called at a Jew's shop near the corner of Cannon Street. Here he laid out sixteen shillings for a good goat and waistcoat, and gave them to me, for which I thanked him, and was truly glad, and in my very soul could then sing—

"The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,  
Like them may I learn to trust God for my bread;  
For still, in all weathers, I have a sure guide,  
My God he hath promis'd—my God will provide."

Mr. Mansfield told me that whatever I needed out of his shop I might have on credit. Here is a faithful God who hath said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." At this time I remember that I was not only poor in circumstances, but I was also very poorly in my body; I thought if I

could get to Liverpool the sea air might do me good ; but at this time, being so badly off concerning this world's goods, I could see no prospect of getting there. I laid this, my concern, before the Lord, and I made mention of his wonderful kindness to me in days gone by, when he safely conveyed me to my mother, and back again. Now, while pleading with God, I said, "Lord, if it be thy blessed will, let me go ; but if it is against thy will, take it away from my mind altogether." At this time we were very poor, and my rupture very bad, and it now came into my mind that my truss would not fit me ; so that if I got to Liverpool, I must stay in the house, for my truss could not keep up my bowels in their proper place ; and, secondly, I had no money to go with, nor any friend in Liverpool, yet still I prayed that the Lord would make a way for me, if it were his will. The shop-people where we got our bread were members at Mr. Nunn's, St. Clement's Church ; I often had communion with these people ; they were very kind to me, in helping me in a time of need. I told Mrs. Platt, for that was their name, what I had been praying to the Lord for, and I should have prayed more frequently only that my truss was so bad, and I was in such deep poverty that faith could scarcely surmount the difficulties which lay in the way, but in all my petitions I dare not offer one without "thy blessed will" being added to it. The Lord answered my prayers in the following way : Mr. Platt had a son, I think about eighteen years of age ; this lad had oftentimes robbed his father's money drawer, and other things, and would frequently stay out all night —so that he was a great trouble to them. They offered him any trade, but he would accept none. One day he told them he would go to sea, if they would get him a ship ; to which they agreed ; and as I had been so long at sea, and knew so much about it, they agreed, that if I would go, they would pay my passage to Liverpool, and my expenses while there. So when I went to the shop the next day for some bread, Mr. Platt told me all about it, and I engaged to go the next day.

The next morning, according to promise, my daughter gave me seven shillings, and we went off to Liverpool. When we left, my truss did not fit me any better, which caused me to walk very lame ; but when we arrived at Liverpool, it fitted me well ; yea, I think never better ; indeed, I walked about Liverpool till nine o'clock at night, better I believe than I had walked for some years.

I got a vessel for the lad, and then sent for his father to bind him. The captain agreed what wages he would give him, before his father and his uncle came ; but when they came, the captain, seeing them like gentlemen, broke his agreement, and wanted the lad to go without wages, his father to find him everything necessary for the voyage also. I told the captain of his bad faith, and

then the lad objected to going with such a man. I found him and his friends too hard to please. I told them I had done what I could. They were inclined to send the lad off in a Guinea slave ship, to Africa. I said, "The Lord will not let me have any thing to do with this; so I will go home." Mark the result! the lad stopped, got a ship bound to Africa, but he has never been heard of since; so, according to his divine promise, he led me in a way I knew not; but he taught me to profit. They wanted to get rid of the lad, and so it came to pass. He is a faithful God; so I was delivered from getting a ship for the lad's destruction.

Soon afterwards we, being poor, and the children little work, sometimes none, our food very coarse; yet my God gave me contentment; but many times it drove me to a throne of grace as my refuge, and here I found a hiding-place. We had no credit, for we could not pay what we already owed. At this time we were living with one of my sons; but he was so given to drink, that our rent run in arrears, upwards of twenty shillings; when great fear came upon me, lest, when the landlord came, and we had not a six-pence to pay him, he would be very angry, and take rough means with us. I now, without letting any one know our sorrows, searched diligently my Father's will, to see if I could not find some old rusty promise to relieve my burdened mind. I tried to lay hold of many; but at last one laid hold of me, which was, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongues fail for thirst, then I the Lord will hear them; I the God of Jacob will not forsake them." "O, (I then could say), Lord, thou must pay my rent for me, for I cannot. Thou knowest we have no friend on earth or in heaven but thyself; no, not in the whole world besides thee, oh Lord." And verily, his ears were open to my prayers. I came and sat down in the front parlour, satisfied that all was right for this trial. The Lord shewed me that all was right for this trial; he shewed me where I must go, and I saw it as plain as ever I saw anything in my life. I went to P——; I told them my distress, my sorrows, and my difficulties. I think I got my dinner with them, for it was about dinner time. Mrs. —, after dinner, left the table, and took a pipe to smoke, as a remedy for a complaint she was troubled with; and thus began: "I remember, (said Mrs. —), many years ago, my parents could not pay their rent, and were in great trouble about it. I went out into the street, and found what I then thought had been a one-pound note; but some time before my mother died, she told me it was a ten-pound note." And then she said, "George, it may be you cannot pay your rent." So I told them all about it. She then said, "Well, when you go home you shall take it with you." So I soon

after returned home, rejoicing in the Lord, who had said, "When the poor and the needy seek water," &c.

But again: "A faithful God forsaketh not his saints." Psalm xxxvii. 28. About the time when the cholera was at its worst, we had very little work for the children. We were very poor; my old boots were worn out. I might have done with shoes, but my stockings were so bad I was ashamed of them being seen. Here, again, I was humbled under the mighty God of Jacob. I read the word, prayed, and my faith would lay hold of every suitable promise, for I had nothing else to trust in; not a six-pence to look at, but what came immediately from above. This is poverty's vale. I am now looking back; and the sight is sweeter to my soul than a bed of roses. O,

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, with thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home."

Yet at that time I dare not murmur, for I feared offending God; yet in providence it was very dark. My poor wife said, "I know not what we shall do;" nor could I tell her; but he constrained me to be still, and know that he was God. O, how desolate did all things appear! I was convinced that no man in the world could come to my help, neither could I go to any. My inward sighs ascended to God many times in one hour. I could see no help in all the world; so I was compelled to look above for salvation; but then I knew it not. O, glory be to my God! It is many years ago I am now calling to remembrance. As blessed Paul says, "The former days in the which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions; partly whilst ye were made a gazing-stock, both by reproaches and afflictions, and partly whilst ye became companions of them who were so used."

I said, before my boots were worn out, and I had no money to buy others with, it came to my mind to go to Mr. Stubbs, druggist, and ask him; for I could not go out to seek for a living, for I was a herb doctor. I asked many times for boots, not shoes, on purpose to hide my stockings. I mended my shoes and boots myself; for I could not pay to have them mended. So I asked him, (Mr. Stubbs), and he told me he would look, but thought he had none; though in a little time he found me a very old pair, for which I thanked him, and my God too; though the enemy of my soul had the villany to suggest they were not worth "a thank you;" but they served my purpose for the time. One day, seeing the cholera van come to take some one away. I was struck with such awful fear, that I expected death was about to consume me in a very short time. My wife was standing in the house rather in my way

of going up-stairs; but I made way past her, and ran up-stairs, my past sins staring me in the face. I fell on my knees before Christ Jesus my God; and all I could say was, "O Lord, I am struck with fear; O Lord, thou wast heard when thou feared;" and this I kept repeating many times; when, in a few minutes, he heard me, and he answered me, and he delivered me from all my fears. I came down stairs as if nothing had ailed me. Some time after, I was in a poor, declining way, and did not see my interest in Christ, trembling under the fear of death. These words came to me with great alarm: "What do ye more than others?" I said, "Nothing, Lord." I thought then my sins had found me out; when, awhile after, it came to me from the Lord, "You have done more than others; you have taken the Lord for your wisdom and righteousness, for your sanctification, and for your eternal Refuge; and have no confidence in any flesh." When this came, healing came with it; as it is written, "He sent his word, and healed them."

But now we had to pass through the waters of affliction, sometimes as broad as rivers; oft have I found myself poor and needy indeed; and oftimes trembling at his word; though I found myself better in body than I had been for some time past; yet then I found myself standing where God had put me: namely, as a sparrow alone upon the house-top; though I then saw myself as one of the little ones; for the Lord did say, "And I will turn my hand upon the little ones." Thus I found myself under the mighty hand of the mighty God; that he had covered and secured me with his blest hand, and that I could not make one hair black or white. At this time the cholera was all around about us, and the children with very little work. Many times a-day did I go with my empty vessel for a supply, and many times did I prove him a faithful God in my distresses. We pawned what we could pawn. I remember now looking at our distress. I thought four or six shillings would do me good, and I could not see how the children would ever get their clothes again, or how we could pay our rent. My wife would sometimes say, "I do not know how we shall do." I dare not disclose my feelings to any one. The cholera was making great ravages around us; but oh, my fellow-pilgrims, mark,

"The mount of danger is the place  
Where God displays delivering grace."

We were low indeed, when a man came up our street on horse-back, which was far from a common thing, and stopped at our door, and knocked, when some one within said, "It is some one come for my father;" for the children thought in their young minds that God would send their father relief, and then they would have a share of it too; so they opened the door, and the man asked if doctor Viney was at home; they answered,

"Yes." When I presented myself at the door, he said, "Doctor, I have come twenty miles this morning; four miles beyond Kmitsford. Some years ago, you cured my father of a certain complaint." Then I said, "If I did, it cost him one pound, six shillings for the medicine; and if you wish to have the same, that will be the price it will cost." The man answered, "Doctor, cost what it will, I must take the medicine back with me." So he gave me the money, and called when I had prepared it, and took it away with him, and some time after came again for a second supply. Thus, when all other doors appeared fast closed, my God opened one I little expected. Thus was God's good word fulfilled, "When the poor and the needy seek water, (or that help, power, consolation and deliverance they need), then I the Lord will hear them." Like a thirsty man desiring water, while his tongue is failing for thirst, the desire, the hope; for the tongue of desire is prayer, and praise, and confidence. Thus it appeared with me; all, all appeared to fail to act; and unbelief, like a cruel tyrant, was ready to set her foot on my trembling soul, and crush it down into everlasting silence. But God, my God, opened at this critical time rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the deserts, and gave poor George to see that nothing was too hard for my Father. O, then,

"Fear not the want of outward good;  
 God will for his provide;  
 Give them supplies of earthly good,  
 And grant them heaven beside."

And now I come to the loss of my dear wife. It was while the cholera was raging all around us. I remember our neighbour next door was ill of a slow fever, and my wife waited upon her; I was here upheld by the Spirit of the Lord or I must have sunk under the blow; but they were deep waters to my soul, and many a sigh, many a tear, and many a groan did ascend at that time to my heavenly Father. We were glad to get a little by honesty from any source. My wife became very poorly. Oh, how I did cry to the Lord to make these crooked things strait, and these rough places plain. He was now about to lead me by a way I had not gone heretofore. A member of Mr. Gadsby's chapel kept a shop in Garden Lane; with whom I oft conversed, and he helped me some little. My soul mourned like a dove; his face was hid and I was troubled. I had no other god; no other friend. My wife was so ill that she was compelled to take to her bed, where in a few days she died. I cried to the Lord on her behalf to spare her; to uphold us; to supply our needs and to appear for us. For at this time we were obliged to pawn our clothes, and all that we could pawn, to buy my poor wife nourishment and bread for ourselves.



Now I found that my Lord answered my prayers by terrible things in righteousness and in solemn judgments. I prayed that He would make these crooked things strait. So, blessed be his precious name, he laid his blessed hand on her I loved beyond all human beings in the world. Here the greatest part of my affection rested, away from my God. So he saved me from my greatest idol, by taking her to himself. Since which time I have had only one desire: to give him my whole heart. In the midst of this heavy trial I appeared stripped of all earthly friends. I had no hope from that source, but I was upheld by the word of God. Blessed, immortally blessed, is the man whom Thou chooseth, and causeth to approach unto Thee. Necessity caused poor George to fly unto him, for all other refuge failed. Still the good word of God brought me great comfort and support. I beheld that chosen ones were blessed with grace for every day and for every trial. Grace to cause me, to constrain me, yea, grace to compel me to come with all my needs, for every other way appeared to be edged up. Another passage, which brought some relief, was the 37th Psalm, "Trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass." Though I was walking in providential darkness, yet I was enabled to trust in the Lord, and stay my soul on my God; which was opened to me in the following way: it seemed to set forth a poor man, having law against him, yet he finds after trying every means that he must loose his cause, but a friend comes to him and says, "There is a wonderful counsellor which you have not tried yet, you have tried all others to no purpose, just give him a trial, trust thy cause in his hands, and he shall bring it to pass. The men and devils were thy adversaries, and thine own wicked heart are all rising against thee." A short time before my wife died she said, "You had better send for David (my oldest son) to see me before I die;" he lived at Rushholme. She then said, "Look me out that hymn—

"O love, divine, how sweet, thou art,  
When shall I find my willing heart,  
All taken up by thee.  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove.  
The wonders of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me."

Oh, how glorious she looked to me at that time; and she said to me, "George you thought I did not love him, but I do love him." With what power these words came to my heart: the word "him" contained volumes to me. We have found him of whom Moses and the prophets have wrote and spoken—Jesus of Nazareth. As Isaiah, the prophet, said, when he saw his glory and spoke of him. Well might dear Paul say, "To be found in him," &c. Yet I trust my dear wife had her eye then

fixed on the Great Shepherd of his sheep, Hebrews xiii. 20; and he is called the Shepherd of Israel by Moses, Genesis xlix. 24; David's Shepherd, Psalm xxiii.; Ezekiel's Shepherd, 34th chap.; Peter's Chief Shepherd, 1st Epistle ii.; and the Lord Jesus is recognised as such by God the Father. Well I went for my son David, and he came, but her soul was lost in Jesus, and she could join with the poet—

“Of him what wondrous things are told,  
In him what glories I behold,  
For him I gladly all things leave,  
To him my soul for ever cleave.  
In him my treasures all contained,  
By him my feeble soul sustained,  
From him I all things now receive,  
Through him my soul shall ever live.  
With him I daily love to walk,  
To him I do delight to talk,  
Yes, his dear name I do revere,  
And like him soon shall I appear.”

But while she appeared so calm and so resigned, I was much cast down, tossed with tempest and not comforted. Her cough was extremely violent, and at times nothing appeared to give her ease; the medicines which appeared to relieve her before she now refused to take, finding they were no good to her. She still remembered our poverty, and would not consent for us to spend anything upon her. At this time a poor woman came in, with a little child severely afflicted, and she told the woman what would cure it, which came to pass. I think that advice was the last words she uttered, and this evening the last she lived. Oh, how dark was my way now—no money, no friends to the best of my knowledge. A member of Mr. Gadsby's church, with whom I was acquainted, and with whom I often talked of the glories of my Father's kingdom, and whom my soul desired to love, he had heard that my wife could not live but a few hours, and he also knew our great distress, and he said to me “when she is gone let me know.” So when she was dead I went to inform him; it was close at hand. We were discoursing together about the ways of the Lord, when I said, “Friend R., was not Aaron a mouth-piece to Moses?” He said, “Yes;” then I said, “Friend, I wish you would be a mouth-piece for me, for I cannot speak, neither, if I could, have I any friends to speak too.” He said nothing, but took up his hat and went out, but was not very long absent ere he brought me better than twenty shillings; and others of Mr. Gadsby's people greatly helped me. Also I found great light to arise under this dark cloud. My four sons were very poor, but at this time they gave me five shillings each, and my second son made my poor wife a good oak coffin. Thus our God fulfilled

his precious promise: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;" and those glorious words in the 37th Psalm, "Trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass, though all men and all things oppose, yet he will bring it to pass. He did—he has—yea, he did with his own blessed arm at that time accomplish all things for poor George; and this promise sustained my soul while in those deep waters, "Blessed is the man whom thou causeth, chooseth, yea, compelleth to approach unto thee." These words to me appear very strong—causeth, or compelleth, or constraineth, or forceth by glorious everlasting love to approach unto thee for all things needful. Now light arose in this dark night of affliction. Our four sons carried their mother to her resting place in Irwell St. Chapel burying ground,\* and there left her remains. Now we had enough to eat and drink, but none over, but we were in debt for rent without money to pay it with. I believe my God instructed me, for he gave me grace to call upon him in this trouble also; so I went to the landlord, and, taking the key with me, I told him my tale of sorrow, and that I had no money to pay him the rent I owed. So his wife and he agreed that I might leave the key without the rent, and thus my God made manifest that all hearts are in his hands, and he controlleth them as he doth the mighty wind, for he is the mighty God.

"His grace shall to the end,  
Stronger and brighter shine,  
Not present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench this spark divine."

I believe now I was enabled to hang my helpless soul on the Lord, but I truly found that without him I could not do that. He first removes all our earthly dependence, empties us, shuts us up from all, and removes earthly friends far away, he then gives us his glorious promise and faith to plead it. Here oft times faith and patience find sufficient work to do. Soon after it pleased the Lord to send another heavy affliction amongst our little family: my youngest daughter, one out of the two which kept our doot open by labour, came home ill. Our family at that time were reduced to four: myself, two daughters, and my youngest son. This was to me a great source of grief, as my son had no work to do, nor had any for a long time before. Now one of the two who did work was laid on a bed of affliction. This caused me to have great business with my Lord: praying by my child. I think she was then about twenty-two years of age. Many a private petition ascended above to my God to keep me from the hands and hatred of my landlord, and to give me grace according to my day; and, glory be to God, he was very nigh, though oft times

\* George Viney was buried at the same place, May, 1851.

I knew it not. Yes, our God I will say (poor George's God) is the God of salvation, and to him belongeth the issues from death, but I was well weighed down with sorrows. I had a friend, a Mr. H., druggist, and I was well acquainted with him. I was very open to give him such knowledge as I had, which was such as I had lived by and brought up a family with. To this shop doctors often came, with some of whom I had some little acquaintance, but was not well liked because I loved the Lord. To return, my daughter wanted medicine, and this Mr. H. gave me free of cost. At the onset her disorder, which was a fever, appeared not very bad, and it appeared to me to bear a good aspect. Soon after she said, "Father, I could drink a little porter, if I could get it." I got her a little, and, after she had taken it, I went to chapel, for it was Sabbath-day. I heard Mr. Gadsby preach. My mind, being wrapped up in meditation, on returning home I forgot my poverty and my daughter's affliction while meditating upon the unsearchable riches of Christ, and, when I reached home, my daughter was lying on some chairs; but what a sight I saw, her face was as red as the inside of the fire, and all over her body as well. My soul was in agony, and by faith I drew near to my God, saying, "O Lord, my God, thou knowest I am a fool, and thou hast said if any man lack wisdom let him ask it of God. O Lord wilt thou come and be her doctor." Here I found power to disclaim all skill and all ability of my own, and roll my burden upon the Lord. I then asked of the Lord to direct me what to do at this time. My soul was low at his feet. I wanted to hang my temporal affairs and my eternal all upon him, but found it hard work, for while I could advise and direct my fellow travellers to trust all with him, yet sometimes I could scarcely feel any inelination at all. Behold a wondering performing God! I opened the door to go to friend H.'s for advice, and a little medicine, when, about thirty yards distant, stood Doctor Canly, late of Salford Dispensary, he had come to seek me, but could not tell which house I lived at, thus

"The mount of danger is the place,  
Where God displays delivering grace."

He saw me coming out of the door and came running to me. This man was sent to find me by God, and my going out just at the right time was ordered by my God too. I asked him in, and then directed his attention to my daughter, for she was very dangerously ill. When he looked at her, he said it was the worst case of fever he had ever seen. He said, "Get her upstairs to bed directly," and then he said, "If there be a Providence surely this is one," for had not the girl help immediately, according to nature she must have died, for the porter had turned it into an inflammatory fever. This man was a very

wicked, drunken character, yet very skilful. I think my daughter lay in bed six weeks after this, yet almost every day he attended her. At this time he was badly off through drinking, yet he visited and prescribed for her without one shilling, and he appeared to do it all as pleasantly as though he was well paid. At this time the Lord tried me, yet even then

"He was too wise to err, and O,  
Too good to be unkind.

One week at this time my eldest daughter got for her week's work short of two shillings, and our rent was 2s. 3d. Each week, yea, several times a day I was constrained to cry unto God, sometimes with my daughter, at other times in private. Many times I had not a sixpence in the house, and I knew not how we should get this or that, but was compelled to trust God for all, for I had nothing at all and we had no credit. One day my daughter said, "I think I could eat a bit of pork if I had it." We could not buy it, for we had no money to buy it with, so I was compelled to resort to my old, yea my only friend; and, kneeling down, it was a little before dark, I prayed that the Lord would, if it was his will, supply our needs and help me to praise him for what he had already done for us. At that time we had very little food in the house, but, while I was yet at prayer, some one knocked at the door. I rose up to open it, and there stood a young woman with nearly 3 lbs. of pork; she put it into my hand, and said Mrs. O. had sent it. I had never seen or knew anything of her at that time. She lived in Front Salford, and kept a pork shop while I lived in Springfield Lane. I received the pork with gratitude, and thanked her for her kindness.

"Here I beheld his wondrous ways,  
And did his love confess,  
And while my soul was fill'd with praise,  
I could my Saviour bless."

I cooked a small bit for my daughter, but she only tasted it; sickness came, and she put it down again; but it supplied our needs. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits." I lifted my daughter each day out of her bed, and put her into mine, for ease and change, and then removed her again at night.

I was very lame with my rupture, and sixty-eight years old. Many times I had to go up and down stairs every day, yet was I not weary, or my mind hurt, nor did I consider my case hard. Yea, I found that, according to my day, my strength was given for it; and all the nourishments or medicine that was needed, were provided for us, free of cost; sometimes by doves, and at others by ravens; but I was never long together at a loss for a petition to my Father's mercy-seat. I dare not look at what

we needed, nor think how this or that was to be obtained; but was constrained to go to God for all, telling him that if he did not send them we must go without. So here often had I to pray, like the sparrow alone upon the house-top. We had no money one week to pay the rent with; and here for a short time I felt alarm. Fearing the landlord, I went to the Lord, and told him I had no money for rent, and pleaded his gracious promises; for I knew I had nothing to depend upon but some of my Father's promissory notes, which he had sworn he would honour when they were due; besides, all the world was nought to me; for while me and my daughter were shut up in the house, I was obliged oftentimes to look over my treasures, if possible to find out some old rusty promise: and then go with, "O Lord, thou didst say, (and I know thou art faithful to thy word), I will help thee," &c.

Well, I thought I would go out to see if my God would send me 2s. 3d. to pay my rent. I went out; and before me was a man coming towards me, walking fast, at about forty yards distance. He was a young man who attended our prayer-meeting, held at a friend's house. He came up to shake hands with me, and when he did so, he left half-a-crown in it, and told me a friend had sent it. I thanked him, and then returned home, blessing my God for his merciful-kindness towards me. This was paid to the landlord, which, as they say, appeased him. Were it not for these dark and dismal clouds of providence at times, we should not prize the light when it appears.

But at this time we were brought very low; we had a few pence in the house, but no more; and we needed things we could not get. At this time one of the teachers of the Sunday School came to see my daughter; and after talking a little while, gave her five shillings. O, what an acceptable sum was this! I believe my daughter, while burning with fever, saw the Lord's hand in this timely supply; for she knew we had little or no money in the house at the time, and did not know of any till her sister would bring her wages on Saturday evening. The young man had said he had determined to find us out. I had forgot to mention that our God had prevented us from entertaining unbelief; for my daughter was a member of the Sick Society in the Sunday School, out of which we received four shillings each Monday. Thus,

"Whenever his people have need,  
His goodness will find out a way."

Yea; and sometimes even then I was enabled to sing,

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend."

Ever since my daughter came home ill with the fever, her sister had slept in the same bed with her. One day I had an assault from the enemy, who said, "Now you have got the fever; and you will die of it, too:" for the fear of death brought me for a short time into great bondage, and I feared to die. But the Lord took that fear away in the following manner. It came to me, To die of a fever is a very easy death; but to die of a rupture is a very painful one. So I burst out, saying, "Devil, the fever will be an easy death for poor George: it will be well if I do die of the fever." After this, I was troubled no more.

Now, on Saturday night, my eldest daughter came home with the fever in her body. I knew it, and was struck with astonishment, and my soul fainted within me. I spoke a few words to her, and then I felt an inward ascending of my soul to God; and I said, "O Lord, there is none left now to work for our bread! O Lord, I am a very fool! I cannot do anything to do her good! Lord, wilt thou come and do it thyself, and either put it into her mind or mine what we should get for her which thou wilt own and bless? This I ask for Christ's sake." It was thus I found the burden removed, which was at first so great. Now, God had taken it away himself, in answer to prayer; and I said, "Go to bed, and I will give you a sweat:" but she said, "Father, I think I will take a dose of castor oil." I thought that was a very unlikely thing for a fever; but I remembered my petition to my God, the God of my salvation: so I said, "It is in answer to prayer." I went to the druggist's; but as I was going, it was suggested to my mind, "Well, George, you are seldom without trouble long together:" when these words of the poet came powerfully to my mind:

"All these afflictions I employ,  
From sin and death to set thee free;  
I break thy scenes of earthly joy,  
That thou may'st find thy all in me."

I got the oil, and gave it to her; with prayer that my God would bless it to her frail body: and then she went to bed with her sister, who had the fever, and appeared soon to fall asleep. Now, it being Saturday night, I began to do some of those things which she would have done herself, had she been well. We had seven shillings in the house, and four shillings we expected from my youngest daughter's Sick Club. Two shillings and three-pence had to be paid for rent, which would leave us eight shillings and nine-pence for the week. While busy in the house, feeling well in body, the Lord having come himself, every enemy was quiet, all cares removed from my mind; I forgot my poverty, I forgot the fever; God was present, my

own God; I kept singing and praising him for all his goodness towards me; and this was my song:

"E'en down to old age, my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne."

"In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

"Fear not! I am with thee! O, be not dismayed!  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

Thus my God enabled me to sing, and rest in him, and wait patiently for him; here I found what it was to draw water out of these glorious wells of salvation, a triune Jehovah. I kept working and singing, while all my labour was delightful. I could then look back on every step of my pilgrimage travels and say,

"I know in all that has befall,  
My Jesus has done all things well."

After this feast of fat things I went to bed, and I slept well till morning, which was the Sabbath day. I rose up and looked upon my daughter, who had gone to bed in a high fever the night before in the same bed as her sister who had the typhus fever. When I looked, behold all the fever was gone; she got out of bed, eat her breakfast, quite well, and went to her work on the Monday morning as usual. So these are a part of his ways.

About this time I was bringing a jug of water from the pipe towards my house. As I came near home, the vessel being very heavy, and myself very weak, I felt something crack in my side. I put down the jug in the house through fear, feeling very bad. I apprehended great danger. I thought if Jesus Christ was upon earth where I could get at him, I would certainly touch him, and I should be made whole. It came to my mind he could do the same now he was in heaven as when he was the despised Nazarene on earth; the Lord gave me power to believe it, and from that hour I was made whole, and have never felt it from that hour to this, which is many years since. With our God all things are possible; he is the same wonder-working and wonder-performing God as he ever was. Try him, my fellow travellers, and you shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end. When I can I will praise him, for he truly deserves it for all that is past; and, oh my soul, trust him for all that is to come, for it is "by grace that we are saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God."



(Written June 27th, 1845.)—Unbelief has often told poor George that all was over with him, and asked me many times, "Can the Lord give flesh in the wilderness?" Yes, through grace I say he can, and has done many times for me; he has promised to make all his mountains a way, and I know he is "Not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should repent." I had long desired to pay my lawful debts, and prayed to my heavenly Father to enable me to do it. This day he sent us one shilling, which we paid towards our back rent, which was near £1. Yet still, though we cannot pay it, he will not let the man mention it, though I often do to his Majesty.

This week very little work for my two daughters; yet it is the Lord's doings; he will work, and who shall let it? Both in nature, and in grace also, his dear people are compared to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot. By our kicking, and grumbling, and going wrong, and starting aside, we at times forget who is the rider, and we forget also that the bit is in the mouth, and the reins in his hands; and while the bit cuts the mouth, the Rider is saying "Be still, and know that I am God." Then if we look at the whip, his chastening rod, and his spurs as the cutting dispensations of his solemn providence, when I look at these things I am ready to say,

" Oh, should I start aside,  
And meet a scourging God,  
Let not my heart grow stiff with pride,  
But humbly kiss the rod,"

And the hand that inflicts the stroke.

This day I was greatly blessed with great confidence, and was enabled to come boldly to a throne of grace. Here I was enabled to open my mouth wide, for my God had promised to fill it; and now my desires were as vast as eternity: I asked my God to give me himself for my portion, for my inheritance, that I might dwell in God and God in me, for it is my daily cry to Him that has promised to grant me here the comfort of his promises and his testimonies; and while here that I may by faith and hope possess all things in Christ. This day they have elected a member for Manchester, but poor George, through grace, has chosen Christ to represent my cause above; and sometimes I can rejoice at the thought that I have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. There is a professing people called Latter-Day Saints, though their religion is all outside work; they put baptism in the room or place of Christ. They profess to have the gift of tongues, the gift of healing, and much more. I saw a baker's wife, her shop was a place of their resort. She has been carried away with their errors, but I believe her to be a child of God. Now this woman

God had laid upon my mind, and filled it with matter, and opened my mouth with a "thus saith the Lord;" for some weeks every day, in the face of all that was there, I shewed their errors from the word of God. Her husband was on their side; but the Lord, I believe, has restored her soul, and now they began to persecute her. One night about this time, I dreamed that a number of dogs were all barking at me, and a large white dog ran at me with intent to bite me, but some one spoke, and he was still. I was telling this woman these dogs were my enemies. She said, "They are the Latter-Day Saints; and they have been to my house begging of me to shut the door against that little old man who cannot let us alone; while others said, 'Lay hold of his shoulders and turn him out of the door next time he comes here.' She replied, 'I never shall, neither shall any body else do it while he chooses to come.'" She is seeking Jesus, and I am glad. Since the death of my wife, we have had no clock, which is, I think eleven years ago. In the beginning of the winter of 1845, I was looking back at former winters, when sometimes at two o'clock, at other times three o'clock, I have had to go out in all kinds of weathers, several times every morning to find out five o'clock, to call my daughters up to go to their work; and let the weather be ever so cold, I constantly sat in my chair that I might call them up at the right time; and if I fell asleep, which sometimes I did, my God would waken me up at the proper time; but now our street was torn up to be repaved, and I could not cross it so early in the morning, before daylight, without great danger to an old man of seventy-two years of age, as George then was. Now, as I said before, winter was come, and it came into my mind to pray to the Lord to send me a clock. One day I went out in the morning, and did not return home till evening. When I had sat down I heard a clock strike up-stairs, and was struck with astonishment. My son laughed, and then told me that a neighbour had sold it to them for bread for four-shillings, which was to be paid a little at a time; so now it is our own; and I was weaker then than I ever was before. But all is well.

" 'Tis well when joys arise;  
 'Tis well when sorrows flow;  
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,  
 And strong temptations blow.  
 " 'Tis well when George can sing,  
 A sinner bought with blood;  
 Well when I touch the mournful string,  
 And mourn an absent God.

Thus, dear Reader, have I travelled through our dear brother's narrative. I have let him speak his own language, wear his own clothes, stand upon his own feet, and tell his own simple tale, for I do think a man looks best in his own dress.

I have not travelled through one-twentieth part of George's papers, as it would take up too much time for me to do so. I have confined myself to his narrative alone, but it has not been without labour I have done it, as what I have copied has taken me several weeks to accomplish. Yet, as it has been a labour of love, some may be ready to question the truth of some part of it, but there are many living witnesses who can vouch for its truth, as they have had it from the lips of our dear brother years ago, myself and my wife among the number. In conclusion I will give you a sample of the pile of papers which are not likely to be published, but must have cost George Viney the labour of many years to write, and, if the Great Head of his church and people will please to own and bless the publication of the papers already in your hands, I shall be satisfied, while I hope and pray that a Triune Jehovah may be exalted, and a Triune Jehovah's children comforted, is the sincere desire of your unworthy servant,

JOHN.

*Sunday Morning, June 11, 1841.* "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." The hart is a beast like a stag, or roe buck; it is said she eateth serpents: their poison inflames the beast, and makes her uncommonly thirsty; so she runs with all her might to find that brook which abounds with water, that she may drink and cool her envenomed body. At these times she leaves all for these water brooks: she seeks it with all her power: she runs through, or leaps over every obstacle to find these water brooks. Now, David and poor George have been stung by the serpent. The hart finds she must drink or perish: so the convinced sinner finds, if he is not able, through grace, with joy to draw water out of the wells of salvation, he must perish for ever; for the serpent's sting lies deep within; and while he feels its deadly venom, he cannot rejoice. God's dear children pant for that dear and precious Christ, who, when he appears, is to their souls a place of broad rivers and streams: some in David's days; some in poor George's days. But some thirst after their idols, others after the living God. What is it to thirst? It is to desire, to long, to wish; and if they are very thirsty, they will seek, and run, and strive, and call, and cry, and mourn, and sigh, and fear: so did David; so doth my soul. What did David want? He desired to appear before God, to see his glory, to hear his pardoning voice, to see him as his Strong Tower, his glorious high throne, his sanctuary, and his Hiding-place, where he wanted to hide from the windy storm and tempest of divine wrath. "So panteth my soul after thee, O God."













